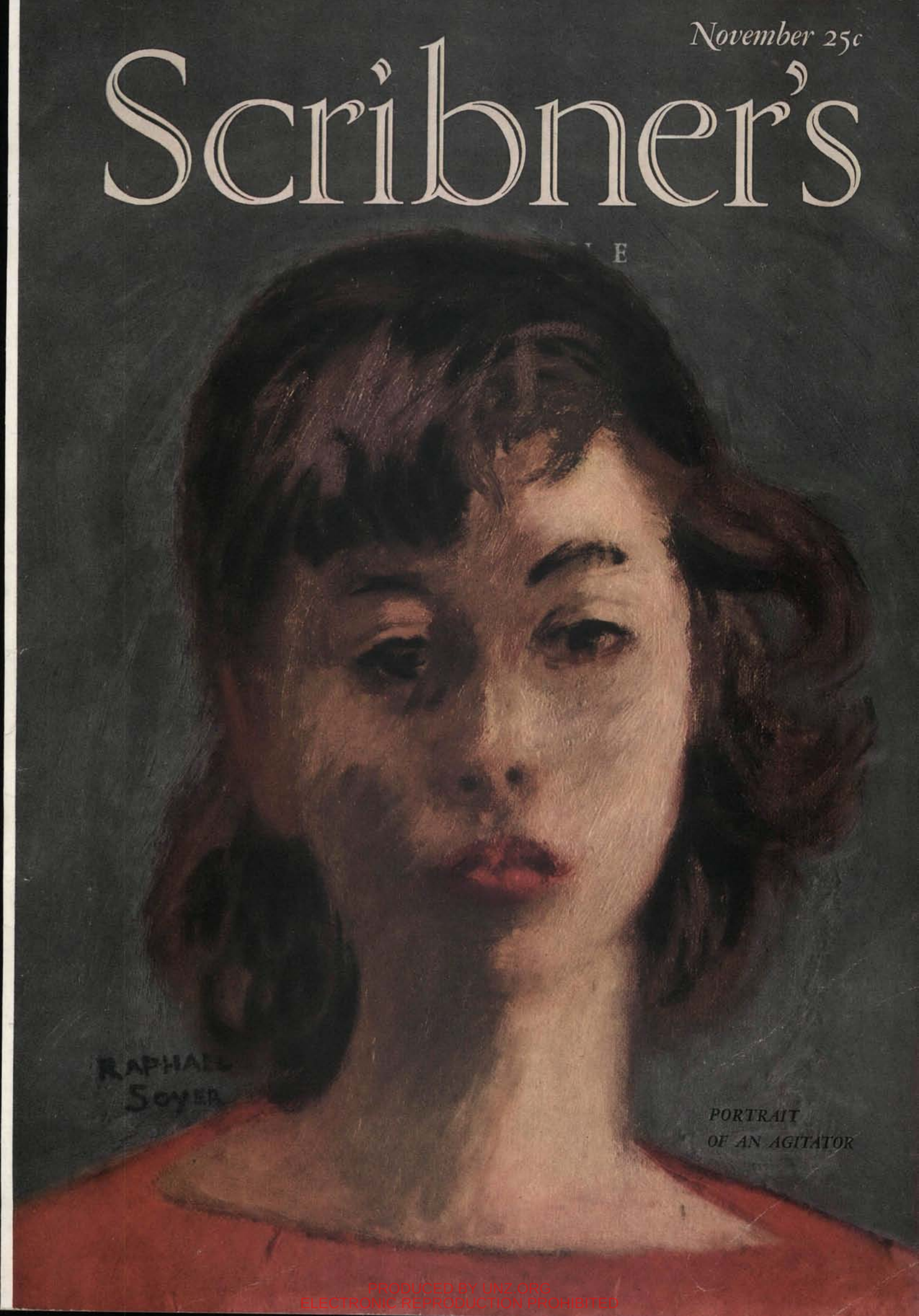
November 25c

Scribner's



PORTRAIT OF AN AGITATOR

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Hawaii

blends color, music and laughter

WILD SHEEP, HAWAII

RARE SILVERSWORD, MAUI

ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, OAHU

LUAU, AN HAWAIIAN FEAST

TROPIC BEAUTY, KAUAI

SKIING ON A VOLCANO

There is a *lilt* to life in Hawaii which no one has ever been able to express. You can do a fair job of trying, because the most colorful phrases spring naturally to mind at mention of these vital isles. Yet something, inevitably, is lacking in the result . . . the character and spirit of this sunny archipelago are too elusive to be trapped in words.

But little is lacking in Hawaii, herself. What do you seek? Scenic beauty flashing with sub-tropical color? A sports calendar almost confusing in lavish variety? Climate approaching perfection? A land where you can be romantic or practical, dreamy or vigorous . . . where you can go delightfully primitive or dashingly modern according to your mood? And where you can count on a welcome born in the heart, with a "follow-through" that will always hold you willingly captive?

Hawaii awaits with every provision for your pleasure. Hotels world-famed for year-round gaiety . . . smart shops with the latest in seashore modes that make it unnecessary and unwise to assemble your wardrobe until you arrive . . . highways, seaways and airways for exploring among the intriguing isles of Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii.

Sail on a swift, luxury liner from Los Angeles, San Francisco or Vancouver, B. C. . . . or fly in less than a day on a giant Clipper. Ask your travel agent for our illustrated booklet, "Nani O Hawaii" or write Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 213 Market Street, San Francisco, or 247 Petroleum Securities Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

This Bureau, with headquarters at 765 Bishop Street, in Honolulu, is a non-profit organization, maintained by

THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

to enable you to obtain accurate information on any subject concerning the entire Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

★

Hawaii has four major islands . . . Maui, Kauai, Hawaii and Oahu . . . a four-star masterpiece!

TWO THRILLS: SAN FRANCISCO'S WORLD'S FAIR—THEN HAWAII!

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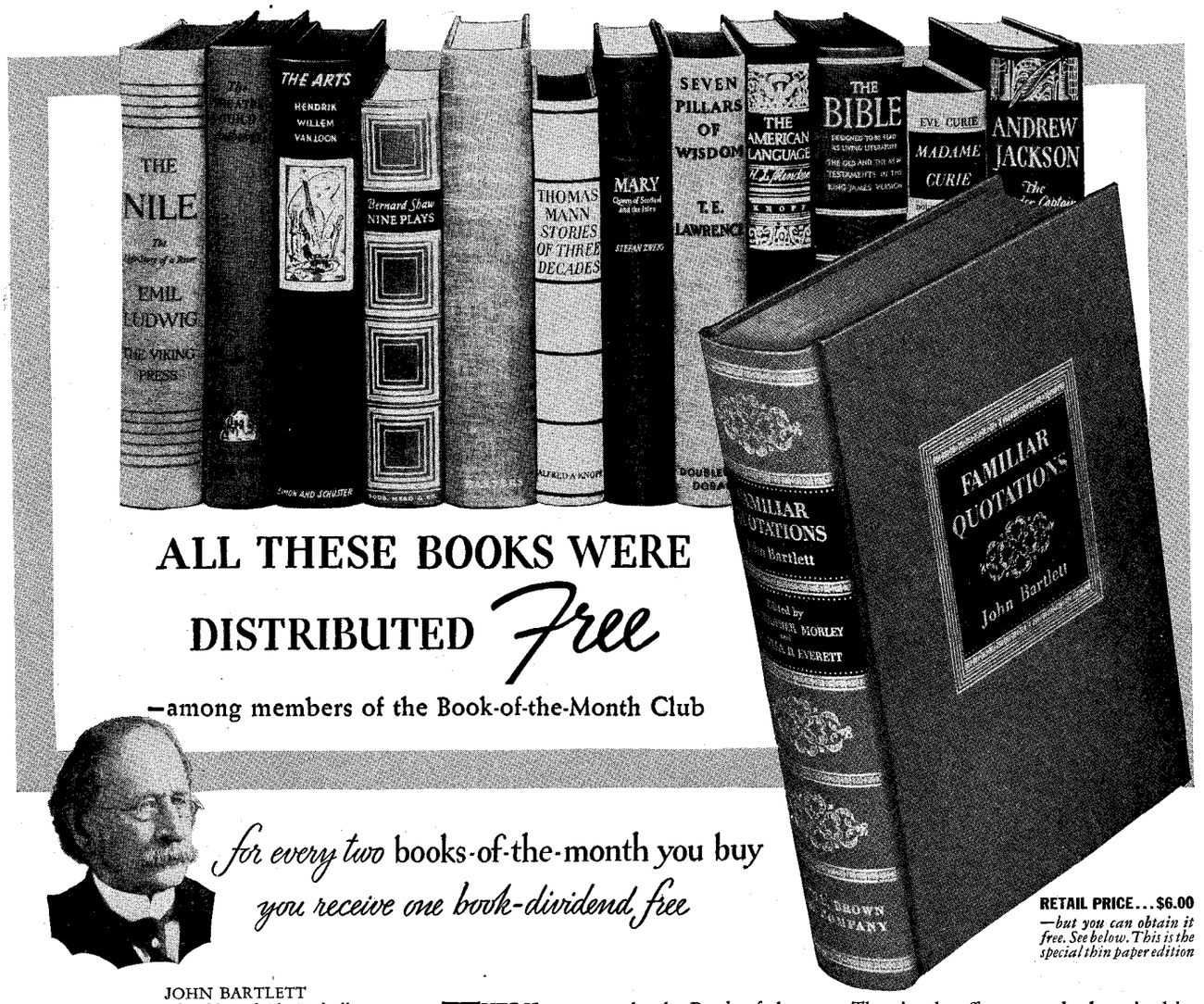

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Edited by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett

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But, please understand, you are never obliged to take the book-of-the-month our judges choose. Nor are you expected to buy one book every month. All important new books are very carefully reported upon. As a member, you can do one of three things in any month: order the book-of-the-month; order some other new book you are particularly anxious not to miss; or, instruct the Club not to send you any book at all.

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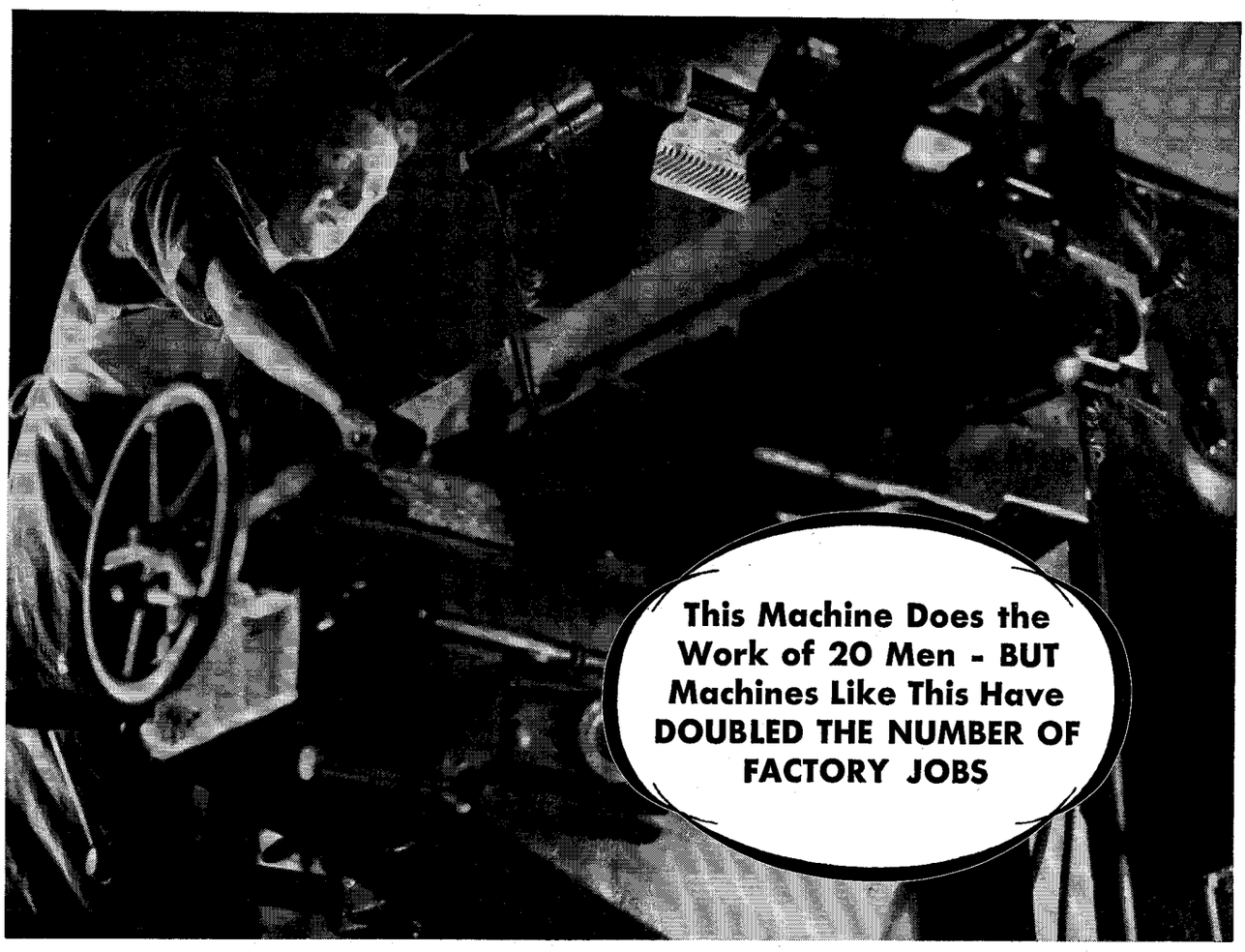

AMERICA'S BENEFICENT PARADOX

MACHINES replacing men—yet more men put to work! This is the startling paradox which is at the root of much of America's progress. For although machines are doing jobs that would require many times as many men to do by hand, yet the number of factory jobs has increased from 4 to 8 million in the last fifty years. How is this possible?

Why has the number of jobs increased so greatly —faster than our population — while the use of machines has increased many fold?

Why? Because machines have multiplied the effectiveness of men's work. Costs of manufactured products have been so reduced that more millions of people have been able to afford them. And because more people have bought these manufactured products, more men have been employed in making them. That is why there are twice as many factory jobs today as there were fifty years ago, and, in addition, millions of other new jobs selling, shipping, and servicing the new products. Throughout America, machines are enabling men to produce more with less effort, to earn higher wages—to have more of the good things of life.

General Electric scientists, engineers, and workmen, by applying electric power to the machines of industry, have done much to make this progress possible. Their efforts today are directed to the task of bringing about still higher living standards.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

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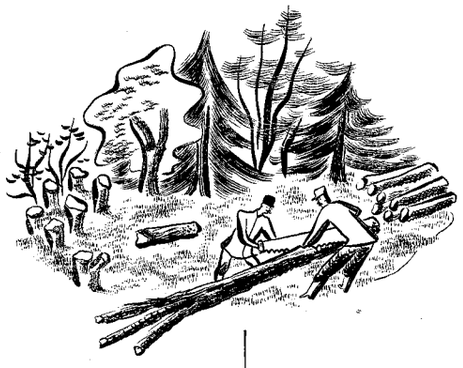
Scribner's

MAGAZINE



November, 1938
Vol. 104, No. 5

Our December issue (cover by James Chapin) will stack up with the best of the year. Among the December high spots will be a "Scribner's Examines" article by *Variety's* John Landry on Edward R. Murrow, chief of CBS's European bureau . . . Joe Williams and William Patterson, an AP foreign-news editor, will both be in this issue. Williams is examining an influential development in the sports field and Patterson, the United States push into South America . . . There will be a "Life in the United States" article about Texas debutantes and an article by S. F. Porter examining one of the most fascinating developments in our financial history . . . The fourth SCRIBNER'S Short Novel is by Elick Moll . . . And, speaking of books, our December issue will carry an announcement of a new type of book department to be launched with the first issue of 1939. This department will give SCRIBNER'S readers a coverage unavailable elsewhere and will fit into the SCRIBNER'S formula of examining life in the United States.

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Purchased from Associated American Artists, Inc.

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TO A STRIFE-TORN WORLD

Tower Bells

Bring a Daily Message of PEACE and UNDERSTANDING

● In a midwestern city, a moderately prosperous business man pondered one of life's most solemn duties — that of providing a suitable Memorial to the one who for so many years had shared his sorrows and successes.

"How," he asked himself, "can I best symbolize, for the inspiration of all, the qualities that she exemplified?"

He found the answer on a certain Sunday morning—in the church that had been such an important part of her life.

Here, amid the turmoil of everyday existence, was a haven of peace and understanding—refuge from the trials and bickerings of a troubled world. *To add to the beauty of her church—to bring it even more deeply into the hearts and minds of the community—certainly no Memorial could be more fitting than this.*

A few months later, a Deagan Carillon was dedicated to her memory. Though the day was dreary and rain-soaked, the church auditorium was filled to overflowing, while many stood by in the streets.

Then, out of the gloom, came the golden voice of the Chimes . . . mellow and clear . . . pealing forth the hymn which in life had been her favorite.

The donor studied the rapt expressions of those about him and the light that came into their eyes. He thought of the generations who would derive solace and inspiration from his gift. And it came to him that here was the Memorial she would have chosen.

Deagan Carillons (Tower Bells) are available for as little as $6,000. May we have the privilege of sending you interesting information—without the slightest obligation?

J. C. DEAGAN, Inc., 367 Deagan Bldg., Chicago

DEAGAN

THE MEMORIAL SUBLIME

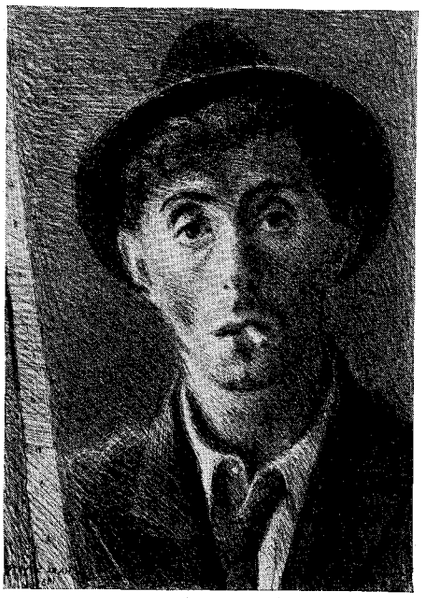
Carillons

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Portrait of an Agitator (*See Cover*)

Before telling about the girl on the cover, a few words about our change in medium. In turning from photography to painting we are bucking, as we well realize, the current tide. We are also giving up a medium which we have helped advance. But successful as our photographic covers have been, we nevertheless believe that they will be far excelled by the paintings now scheduled.

Following our cover by Raphael Soyer, we shall present the work of Alexander Brook, James Chapin, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Eugene Speicher, and others. Off the brushes of such men comes a realistic and incisive interpretation which no camera can produce. Thus, changing mediums but sticking to our much-liked occupational pattern, we expect covers



Self-portrait by Raphael Soyer

which will help us do our job: examine life in the United States.

This month's cover was the result of a walk Mr. Soyer took through Union Square. Noticing a girl "agitating" from a platform, Mr. Soyer decided she was a type he wanted to paint. A few days later he called a friend, Sylvia Gold, and asked her to pose for him. Miss Gold is neither agitator nor model. She is a young garment worker, married, fairly active in her union, and mainly interested in interpretive dancing.

Born in Russia in 1899, Raphael Soyer came here a year before the opening of the first World War. Through spare-time study in the Art Students League (where he now teaches), he won his present high reputation.

Mr. Soyer's studio is in a gloomy garret on Fourteenth Street, furnished with a huge easel, a sort of bicycle rack full of paintings, and a cot for Mr. Walter Broe, a garrulous old man who serves as combination model and caretaker. Mr. Soyer gets almost all of his models from the street—sees a face he likes and simply hires the owner to pose. He works about eight hours a day, and often is busy with several canvases at a time.

Overrated

Our September feature on overrated Americans (see also page 28 of this issue) has so far brought in returns from 324 readers in forty-two states. As we go to press, the following have been named by SCRIBNER'S readers as the twenty most overrated Americans: Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, the Quins, Alexander Woollcott, Graham McNamee, Major Bowes, Joe Louis, Walter Lippmann, John L. Lewis, Nicholas Murray Butler, Al Capone, Dale Carnegie, Benny Goodman, Peter Arno, Walter Winchell, James Roosevelt, President Roosevelt, Grover Whalen, Shirley Temple, and Alben Barkley.

And here are the runners-up in each category: Ben Bernie, Tallulah Bankhead, Mrs. Roosevelt, Margaret Mitchell, John Barrymore, Boake Carter, Bill Terry, Glenn Frank, Governor Earle, Robert Hutchins, Warden Lawes, Hendrik van Loon, Rubinoff, Rockwell Kent, Eleanor Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Secretary Perkins, Billy Rose, Norma Shearer, and Robert LaFollette.

Four Roosevelts win places in these two groups. Even that won't satisfy one reader, who sent in his ballot with the President's name heading all twenty groups.

It was a close race in some groups. Among writers, Alexander Woollcott nosed out Margaret Mitchell by only two votes. Shirley Temple beat Norma Shearer by the same margin. And showman Grover Whalen was only six votes ahead of showman Billy Rose. The blue ribbon goes to Dale Carnegie. His nearest competitor was 160 votes behind him. Others who won hands down were Capone, Dr. Butler, and Major Bowes.

We had all kinds of returns, some

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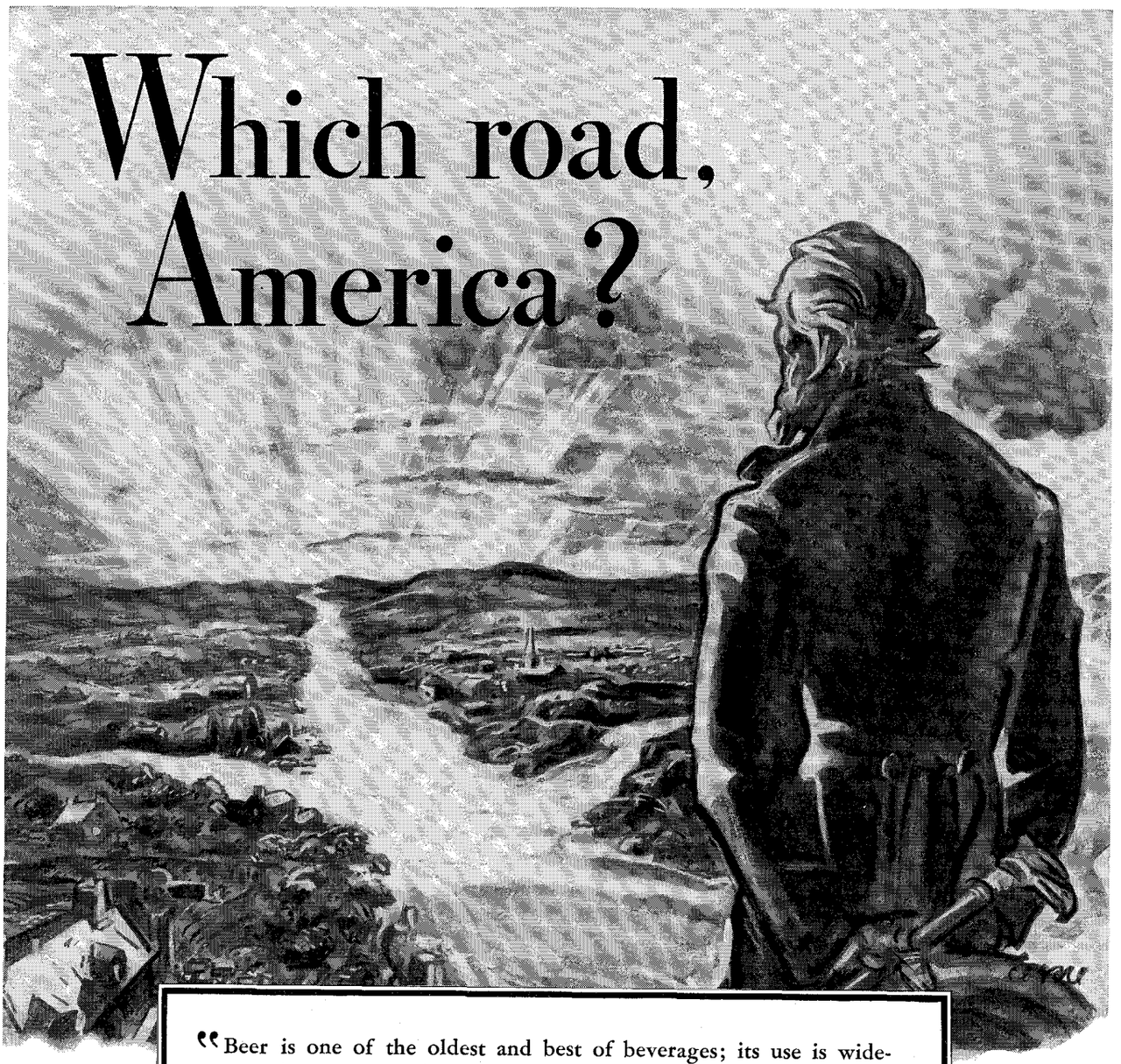
Which road, America?



"Beer is one of the oldest and best of beverages; its use is widespread in every land; it is within the reach of every purse . . . The growth of its use in this country is bound to make for general temperance; for there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

IT IS NOT BLINDLY that we of today must choose our path. Many men before us have travelled each of the three roads...the dead-end road to excess, the harsh road of intolerance, the straight road ahead, which is the way of moderation and sobriety.

From time to time we of the Brewers Foundation plan to submit to you, the people of America, the facts about beer. We will show that beer *does* offer the right way . . . that this beverage is *in fact* the bulwark of moderation, according to the verdict of history, the weight of scientific evidence, and the everyday experience of millions.

And in thus uniting to give you these facts (and also to improve the conditions under which beer is sold at retail) the members of this Foundation believe they will perform a public service of genuine importance—and one which merits your understanding support.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation. Address:

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

United Brewers Industrial Foundation
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

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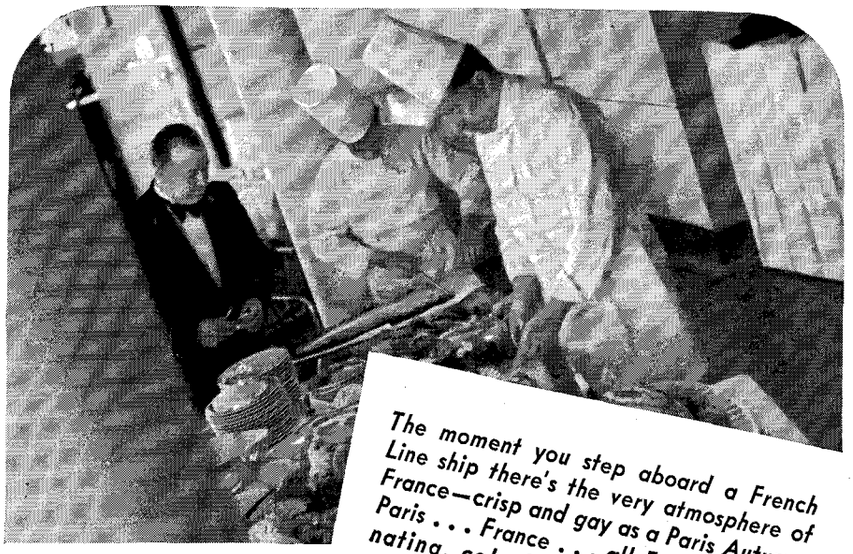
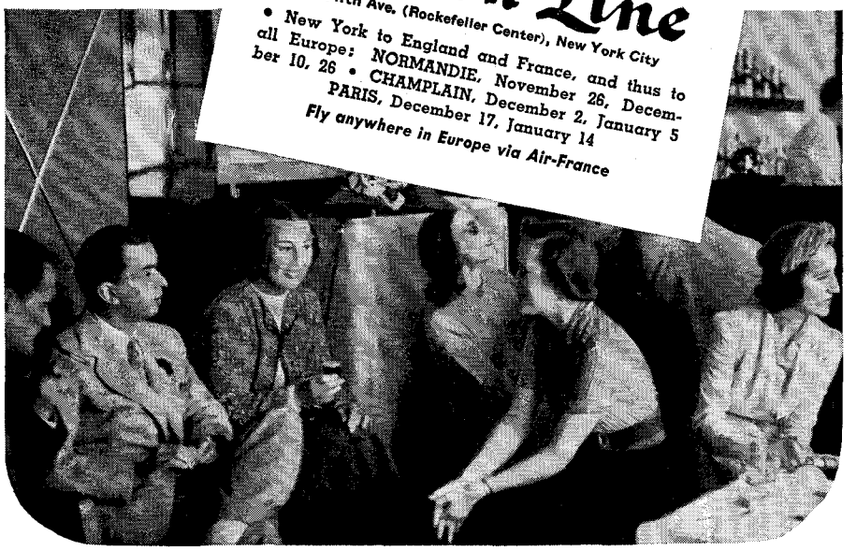
PRELUDE to PARIS





The moment you step aboard a French Line ship there's the very atmosphere of France—crisp and gay as a Paris Autumn. Paris . . . France . . . all Europe is fascinating, colorful at this time of year.

FRENCH LINE is considered by many experienced voyagers as the height of travel luxury—yet it costs no more. There is the security of Breton and Norman seamanship, insuring speed with safety . . . delectable meals that delight the palate (a sound table wine at every meal—with our compliments) . . . airy, spacious staterooms . . . magnificent public rooms . . . entertainment or solitude—as you prefer . . . alert, sympathetic service, born of scrupulous training.

Whether going abroad on business or pleasure or both—you'll appreciate the many luxuries, pleasures, conveniences of a French Line crossing. Let your Travel Agent arrange a booking.

French Line

610 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), New York City

• New York to England and France, and thus to all Europe: NORMANDIE, November 26, December 10, 26 • CHAMPLAIN, December 2, January 5 PARIS, December 17, January 14

Fly anywhere in Europe via Air-France

from parties of twenty people, some from married couples who disagreed violently, and one from an impassioned fellow who took three typewritten pages to defend his choices. A few even wrote their answers in verse. Sample:

It seems the acme of futility
To consider Senator Arthur Vandenberg
as a presidential possibility.

On our list of 147 potential nominees, there was only one whom nobody considered overrated. Votes went freely to statesmen, artists, and scientists, but not a single vote was cast against this one person. Her name is Myrna Loy.

Tops

Our circulation department has sent along word that September is the best subscription month SCRIBNER'S has ever had. Renewals and new orders came in at the rate of 500 a day. . . . Another record, according to the advertising department: this issue's advertising revenues exceed those of any other issue.

Notes

Five of our November authors trace their writing back to newspaper work: W. L. White in Kansas, Russell Owen in New York, Max Miller in California, Ted Patrick in New Jersey, and Charles R. Walker in New Hampshire. . . . Mr. White's first novel, *What People Said,* came out last spring; the son of the Emporia sage, he studied at Harvard, and worked on *Fortune* after an apprenticeship on his father's paper; right now he is completing another "Scribner's Examines." . . . Russell Owen began with the New York *Sun* and is now rounding out his nineteenth year with the *Times;* for his coverage of the first Byrd expedition to Little America he received a Pulitzer Prize. . . . Ted Patrick is a crack Young and Rubicam copywriter who has turned out ads for Packard, Parke, Davis, etc., etc. The copy for *Life's* current advertising campaign is his. Patrick did our June preview "Advertising the Next War" and in working out the sample ads for the political preview in this issue had artwork assistance from J. M. Anthony. . . . Charles R. Walker went from Yale into a lieutenancy in the A. E. F. He worked on open-hearth at the Jones & Laughlin steel works at Aliquippa, Pa.; wrote *Steel* and *American City;* worked for the *Atlantic, Independent,* and *Fortune,* and is now a Guggenheim Fellow. . . . Max Miller became one of America's best-known reporters when in 1931 he published *I Cover the Waterfront.* He was then working on the San Diego *Times.*

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Made in the U.S.A.

INFORMED PUBLIC OPINION—The most able conduct of public affairs derives from an *informed public opinion.* That is the reason for this series of advertisements. It enables you to know the facts about the Territory of Hawaii and her industries—facts of importance to every citizen because every citizen is interested in encouraging industrial progress in every part of the United States.

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

—words that should bristle with meaning for Americans. They appear countless times on countless American products. In every case, this is what they signify:

Investment—in equipment for production. *Payrolls*—for people at work. *Products*—to meet the necessities of life. The combined result is the wealth of our nation!

And its *security.* Every product made in the United States is a rock in her wall of defense, a link in her chain of self-dependence. "*Made* in the United States" means *vital to* the United States.

From the fields of the Territory of Hawaii comes an indispensable food—cane sugar—produced for Americans, on American soil. Fifteen per cent of our nation's supply!

An industry employing thousands and serving millions. An industry giving year-round jobs to fifty thousand and providing a livelihood for over one hundred thousand on plantations. An industry demonstrating just what "*Made in the U. S. A.*" means in terms anyone can understand.

And so thousands of Americans in the Territory of Hawaii have their opportunity for jobs and homes and security. They have that opportunity because industry provides it. And they have a *better* opportunity when equal encouragement and protection are provided for *all* products that bear the mark "*Made in the U. S. A.*"

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION

HONOLULU, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, U.S.A.

A voluntary association of producers, providing year-round employment for 50,000 people in the production of cane sugar, paying the highest average annual farm wages in the American sugar industry.

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THE VOICE WITH A *Smile*

NORTH

SOUTH

It may carry the salty twang of New England or the soft accents of the South.

It may be swift and crisp in the New York manner or full of the pleasant rolling r's in the style of the West.

But wherever you hear it, it will be friendly, courteous, and efficient.

It's the all-American voice of the Bell Telephone operator—"The Voice with a Smile."

The entire Bell System seeks to serve you quickly, capably and in the spirit of a friend.

EAST

WEST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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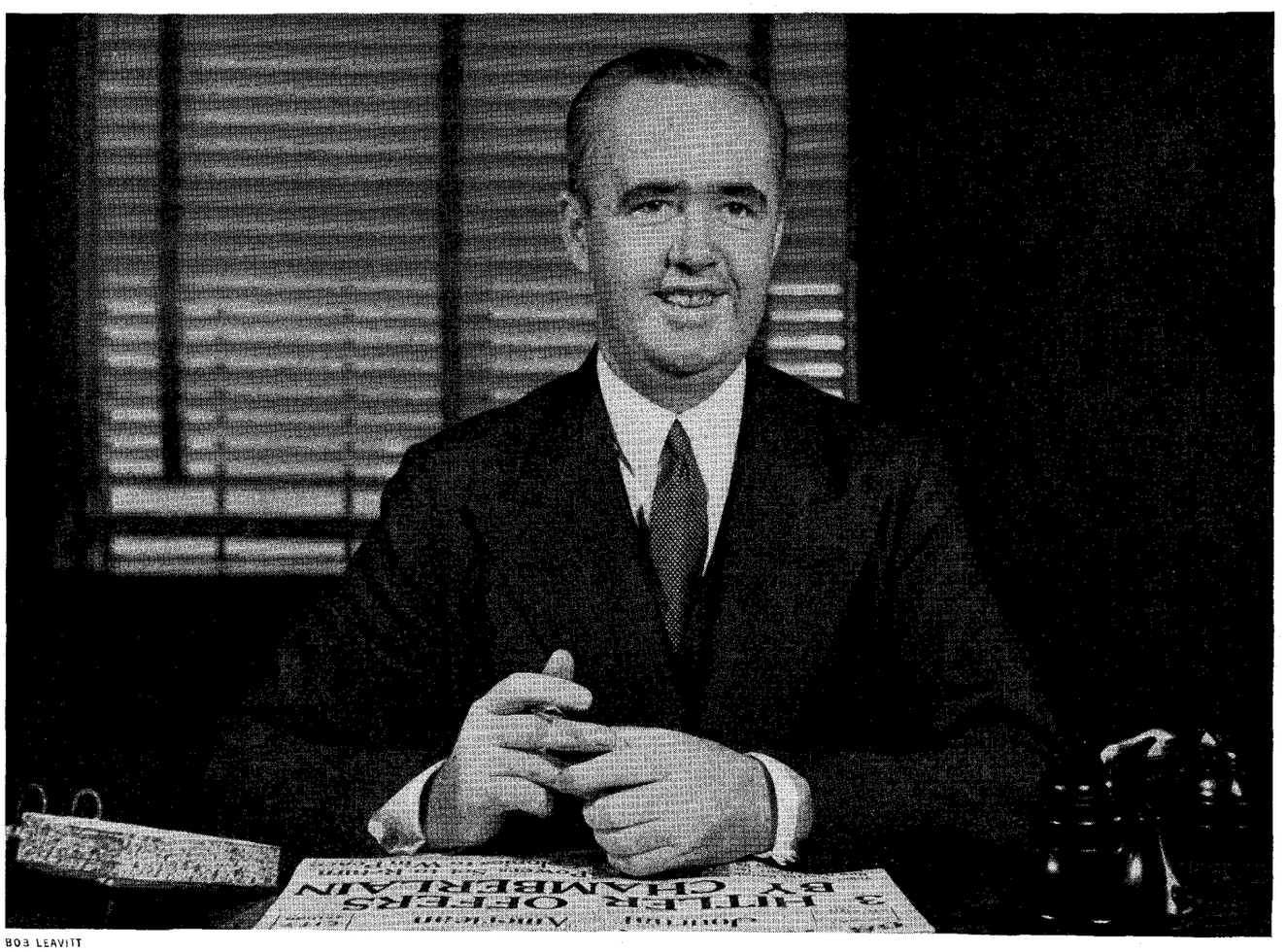
Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume 104, Number 5 November, 1938



BOB LEAVITT

Joseph V. Connolly

BY W. L. WHITE

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: *the new dictator of the Hearst newspaper empire . . . his career, his tactics, and his control over 21 papers, 10 radio stations, 4 syndicates*

JOSEPH V. CONNOLLY wasn't there, but almost every other Hearst big shot was, together with the cream of Hollywood; some four hundred in all, gathered at Miss Marion Davies' Santa Monica Beach estate to celebrate the seventy-fourth birthday of William Randolph Hearst, early in 1937. Deep down in the Hearst Empire, ominous things were moving. But no note of them disturbed the party, whose guests entered into the spirit of a "dream circus." A "big top" had been set up on the lawn. A real calliope sent sparks up against the black sky. The guest of honor was garbed as ringmaster—"elaborate short gold military jacket with brilliant red revers"—and "numerous of his business executives came dressed as clowns."

Joseph V. Connolly (the man who wasn't there) is the

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head of the Hearst newspaper properties—eight morning and thirteen evening papers with a combined circulation of 4,500,000 and fifteen Sunday papers whose circulation adds up to a little more than 6,800,000. He is the head of Hearst's International News Service and of the gigantic King Features, which syndicates Hearst comics, columns, and serials. He is also head of the Hearst-owned syndicate, Central Press, and of Hearst's International Photos. And he is chairman of the board which controls Hearst's ten radio stations. In short, Joe Connolly warms almost as many swivel chairs as Mussolini.

Yet Connolly didn't go to the party at Santa Monica. He has never been to a Hearst birthday party. He thinks Mr. Hearst is "the greatest newspaperman who ever lived," but examination shows that Connolly himself is no man's clown. Other Hearst men say that he didn't get his No. 1 job by hanging around San Simeon, and he was never a member of the "old San Simeon gang"—those top Hearst executives who have been described by competitors as bald, fat, highly paid playboys who in the roaring twenties would assemble the ideas of their subordinates and hop a plane for California to lay them before The Chief. And who, having received his answer, would linger, laving their paunches in San Simeon's various swimming pools and appraising the curves of Gothic mantels and Hollywood starlets with which Hearst places and pools abound.

Joe Connolly has hopped plenty of planes for San Simeon, but according to extra-Hearstian estimates of him, when he finished his business he hopped the next one back. He has as high an appreciation of female beauty as The Chief himself, but he also has a habit of taking work home from the office and staying up until two o'clock every morning. Connolly says this is only a hangover from morning-newspaper habits. His friends point out, however, that there is a three-hour difference in time between San Simeon and New York. If Mr. Hearst gets a bright idea at eleven o'clock at night, he doesn't hesitate to pick up the telephone and rout his yawning East Coast executives out of bed at two. But Joe Connolly answers his ring bright-eyed and alert. He is proof that there are ways of making yourself briskly available to Mr. Hearst other than spending your time in a bathing suit.

II

Connolly began working when he was twelve. By the time he was a senior in the New Haven High School he was holding down about as many jobs as he has today. He was carrying two paper routes, jerking soda in a drugstore, and caddying on a golf course. For a while he was also employed by the city to turn the street lights on and off. He graduated from the paper routes to a job in the business office of the old New Haven *Union,* switched to its news department, and within a few years was sufficiently confident to tackle New York. Armed with his scrapbook, he got offers of three jobs on Park Row within

an hour. He bought three copies of each paper and retired to a near-by beanery to make his choice. He picked the *Evening World.* Why? Because it had more advertising, and so should be the soundest financial bet. Thereupon, Connolly went back to Charles Chapin, the hardest-boiled and most-hated city editor of his day.

"How much do you want?" growled Chapin.

Connolly swallowed, and suggested forty dollars a week.

"Sorry," growled Chapin, "I never hire a man who doesn't think he's worth forty-five," and turned his back. (A few years later, when Chapin was convicted of wife murder, Connolly had the pleasure of covering his trial.)

Connolly's second choice was the *Tribune.* He hotfooted it over there, to find that Editor Niel Jones who had offered him the job had gone home to find a letter saying his services weren't needed by the *Tribune.* Under the circumstances, neither were Connolly's. So he went to work on the *Sun,* where Frank Munsey paid him thirty-five dollars a week.

After his many jobs in New Haven, metropolitan reporting seemed a snap. Connolly filled in his spare time doing publicity work, and with the extra income was able to return to New Haven to marry the home-town girl, Miss Marguerite Stanford.

A curious incident played an important part in ending his career at the *Sun.* In about May of 1919 the papers were full of stories about the aurora borealis, which reputedly was visible as far south as New York. One day Frank Munsey telephoned his city room asking why they

ACME

William Randolph Hearst is still the hardest-working man in the entire Hearst organization, according to Joe Connolly

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didn't describe the lights with the peculiar twist, that maybe it was the end of the world. The city room handed it to Connolly. He mounted to the roof, descended to the typewriter, and gave her all he had. He called upon Dryden, picked a few garlands from Keats and Shelley, and drew on the Bible. When he rose and jammed it on the copy hook, he felt he had turned out something people would read.

He was right. Next day, opening the *World's* editorial page, Connolly caught one of his own phrases in quotes. As he read on, his ears got warm. The *World* had picked up his piece, or rather its more vibrant phrases, and, interspersing them with earthy, carnal comments of its own, had done a job on him. Soberly preoccupied with this, he walked into the *Sun* office almost to bump into Frank Munsey.

"Did you write this?" asked Munsey.

"Yes, sir," said Connolly.

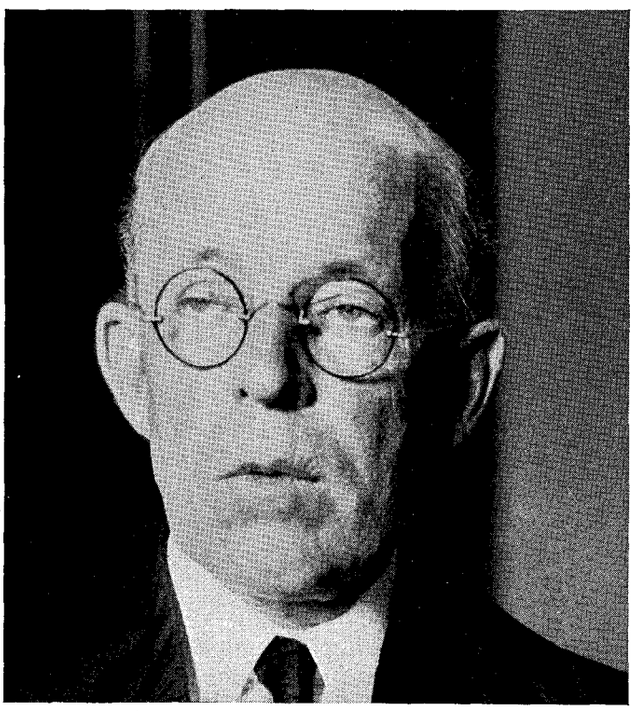
Munsey eyed him. "Perfect description," he said. "You get a five-dollar raise."

But it didn't stop here. According to legend, William Randolph Hearst was then in residence at his Riverside Drive house. It was his custom each evening to sprawl on the floor of his library (its walls resplendent with collector's items and *American* executives) and compare competing papers with his own. He paused to read Connolly's piece, and stabbed it with his forefinger. "Find out the man who wrote this"—so the legend runs—"and hire him for me." Accordingly, the *American* sent a scouting party out to the *Sun,* but they didn't get to Connolly. Several weeks later, however, he happened to hear of it. He laid siege to the Hearst residence and presently was ushered into The Presence. The Presence, it turned out, was at first mildly interested in young Connolly, only to the extent of allowing him to admire some cuff links recently arrived from abroad, which Mr. Hearst's European buyers assured him had once belonged to Napoleon I. By easy stages Connolly steered conversation from cuff links to employment.

DRAWINGS COURTESY KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

"How would you like to work for me?" inquired the mild-voiced Mr. Hearst. So Connolly went to King Features, with the message that he was to be put to work at seventy-five dollars a week.

"Doing what?" inquired the harassed executives of King. This was a point that hadn't been cleared up on Riverside Drive. In fact, it took him months to wrangle a regular desk of his own, and after the organization accepted the slim, dapper young man as a regular guy, he discovered—or so concludes the legend which Connolly himself denies—that King had feared he was the Chief's private spy.



ACME

Judge Clarence B. Shearn, old friend of Hearst, has charge of business affairs of the Hearst companies for a ten-year period

III

CONNOLLY'S first regular assignment was founding and editing a house organ titled *Circulation* which ballyhooed King's comic strips and syndicated features. Made up largely of breezy stuff about the artists, it caught the eyes of weary country editors and saved much time for salesmen on the road. But during the twenties the entire Hearst organization had settled dreamily back into a humdrum routine of wild chaos and bitter intramural politics, the complexities of which rivaled those of a banana republic. Great names were hired to edit journals and then put to sharpening pencils for the duration of their contracts. The first thought of many executives was the state of repair of their political fences. Connolly was one of the naïve few who gave serious thought to the task of making money for Hearst.

Such thoughts were needed in King Features. It was a storm center of intrigue. Many Hearst editors resented the fact that their major comics were hand-picked for them by another department and charged against their budgets. Some of the editors took elfish delight in buying parallel comics from non-Hearst syndicates (which Connolly felt was subsidizing the enemy), stuffing King's offering into the waste basket. When King's representative would ask them to give King's comics more display in order to help sales to non-Hearst papers, such editors would denounce King as a milk pail which kept the daily papers drained of cash, and its executives as potbellied dastards who sat up in big offices drawing down all the dough.

Rising in King's promotion department, Connolly became expert in calming these perturbed spirits.

He was learning that the Hearst organization badly

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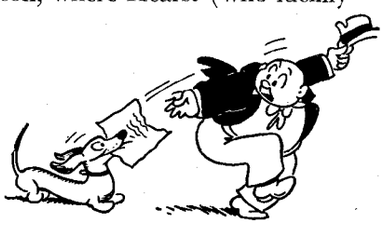
needed a little intramural teamwork. He was learning even more rapidly the art of instilling vaudeville principles into newsprint at a net profit.

Connolly was given a hand in picking serials, and was responsible for the purchase in 1929 of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Connolly hadn't read it himself, but was inflamed with the enthusiasm of a subordinate, who had a copy of the British edition. It was checked up to a higher Hearst executive who made the mistake of reading it. He turned it down. Connolly thereupon took an eloquent appeal to San Simeon, where Hearst (who luckily hadn't read it either) backed him to the hilt. They bought it, and it was the biggest smash hit in serial fiction, with the sole exception of the novel *Chickie,* in which an unmarried lady had a baby right in the middle of the want-ad section in about the year 1926.



All Quiet presented one special problem—its famous hospital scene. King solved this by supplying each customer with two copies—with and without. For lesser serials, King maintains a Hearst employee of almost forty years' service whose sole duty it is to expunge naughty words from serials.

In 1931 Connolly decided to try the experiment of selling Hearst features abroad. Today, Hearst comics are printed in thirty languages for eighty countries. Comics for Spanish-speaking countries are translated by a special department in King's New York office. For all others, the comics are shipped in English and translated abroad. One salesman complained that "Jiggs and Maggie" clicked nicely in every place except Japan. "They can't understand about corned beef and cabbage over there!" "Make it rice," said Connolly. And it was rice.

In the same year a single-panel oddity feature which had been plugging about in the old New York *Post* caught Connolly's interest. He bought it for King, blew it up to four or five columns in width, and began deluging editors with huge slick-paper broadsides. "Jez!" they gasped, as they stared at "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley in his new dress, "It must be good!" It was.

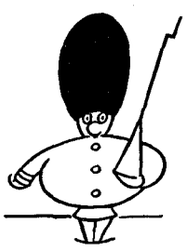
Once while dining with Hearst, Connolly took the occasion to whisper in his ear about a new Jewish-dialect feature which was a local sensation in the Evening *World*. Mr. Hearst seemed impressed, but not sold. When he returned to California he sent a long wire which contained, among other instructions, the words HIRE MARK CROSS. King Features thereupon went into a dither. The only bona fide Mark Cross in Manhattan seemed to be doing very nicely with a line of fancy leather goods. So Connolly was elected to call San Simeon.

"Which Mark Cross?" (Mr. Hearst seemed perplexed.) "Why, the one you spoke to me about last week."

"Oh, yes," said Connolly, suddenly remembering the Jewish-dialect feature. Which is how Milt Gross got on King Features' payroll, though, of course, Connolly denies the story *in toto*.

A much later but parallel anecdote concerns a Hearst cable from Germany: GET HENRY. Again, yes, but which? It developed that Hearst had seen in a German paper a reproduction of the *Saturday Evening Post's* cartoon "Little Henry." But Artist Anderson, its creator, almost seventy years of age, would not come at first. "I was fired by your God-damned paper twenty years ago!" he complained. Yet a salary increase of about $1000 a week has helped to heal old wounds.

When Connolly became president and general manager of King Features in 1932, he set about feeding the artists an occasional idea. For instance, Elzie Segar had a little strip "Thimble Theater" which for a couple of years had been chronicling the doings of Ham Gravy and Olive Oil but not setting the world on fire. Then one day a new character wandered into the continuity, and might presently have wandered out again except that Connolly, looking over Segar's shoulder, said quietly, "I like that guy. Keep him in every day for a while and we'll see what happens." What happened was a terrific explosion in the comic world, because Segar's new character just happened to be Popeye the Sailor Man. Segar had been starving along on a mere three hundred dollars a week—chicken feed for a successful comic. Popeye now earns about $1000 a week on the radio. Even the novelty rights bring in about $100,000 a year —and don't forget the movies. Segar gets his cut on all of them.



Once Connolly, walking through the shop, leaned over the desk of a kid named Alex Raymond, assistant to a veteran artist. On one corner he saw a pile of drawings which had nothing to do with the continuity. "Did you do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come in and see me tomorrow."

Connolly gave him the idea for the Sunday-page "Flash Gordon"—a modern Frank Merriwell story with a beautiful girl and plenty of fast stuff taking place on a distant planet. "Secret Agent X9," the first G-man strip, was another Connolly thought. Also Chick Young's "Blondie," a streamlined version of "Jiggs and Maggie."

In 1933, someone mentioned to Connolly that George McManus had been drawing "Bringing Up Father" for almost twenty years, whereupon Connolly laid immediate plans for a twentieth wedding-anniversary party for "Jiggs and Maggie." His first move was to cable the crowned heads of the world, inviting congratulatory messages. Presently consulates and legations began calling to ask who perhaps might be this "Jiggs and Maggie" about which King Features had written their majesties. From Buckingham Palace came a stiff note: "I am returning your invitation," wrote an equerry, "as His Majesty knows nothing of this." Not dampened, Connolly moved on Washington with a big "Jiggs and Maggie" wedding-

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anniversary banquet at the Willard. Tribute was paid McManus by such dignitaries as Chief Justice Hughes, Secretary of War Hurley, Vice-President Curtis, General Pershing, Owen D. Young, and Richard Whitney.

IV

Two more swivel chairs were added in 1933 when Connolly stepped to the head of International and Universal News Services. And Connolly came through with still more ideas. For instance, when the Italian aviator Balbo flew the Atlantic, Connolly signed him up for his own story, to be filed from the air. Balbo was signed on so thoroughly and so far in advance that competitors found Balbo's contract forbade interviews; there was even some question as to whether he could legally talk to them in dumb show.

Sometimes Connolly could co-ordinate all the Hearst divisions on one idea. There was the morning he looked out of his taxi in Washington and noticed the swarms of forlorn-looking civil-service employees on their way to work. Joe Connolly has a natural Irish eye for the dames —sharpened by years of Hearst training. He shook his head dolefully. "Not a looker in the bunch," he mourned. "I wonder why that is?" He mailed this query in to Winchell (Walter is a King Features headliner), who printed it in his column. Washington rose to resent the insult. Result: a Washington beauty contest judged by Hearst's Winchell while Hearst newsreel men cranked and Hearst wire services covered the story.

"Joe," his competitors say, "is fundamentally the manager of a vaudeville team; his favorite slant on a story is its custard-pie angle." Yet he has shown considerable astuteness in regard to what they would consider legitimate news.

He smelled the present undeclared boundary war in Manchukuo months before it became headline news. Knickerbocker, INS's crack reporter, was then in China, but neither Russia nor Japan would give visas for correspondents to visit the scene of trouble. Connolly suggested that Knickerbocker apply for permission to return to Europe via the Trans-Siberian, get off the train in Vladivostok (maybe lose his passport), and smell around. So Knickerbocker was the first European correspondent to visit Vladivostok in ten years, and his story of the smouldering border dispute was months ahead of the news.

The INS Coronation story carried a more typical Connolly touch. Sir Philip Gibbs supplied the historical angle, David Lloyd George the political, while George Bernard Shaw held down the satirical. That left only the female angle so vital to all Hearst stories. It was entrusted to the Grand Duchess Marie, who took notes for INS from an Abbey box and, as a guest of royal blood, attended (and reported) the private banquet of the Royal Family.

It was Connolly's idea, during the journalistic crisis which followed the Justice Black appointment, to send a reporter into the deep South, hopping from town to town in a plane, to see if the old Klan was really as dead down there as people tried to make out that it was. Connolly also knows the kind of story that will yank the heartstrings of the American home. When the Chicago parents had to decide whether to permit an operation which would blind their baby or let it die without one, Connolly ordered an INS interview with Helen Keller. She was for letting the baby live.

In 1935, because of his reputation as a money-making executive, he was handed the Hearst radio stations. The business of making money consists of the application of shrewdness to a cash register, but every man has his own way of reducing this formula to words. Under the Connolly method you start saving and spending simultaneously, *but*—you only may spend for promotion and new activities a sum equal to that which you save by lopping off dead wood. When the business is out of the red, you may plow your surplus back into promotion and expansion.

INTERNATIONAL

Thomas J. White is chairman of the board of the Hearst organization of which Joseph V. Connolly is vice-chairman

This Connolly formula (or the Connolly brains) was soon to be given a broader trial. For in the spring of 1937, even as the orchestra on Marion Davies' estate was playing *Happy Birthday to You,* the Hearst Empire was approaching a financial crisis. An attempt to launch a $35,000,000 issue of debentures had to be abandoned in the face of criticism and the recession. And it was presently announced that Mr. Hearst had turned control of all his stock in American Newspapers, Inc., the parent holding company of the structure, over to his old friend Clarence B. Shearn in an irrevocable ten-year trust. Under the arrangement, Judge Shearn was

(*continued on page* 64)

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Half a Mile From Hell

RUSSELL OWEN

AN EYEWITNESS account of the bombing and machine-gunning of a Virginia island . . . the art of aerial bombardment . . . a Life in the United States article

GRAY sky overhead, a filmy pattern of clouds through which slip long, dark wings, sinister wings. They disappear behind a curtain of mist, are half-revealed, then come out again into the sunlight where their bodies gleam like silver. Bombing planes, loaded with tons of TNT, about to drop it on the target a little less than a mile away.

You shrink a little, instinctively, although you know you are perfectly safe. At 12,000 feet these huge ships seem almost directly overhead. It is a bombing demonstration at Plum Tree Island, near Langley Field, Virginia, the headquarters of the group of the most efficient large bombers in the world, known as the "Flying Fortresses." Their name is apt, for they can fight in the air, with their five machine guns, as well as spread death and destruction on the ground. And army fliers do not enjoy the word "bomber"—it has too evil a connotation. They bless the man who coined the name "Flying Fortress," and on the instrument board of each big ship is a metal plaque bearing the two words.

They are due at exactly eleven o'clock, and army fliers pride themselves on their timing. So it is a few seconds before eleven when the first huge plane comes into sight. There is a muffled hum of the motors, barely distinguishable from the ground, although each of those four engines develops 1000 horsepower. High as they are, they appear ponderous, coming on ominously.

On the shore of the little inlet separating the target from the watching crowd are a group of army officers, a general in command; expert fliers, their wives and children; fishermen and villagers; and a group of West Point cadets, down to see what they may some day have to face. They gaze up at the first big machine, shading their eyes against the sun, trying to see when the first bomb, which weighs a ton, is released.

The target is outlined by white uprights, clearly visible. It is 600 feet long and 90 feet wide—far be it from anyone to say that these are the dimensions of a battleship. That is a sore point between the Army and Navy, which is not discussed in public, because the Navy insists battleships cannot be sunk. But the size is significant. Up there in the air, an officer at the bomb sight, that mysterious instrument which makes corrections for altitude, speed, and wind drift, is turning it slowly, impersonally, getting the target in line. And when he sees it directly in aim, somewhat ahead of him, he presses a button that releases 2000 pounds of hell.

Down plunges the long shell. One cannot see it come, but suddenly out there on the marshy island where the target is there is a tiny eruption of earth. There are delayed fuses on these big bombs, for unless they buried themselves deep in the earth before exploding, the spectators would be dodging fragments, even a mile away. Then there is a flash, the earth shakes under our feet, and into

DRAWING BY ALBERT DORNE

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the air shoots a geyser of tons of mud 150 feet high, a great mushroom of explosion, with pluming black smoke. Our ears feel the detonation. Another second, and the second big bomb comes down. Another flash of flame, a roar, a concussion, and the whole little island out there seems to shake. It jars something inside of you.

But the target still stands. "It is hard to knock down these flimsy targets," an army officer explains to the cadets. "They yield, but don't break."

Wait a moment. Out of the south, through the clouds which half-conceal it, comes another bomber. (There are eight men in each of these ships.) In the center of the fuselage, under the wing, is a bomb bag which holds the round angels of death. Their fuses have been fitted since they went into the air. They lie in racks, eight bombs, 600 pounds of explosive in each. The man who controls them is far away, in the nose of the plane. He just pushes a button.

Suddenly, out there at the target, the earth becomes a volcano. In split seconds parts of that field lift into the air in black smoke, slashed with flame. The ground rocks, and from one end of the target to the other there is an enveloping cloud. The bomber goes smoothly on, but as its wings disappear in the clouds, and the smoke drifts away, you can see that there is little of the outline of the target left. It has been split down the middle, bracketed at each end, almost completely demolished.

The West Point boys—for they are only boys—have been watching with fascinated

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eyes. They are wearing dungarees, saving their white suits for the girls. Their expressions are serious. It is not easy to believe that anything could live in that area where those bombs dropped. Perhaps a very deep dugout would save a few men, but the complete devastation wrought by the bombs is apparent even to the casual observer who never expects to sit under them. You think of China and Spain, and of the war correspondents who have faced bombing in undeclared wars, and mentally take your hat off to the men who have done it. There is something nerve-shattering about the way in which those giant wings come silently over and let loose forces of demolition which are too devastating to imagine. One gets a new point of view about war. What would such bombs do in New York, in London, Paris, or Berlin? It is not a pleasant thought, for, if there is another general war, what has happened so far will be child's play.

Many years ago there was an Italian general who envisaged a mass attack of airplanes, by waves, on the lines of communication, railroads, factories, and large cities, that would completely paralyze resistance and break civilian morale. There are many air officers who still think his theory of wave attack by bombers that would fight their way through resistance is right. And if it is, what is taking place on that little island is a mere gesture.

Again out of the south comes another bomber, with smaller bombs having contact fuses, which explode when they strike the surface. The larger bombs were muffled, because they went deep into the ground before they exploded. But these contact bombs turn the marsh island into a miniature Hades. Their detonations are sharp and ear-shaking; they wipe out what has not been ruined by the big bombs which dug craters hundreds of feet wide. One after another the dark wings come over and demolish the target with their astonishing accuracy. One begins to believe in that Italian general's theory.

The bombers disappear, but there is more to come. When the Army puts on a show of this kind it does a complete job. Away off in the west a lot of little attack planes have been maneuvering in formation. There is a target like a billboard on the edge of the island, and behind it a bunch of uprights which might indicate an enemy encampment or trenches. Down out of the sky in a swift dive come the attack planes, their machine guns wide open. The crack of the explosions seems to be in your ears, right over you, probably because of the air-splitting effect of the bullets.

Jets of water leap up in front of the billboard targets, and even from a distance it is easy to see that they are being torn to ribbons. After each group has let loose its hurricane of death, it goes up in a climbing curve to sweep off to the right, so as to get out of range of those behind. Their graceful curving wings make patterns against the sky. There is no more beautiful thing than a fast airplane in a climb, tilted so that the sun shines against it, its propeller a blur in the light.

They reform and come back again in a group of eighteen, three lines of six each, those behind a little higher than the others, all aiming at the same target. As they dive down at more than 200 miles an hour, you cannot help thinking of those men in the cockpit, deft hands on the stick, trigger control, and throttle of the engine. A slight miscalculation, an error in judgment, and planes would crash together, or bullets from one behind would tear into the fuselage of one in front. It takes cold nerve and training for such action, but it is all a part of Army routine. They take it and joke about it later over a highball. Not that these fliers belong to the happy-go-lucky school which emerged from the War; tactics are too complicated for that now, the requirements are too strict. There is no more earnest group of men in the country than in the Army and Navy air forces.

After the attack planes come the pursuit ships. They appear suddenly over a group of fishermen's shacks, but before they are seen their guns are heard, like a flock of giant firecrackers. Their noise does not seem so great, but they rip the water to shreds, shoot up tiny geysers, and demolish the targets. Out behind the targets the marsh grass begins to smoke as it catches fire from incendiary bullets. One can imagine men ducking for shelter there, trying to escape from this murderous hail of lead. There wouldn't be much chance.

They fly low, these planes, only about fifty feet above the ground, and the spectators involuntarily duck as they go over. There is something so menacing in that rattle of machine-gun fire that you cannot help believe that it is being aimed at you. The marsh is flaming, smoke is drifting up from it. Out of the sky comes a group of airplanes spitting bullets, and as they reach their target there streams from them a vicious screen of gas. It would be poison gas in war, probably; here it is only a screen to hide an enemy attack.

But it is effective. Fire from the burning grass shoots up—"I hope they burn it all up," says a fisherman—and the red flames lick up through the descending smoke from the planes. For a moment out there on the island is a vision of what war will be. It is terrifying. If anything could have lived in that area, despite dugouts, it would be miraculous. The smoke rises, flames lick along the grass and through the targets—red banners of war—and then the smoke screen comes down and shuts it out. Somehow one feels a little thankful that it can no longer be seen.

Back at the field you meet some of these pilots who have been dripping hell out of the sky, or diving in groups. They are decent chaps, gay, and at the same time with a strange, underlying calm. Flying the way they do breeds a fatalistic attitude that shows in their social contacts. They are kidding the West Point boys, playing games, and talking shop. Shop always comes up. Air war is a vocation, a business. It is a long way from Cannae, where Romans and Carthaginians fought hand to hand, and the best man won, to the day of this civilization where 2000 pounds of explosive is dropped from 12,000 feet at a target where the individual cannot be seen. Perhaps it is the impersonality of bombing which makes it so frightful. An old centurion would probably despise it.

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Electing a Republican President

TED PATRICK

BASIC PLAN *for the 1940 campaign . . . prepared with sample advertisements and posters for the Republican National Committee by the John H. Doe Advertising Agency*

IT has been said that a sufficient amount of advertising money, in sufficiently skillful advertising hands, could popularize cancer. Undoubtedly, expert advertising could help sell the American public a Republican president. But there is certain groundwork to be done before advertising itself can perform its miracles.

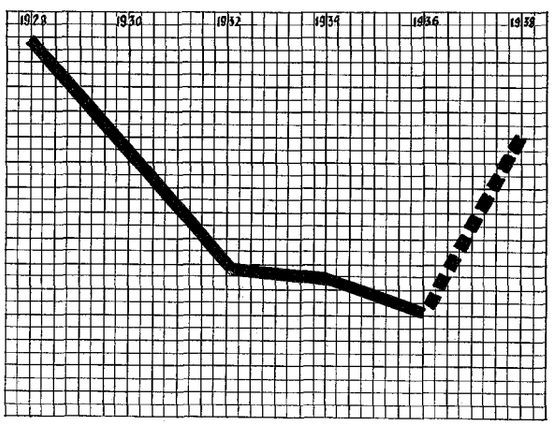
In this report, therefore, we have attempted to point out what steps, in our opinion, the Republican National Committee must take before it can hope successfully to sell its 1940 model to the American consumer.

In preparing this report containing our plan for your advertising and public-relations strategy for 1940, we have proceeded just as we would if we were preparing a plan for a product such as a soap or a breakfast food.

We have studied your potential customers (who in this case are the voters of America); your objectives; your competition; the desirability of changing the name of your party; the product (or candidate) your potential customers might be most inclined to buy; the packaging; the sales strategy to be followed in presenting that candidate; and the advertising strategy. We have conducted a considerable amount of research here in the office and out in the field; and it is upon this research that our recommendations are based.

Potential Customers

Your potential customers are the 40,000,000 voters of the United States. You need a majority of these to keep out of the red, for in your business, unfortunately, anything less than a majority constitutes No Sale. In 1936, you failed by quite a margin to sell your product (or candidate) to a majority. Yet it must be borne in mind that you did manage to sell 16,500,000 people with a doubtful product and against extremely strong competition.



To win a majority of the electoral votes, it is necessary to add to your 1936 accomplishment only about 3,000,000 new customers. This does not seem an impossible task.

Objectives

In our opinion, therefore, you should set as your objective in 1940, *Winning the Election*. This seems obvious.

But the fact remains that in 1936 most influential members of your company did not have that objective. They were realistic enough to consider it hopeless. Their objective was to make as good a showing as possible and lay the groundwork for 1940. As election time drew closer, many were fired with a false optimism which caused them to lose sight of this future objective, and the resulting confusion did not help matters.

Competition

You cannot afford to underestimate the strength of your competition and the organization they have built up. It is not yet known, of course, exactly what their 1940 model will be like—but whatever it is, it will not be easy to compete with.

Many members of your company feel it would be smart strategy to encourage in every way the renomination of the current model, President Roosevelt. It is the theory of these members that Roosevelt would offer the easiest competition in that the third-term tradition would rise up overwhelmingly to defeat him. We consider this a dangerous strategy to embrace. The third-term taboo has never been examined very closely by the public. The people have a vague idea that it was laid down by Washington, who is more god than mortal to them, and whose words have come to resemble commandments. Study will show, however, that Washington, at the time he refused a third term, was a tired old man, whose teeth hurt him terribly, and who wanted more than anything else in the world to get back to the peaceful country home he loved so deeply, and

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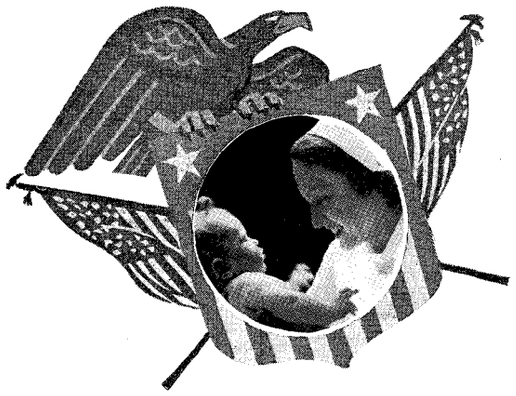
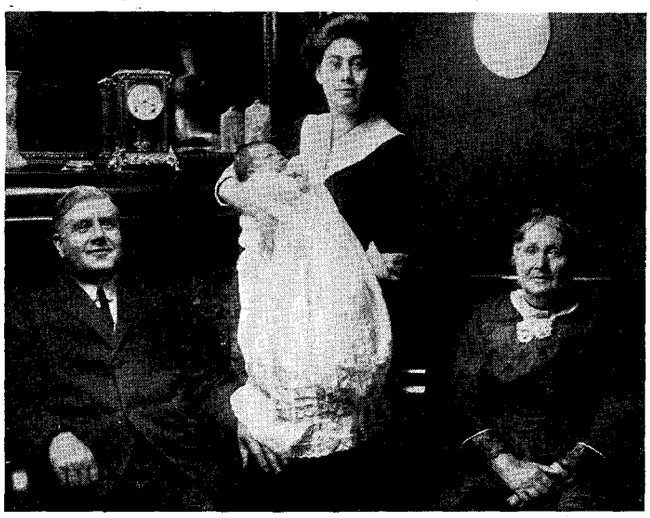


THE BIRTH OF A PRESIDENT

The story of Tom Dewey is one of the most thrilling in all the thrilling history of America!

It is a story that could happen only in America, a story that proves America is still the Land of Opportunity.

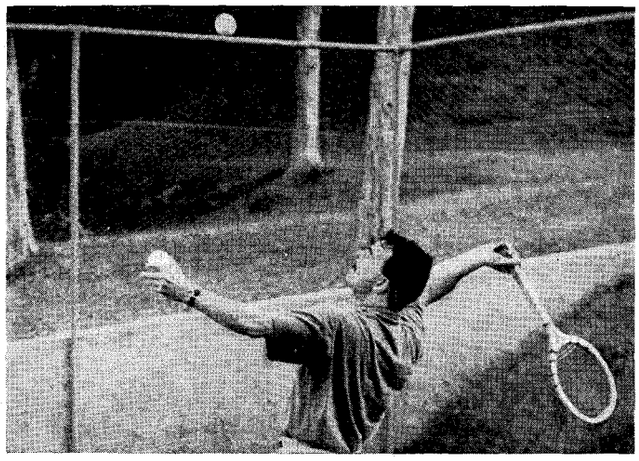
Read this story of the man who will be elected President of the United States in November. . . .



On March 24th, 1902—in the little town of Owosso, Michigan—a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Martin Dewey. The boy was named Thomas, after his grandfather.

Tom Dewey grew up in much the way all regular American boys grow up. He had fights, got in his share of mischief But he was good at games, bright in school, and a source o considerable pride to his parents.

Tom Dewey graduated from the University of Michigan i 1923 and from Columbia University Law School in 1925. Al ready, his brilliance was attracting wide attention.



In addition to his scholastic accomplishments, Tom was member of his college glee club and a crack tennis player.

from which he had been torn for so long. Intelligent handling of this fact by the competition's capable Press Department could do much to shake the reverence with which the third-term taboo is now held in some quarters.

It must not be overlooked, either, that recent surveys have shown that President Roosevelt is still liked by more than 80 per cent of the people, and that he still outpulls even Charlie McCarthy on the air. It is impossible at this time to evaluate any other competition because that competition is still an unknown quantity. But we do feel firm in our belief that *any* other competition would be preferable to another meeting with Roosevelt. It is our strong recommendation that you discourage the members of your company who are now rooting for his renomination.

Party Name

It is sometimes good sales strategy, when a product has had a lengthy, well-publicized period of failure, to change the name and thus give the product a fresh start. There has been a certain amount of talk about changing the

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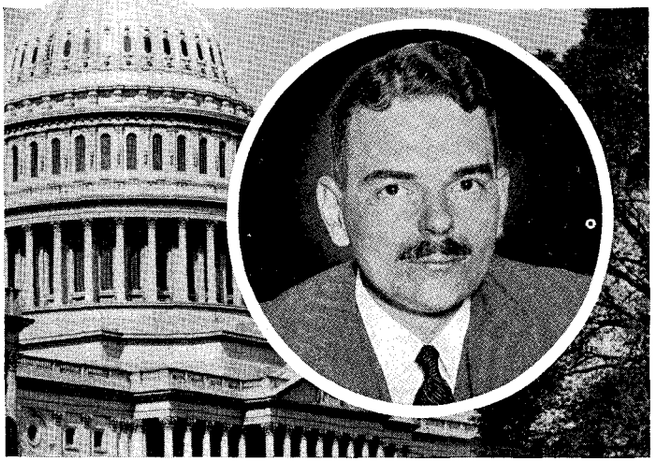
On June 16, 1928, he married the lovely Frances Hutt of New York. Till 1931 he was a highly successful lawyer, noted not only for his legal talents but for his organizing ability.

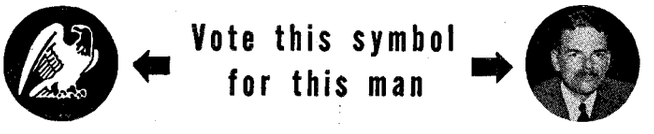
In 1931, his country called him to serve as Chief Assistant United States Attorney. After doing a bang-up job he returned to private practice, where, for a few years, he was one of the most successful young lawyers and businessmen in America. In 1934, he was called again as Special U. S. Attorney General to prosecute racketeers.

New York State gave Tom Dewey one of the toughest jobs ever handed a young man—heading up the famous Racket and Vice Investigation. How he did handle that job! No politician was too potent, no gangster too tough for him to go after—*and get!* All America realized he was a new and typical American hero, executive, and force.

Despite all the pressure New York's panicky Tammany had at its command, Tom Dewey was swept into the office of District Attorney—not by a political machine, but by a people aroused against crime!



As District Attorney he continued his amazing work . . . And so Tom Dewey headed for the Presidency of the United States. For he *will* be President just as surely as you are reading this. And a *great* President. A President who will send the crooked politicians, crooked businessmen, chiselers of every sort running to cover just as he has *always* sent them running. A President America needs today! *Vote for him!*



name of the Republican Party. This is a very serious move and should not be considered unless the advantages are obvious and pronounced. Members of your company have already made several attempts to operate the same business under a new name—the most notable attempt being the formation of a subsidiary under the name of *The Liberty League*. Our studies indicate that this effort was not entirely successful. And the fact must not be lost sight of, that in 1936, doing business under the name of the Republican Party, you did sell 16,500,000. In view of these facts, we feel we must strongly advise you not to change the name.

Product (or Candidate)

We now come to what we feel to be one of the most important parts of your entire 1940 strategy, and of this Plan.

Many members of your organization undoubtedly have favorite candidates and personal choices. Several members of your board would like the nomination for themselves. But it is our strong recommendation that, in

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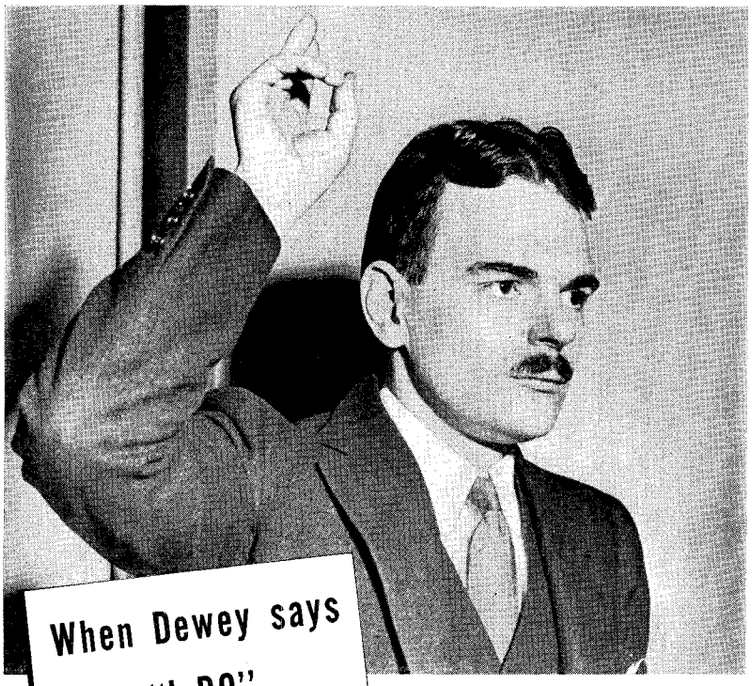


When Dewey says "I DO"

WHEN Thomas Dewey says "I do" . . . when he makes a promise or takes an oath . . . you can bet your bottom dollar that promise or oath will be fulfilled!

This quality makes Dewey a new kind of presidential candidate . . . a candidate who will *keep every promise* . . . a candidate who means every word he's now saying in his campaign speeches!

That's Thomas Dewey's history. Gangsters and crooked politicians found that out to their dismay. Decent citizens found it out to their delight. *That's why Thomas Dewey is going to be the next President of the United States!*

Dewey says that no one will starve . . .

that relief will go on but not under crooked politicians . . .

that the genuine reforms of the last eight years will be kept and made to *work* . . .

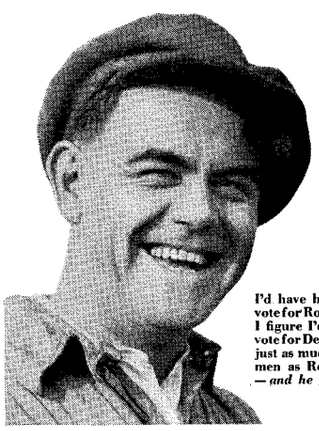
that honest business will get a break.

Voters *know* that Thomas Dewey will carry out these promises . . . that he'll do it thoroughly and well . . . that he'll do it with the aid of honest helpers . . . that he'll do it *economically*.

That's why they're going to *vote for Dewey*.

⬅ Vote this symbol for this man ➡

"I voted for Roosevelt in '36 —here's why I'm voting for Dewey in '40!"



I'd have been a sap not to vote for Roosevelt in '36. And I figure I'd be a sap not to vote for Dewey this year. He's just as much for us working men as Roosevelt ever was — *and he gets things done!*

Roosevelt got my vote in '36 — Tom Dewey gets it in '40. Why? Because I'm sick of high taxes and the waste that makes them high. Dewey says he'll do just as much for less money and I believe him.

I like this Tom Dewey. Folks call him a New Yorker, but I don't forget that he was born and raised in the Michigan farm country. You can tell from his speeches he knows farming and farm problems, so me for him, one hundred per cent.

Women claim they're an influence for better, cleaner government. Here's their chance to prove it, by voting for Dewey. For never before has there been a candidate whose entire career has been a fight *for* good and *against* evil.

Tom Dewey made his reputation protecting businessmen — particularly small businessmen — from gangsters, chiselers, crooked politicians, and other rats. We businessmen are due for a break and, believe me, Dewey is our bet for that break.

⬅ Vote this symbol for this man ➡

1940, you set aside all selfish considerations, and adopt the unusual procedure of giving the people a candidate *they* like.

Our Research Department has conducted some preliminary polls which indicate that the public already has a firm opinion as to whom it *likes* as candidates and whom it *dislikes*. We realize you are a little sensitive on the subject of advance election polls, but feel it our duty to bring the findings of our research to your attention. A scientifically chosen cross section of the voting public, carefully interviewed by expert research people, reveals that most of the members of your organization who have been in the limelight as possible candidates are definitely *not* in high favor with your potential customers. These researches further show that two people stand out distinctly as the people's choice. One of these is Bruce Barton, at present a Representative from New York.

Bruce Barton has been a prolific author. This is rather unfortunate, as published writings are ghosts that are never laid. When a man has written much, on many subjects, it is an easy matter to weave from his own writings enough rope with which to hang him. On this point we quote Mr. Don Francisco, who entered the California gubernatorial race of 1936 as publicity director of Merriam's campaign, at a time when Upton Sinclair was a 3 to 1 favorite to win. Mr. Francisco defeated Upton Sinclair mainly by shrewd use of Sinclair's own writings. Anent the matter, Mr. Francisco says: "Upton Sinclair would be governor now if he hadn't written so much." Bruce Barton's writings certainly have not offended as many people as Upton Sinclair's. He has written about Jesus Christ and other inoffensive subjects. But he also has praised Mussolini in print, and has committed other literary misdemeanors that would embarrass him in a political campaign. Therefore, though we respect Mr. Barton's character and his abilities, we recommend against him.

The other potential candidate comparably high in the public's favor is Thomas E. Dewey. Mr. Dewey was handed the Republican nomination for Governor of New York State because of his spectacular work as District Attorney of New York County. Our consideration of him is based, of course, on the premise of a Dewey victory in November.

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If he is elected, he will be New York's first Republican governor in fourteen years. Already he has become, in the public's eye, a sort of Avenging Angel, a modern St. George. As such, he has caught the fancy not only of New York but of the entire country. He could not have a better build-up: opposing no one, hating no one, denouncing no one—except crooks, gangsters, and racketeers. You are familiar with the space he got in the newspapers and in such magazines as *Collier's, Time, Life,* the *Post,* and *Reader's Digest.* The movies have put his "racket-busting" activities into feature pictures. His radio voice is familiar and effective.

Mr. Dewey not only *sounds* effective but he *looks* effective. This is important. Studies show that for decades only those men who *look* like presidents have been elected to the office—with the possible exception of Calvin Coolidge. Our Art Department feels confident that proper photography and retouching will give Mr. Dewey this look.

He has a pretty wife. He is accepted by his neighbors in fashionable Tuxedo Park, so it can be assumed that his table manners and social accomplishments are adequate. He plays tennis, which permits him to be pictured as vigorous, athletic, and a "good sport." Fortunately, he has not written much; or at least, not much considered worth printing. He is young, intelligent, and lucky. Due to this providential combination, he has not had a chance to do much that could be brought up to damn him in a nation-wide campaign. Weighing all these factors, we think it obvious that, of the two potential candidates who at present stand out in the sample balloting of your prospective customers, the easiest to sell would be Thomas E. Dewey.

Sales Strategy

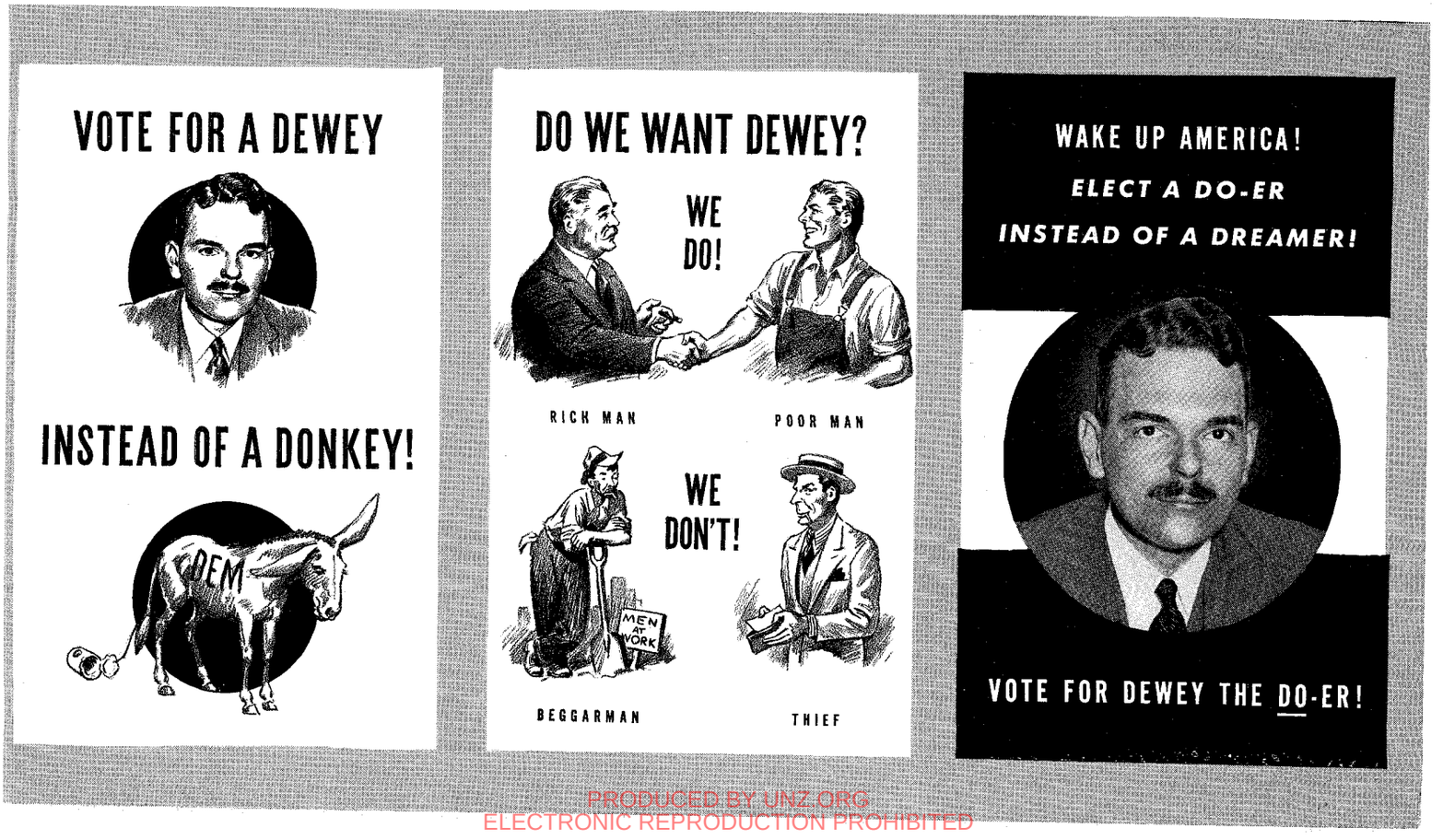
Our analysis shows that, in order to be successful, you must win over only 3,000,000 of the 22,000,000 people who bought your competitor's product in 1936.

In order to win these sales, we urge that you concentrate your sales effort in those markets where you have the best chance of success. The South has never been a good territory for you. It seems a definite waste to expend much time or money there—just as it would be for the California Fruit Exchange to expend time and money trying to sell Sunkist Oranges in Florida. The sixteen closest states in 1936 all lie north of the Mason-Dixon Line. We suggest that you concentrate your sales forces and efforts on these sixteen states, where a great majority of customers once bought and liked your product.

Advertising Strategy

In order to give Mr. Dewey a flying start, a *pre*-convention, as well as post-convention strategy should be worked out. One suggestion is that a sacrificial prospective candidate be built before the Convention. This gentleman should be one of the most conservative and reactionary members of your company, with a deep and vociferous hatred for Roosevelt. Such a man should not be difficult to find. Up to the Convention, he should fulminate against Roosevelt and everything Roosevelt has said or done. He should appear to have the candidacy pretty well clinched, with Mr. Dewey in the background. Then, when the Convention is at its height, some able orator in a ringing speech (our Copy Department can help prepare this) can call for a halt to hatred, an exchange from a dogged devotion for the "good old days" to a promise of some good *new* days, and a pledge to a form of liberalism that will *work*. It will be arranged so that Mr. Dewey will follow this speaker on the platform, and that the Convention be his from then on. This will be a dramatic introduction for both your new product and your new sales policy.

In your post-convention ad- (*continued on page 72*)



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A Stranger Came to Port

BY MAX MILLER

Author of "I Cover the Waterfront"

THIS was one hell of a way to have ended it—with a broken leg. Yet that is how such things went, no doubt. He had played hooky, was the way it seemed, and had been caught like this—beautifully.

But now that the hospital had permitted him to be returned to this little houseboat he was amazed how little he minded, really.

He explained to the chief of police that the pain was well under control except for the healing itches, and the chief smiled and said something about "that's good." The chief was seated there upon a box on the tiny veranda.

"Of course," the chief said, "you've been causing your family no end of worry for almost a year. Or didn't you know that?"

"No, I didn't know that. But probably I have."

"Yes, you have." The chief took a long breath. "However, I didn't come here to lecture you, but to locate you and learn your plans."

The chief seemed to be a nice enough fellow, Hardson thought. The officer could so easily have sent any other member of the force. He broke out a package of cigarettes and offered the package to Hardson: "Have one?"

"Yes, thank you. And here's a light." Hardson struck a match on the harness of his leg. He lit both cigarettes.

Seven pelicans, flying single file, glided over the mudflats, then turned with a military angle and glided over the bay itself. When the leader dipped its wings the others did likewise. They always did this, always kept in winged step this way. A ballet line could have done no better.

The chief sucked on his upper gum before speaking: "But you do see our position, Mr. Hardson. It's been tough for us all around. Not till today did we identify you and learn who you really are—through the hospital."

"Let's forget about it. Help yourself to some brandy. You'll find it on a shelf by the table inside."

"Later, maybe. Unless you'd care for some now?"

"No. Not till this itching stops. Did you ever have a smashed leg, Chief?"

"No, thank God."

Hardson smiled. "That's too bad. I was hoping maybe you could give me some advice."

But the chief, who had more to do than watch Hardson watch pelicans, shifted uneasily on his chair of a box to re-attract Hardson's attention: "Anyhow, now that you've had this accident and so on, I presume you'll communicate with your family immediately to put an end to all this."

"All this what?" But Hardson knew, even while asking it, that the question was a childish one. He was silly to have asked it. He quickly added: "Excuse me, Chief. I know what you mean. But I haven't made up my mind just what I'll do. I hadn't known there'd been such a bother about me, you see. It surprises me a bit."

"Huh?" Now it was the chief's turn to be surprised. He moved his lips back and forth crosswise as if trying to obtain hold of something with his teeth—something difficult. "You hadn't known there'd been so much bother about you?"

"No, I hadn't known."

"Well, well, well." The chief reached into his inside coat pocket. "In that case, here's your description. It's been sent

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to every police station. Want to see it?"

"Naturally not. I already know I'm fifty-one years old and five feet eight."

"Okay, Mr. Hardson. But you shouldn't've disappeared like that."

"I didn't disappear. I didn't run away. I didn't hide. All I did was to tell them back there rather plainly that I was going on a vacation. Is that disappearing?"

"Not when you put it that way. But you didn't write, you know. You didn't telegraph. You didn't do anything. You didn't say where you were."

"Don't forget your promise, Chief. You promised not to lecture me. God knows I'll have enough of it in due time."

"That's right," the chief admitted. "I did promise and I'll stick to it. But I do wish you'd've let some of our business people know you were in town. They're a good bunch. They'd've shown you the sights properly. They'd've kept it quiet if you wanted them to. They're a good bunch. You needn't've lived down here on the mudflats."

"That's a lecture."

"Is it? Well, maybe it is. I'll stop."

"Thank you," Hardson answered.

The chief pondered a moment. His expression changed to one of utter confidence. His voice became almost a whisper as he tapped Hardson ever so lightly on the harness of his leg. "But do tell me this. It's unofficial. Did you have a good time?"

"One hell of a good time."

The chief leaned back, satisfied. "That's what I thought." He stroked his chin, he glanced at the greens in the sunset sky, he glanced over the bay, and his tone became even more confidential. "Do you know what?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Do you know, I bet I've thought a thousand times how swell it would be to do just what you did. Just to ditch everything. Everything. And beat it off to some neck of the country far away. I bet I've thought it a thousand times if I've thought it once."

"Have you?" Hardson asked.

"You bet I have. Only what would happen, I wonder, if a fellow would do that?"

"Nothing much. He'd probably just end up with a broken leg—a leg like this."

The chief laughed, and rose from the box. He said: "Well, I must say, Mr. Hardson, that when it comes to picking out accidents for yourself you sure as hell and high water picked out a ringer."

"As an amateur at that sort of thing I guess I did do pretty good."

"Pretty good? Is that all you call it? Say, our experts around here can't do half as well. Did you see the papers?"

"Afraid not." Hardson shook his head. "You see, I wasn't doing much reading around that time."

"Naturally not. But of course they had your name spelled wrong. It must've been all garbled on the wireless. So we just took for granted you were one of the fishermen, one of the regular crew."

"That's what I tried to be. But you see there are some things, Chief, just a bit too difficult for an old dog to learn."

"Next time you ought to go out on a regular sport-fishing boat. It's easier."

"Not on your life. I'd rather smash my other leg than do that."

"You *are* a funny one." The chief extended his hand. "I must get along now. Good day, Mr. Hardson."

"Good day, Chief."

"And by the way, I've already telegraphed your family. Wouldn't be surprised but some of them—maybe your wife—will be here on the next plane. Tonight, maybe. Sometime tonight."

"Wouldn't be surprised that some of them will be here, either," Hardson said, and this time without humor.

"I'm sorry. I think maybe I know how you feel. But it had to be done, you know."

"Of course, of course. Sure, it had to be done."

And that was just the whole trouble with the screwy-eyed world, there were so many things which just had to be done—until after they had been done. Then what?

II

By leaning far back in his chair, Hardson could see around the corner of the houseboat just enough to watch the chief as he took the one path over the mudflats back to the spur of the highway where his car was parked. The chief was a good fellow, but a bewildered one.

The car pulled away and Hardson once more relaxed in his chair on the tiny veranda. He had nothing to do now except await the return of Johnny. Lobster Johnny, as he was called. By God, just to have known Johnny was worth having this smashed leg, almost.

This leg did affirm something, though. Hardson felt obliged to admit as much as he looked at the bulgy harness arrangement stuck out in front of him there and forming a bridge between him and a box. Some men are born to follow always a schedule between birth and death. They are like a train which must reach each station on time, their whole life arranged as on a timetable for years and years in advance. Should these men defy the law of the timetable and dare to digress from what is cut out for them—well, there was his leg. He probably would have a limp now the rest of his years—just a reminder.

Hello! Who's that?

Another car had stopped where only a few minutes ago the chief's car had stood. Two men were hurrying across the path of the mudflats from the car. One of the men was carrying a camera.

Word travels quickly, Hardson sensed. Word from the police station must travel mighty quickly.

He settled back in his chair and tried to decide just how to handle this and what to do. Though he could recognize reporters when he saw them, even at a distance like this, still he was unaccustomed to having them come after him. His life had not been that sort, nor had his plant back home, comparatively big though it was. He had not been a so-called newsman, and he knew it, and had been glad of it. If he had died back home, something which reasonably could have been expected of him in due time from overwork and worry, he would have received a more than reasonable obituary in the home-town paper, and that would have been that. It would have been his contribution to the news. It would have been his turn to supply reading for others the same as others for so long had supplied reading for him.

Four feet made a funny noise upon the narrow gangplank leading to his houseboat. The door on the shore side was open, he knew. His doors always were open on evenings such as this one. A hand thumped upon the panel. For Hardson to pretend nobody was home by

Scribner's SHORT NOVEL

In 1932 Max Miller scored a sound success with his first book, I Cover the Waterfront. *Since then he has written eight books—some of them in the field of travel, some of them obliquely autobiographical, all of them pervaded with a quiet, human charm. Now, for the first time, Mr. Miller has turned his talent to fiction, and* A Stranger Came to Port *is the excellent result.* SCRIBNER'S *is pleased to present a condensation of this well-known writer's first novel.* A Stranger Came to Port *is the third in our series of short novels examining life in contemporary America. The book-length version of this novel will be published by Reynal & Hitchcock.*

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remaining silent would be useless. Not only did the reporters, after getting word from the chief, know Hardson would be home, but by looking through both open doorways the men could not help but see his leg stretched out here upon the box. Nor could Hardson easily move the leg and go into hiding. He would have to wait, really, until Johnny returned to be able to move at all.

"Come in," Hardson called. "Come in." There was nothing to do except try to make the best of it.

The four feet tramped through the houseboat and out onto the veranda. The two men impressed Hardson as being surprisingly young. Actually they seemed scarcely more than boys.

"How-do. I'm from the morning paper."

"How-do. I'm from the afternoon one."

"How-do," Hardson answered. "Sit down. I guess one of you'll have to use the railing."

"Let me try a picture first before it gets any darker. Then I'll try it with bulbs."

Next instant the picture was taken, and there was nothing for Hardson to do about that, either. In fact he felt he had nothing to do about anything any more. Fate knew an obedient servant once she had him back under control, and he had escaped too long. A year more or less was too long. Until then she had had him obey most obediently the complete ritual a male is supposed to perform:

(a) She had had him work hard.

(b) She had had him save his money and start in his own business.

(c) She had had him marry.

(d) She had had him build a home.

(e) She had had him breed.

(f) She had had him pay for a university education for his sons and daughters.

(g) She had had him produce for them and his wife as much security as is allowable nowadays.

But she (Fate) had not warned him that once he had done all this, that once he had become the proper citizen—she had not warned him that the whole nation would suddenly make a right-about-turn over its opinion of him and his kind. He and his kind were the villains now. "Dave Hardson owns a prosperous business. For shame on Dave Hardson." And it had all happened within such a comparatively few months, this change of popularity, that—well it all was as much reason as any why he was out here on this little houseboat.

If the reporters should ask him, he might be quite honest and tell them. Or again he might not. But they did not ask. At least, not right away.

"Look, Mr. Hardson. You sure pulled a good one on all of us when you gave the wrong name at the hospital. What a story it would've made then. What a honey." The reporter reflected a moment. "But it's still a good story, for that matter. Hope you don't mind my saying so. Though it's not good business, I suppose, to warn you."

"No, it's not," Hardson agreed.

"But what the hell? We've got the story anyhow—from the chief. So let's be friends."

"Who said we weren't?"

"We thought on account of you giving the wrong name you mightn't be."

"I didn't give any wrong name. It's the way the fishboat must have radioed it to the Coast Guard."

"Sure. They do it all the time. They had you down for Larson instead of Hardson. So we just took for granted you were some Swede fisherman. We wrote the story and let it go at that. But it made the wire anyway. Crazy accidents like that don't happen all the time."

"Hope not."

"No, they don't. Yours was probably the first one of that kind for a long time. The only one I've ever covered anyhow, though the Coast Guard plane here is always going out picking up guys off fishboats. The plane's always lugging 'm back to the hospital. But that's for fishhooks in their heads or appendicitis. Not for what you got. It was a beauty of a story, whether you or anybody else. But better if we'd known it was you."

"Thanks."

"It's still all right, though. It now means two stories instead of one."

"There's no such thing, of course, as just forgetting about it?" Hardson felt obliged to make the attempt.

"Oh, hell no. You living here on the mudflats makes it just that much better. We just came down here to see how you look and to take these shots, but the story's the same as written. The city desk's waiting for it right now. So's the wire. A man like you lost for a year, then showing up on this—this raft."

"May I object to its being called a raft?"

"I was just fooling. You know what I mean. Symbolical. Who helps you get around down here? Now that you can wait on yourself."

"A friend."

At this the reporters gave such quick sharp looks that Hardson knew he would have to say more, that he would have to explain the friend more fully. Too many men of his age and circumstances, he realized, were expected to have a strange woman associated with them somehow. Only because of a woman could a disappearance of this nature be understood, perhaps.

"The friend is a man. He's Johnny. I doubt if you know him."

"Johnny who?"

"There you have me," Hardson answered honestly. "I don't know his last name. I never have known it. They sometimes call him Lobster Johnny. Does that help?"

"Christ, you mean that harbor scavenger? You mean that funny little guy who's always getting arrested?"

Though there was some truth in this, Hardson nevertheless felt himself bristling. It was strange, but he felt himself bristling more than if somebody had passed a remark about one of his own sons.

"Johnny's not a scavenger, but he does do some salvaging. And as for his being a funny little guy, maybe he is. But he's also one of the wisest men I know. He's a damn sight smarter than you or I and all the others."

"Good," the reporter said. "Good. No argument there. How'd you come to meet him?"

"Don't know that, either. He just happened along, I guess. But say, haven't you fellows questioned me enough? I'm getting a little tired of it, really."

"Aw, sure. We'll ring off the questions. There was nothing special we wanted to know anyhow. The chief's got all the dope and the rest of it. And one of your home-town papers wants a wire yarn too. They'll pay for it extra, so I don't mind. What are your plans from now on?"

"Haven't any."

"But some of your family's coming, the chief said, to get you."

"Are they?"

"That's what the chief said."

"Maybe he should know, then. I'm sure I don't."

"Listen, Mr. Hardson, why'd you beat it away for? Any trouble at home?"

"No."

"Any fights at the plant?"

"No."

"Good God, there must've been something."

"There wasn't."

"I give up." The reporter turned to the other reporter. "How about you, Ernie? You got enough?"

"Sure. Let's shove. Good day, Mr. Hardson."

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"Good day."

"Good day, Mr. Hardson."

"Good day, my boy."

"Oh, say, Mr. Hardson, one more thing."

"Yes, what is it?"

"There's nothing the matter with you? I mean outside your leg, is there? I mean you didn't have any nervous breakdown or anything like that back there, did you? I mean—"

"I know what you mean," Hardson said. "What you're trying to ask is if I went a little off up here. The answer is: not to my knowledge. Is that sufficient?"

"It wasn't a case of amnesia, then?"

"Afraid not."

"Okay. I just wanted to make sure. You see, the city desk might ask it. Good day, Mr. Hardson."

But this time Hardson did not answer orally. He merely nodded a good day. It was all that was left in him to do.

III

Hi, you lazy hound! Has the cop gone yet?"

The voice was Johnny's. He was pushing his great yellow rowboat toward a sandspit a channel distance from the mudflats.

"Hello, Johnny. Sure he's gone. You mean the chief? Sure, he went about a half-hour ago. Hurry aboard and get me something to eat."

"Wait'll I feed my birds before too dark. What's the cop going to do to you?"

"To me? Nothing."

"Oh," said Johnny. "It's me, then."

"No, it's not you, either."

"Oh." Johnny slid his tremendous rowboat on to the sands of the sandspit. This sandspit had been christened by him as The Island Where the Birds Come to Die. And as long as Hardson had known him Johnny seemed to be the island's sole proprietor. If Johnny claimed ownership to anything on earth besides his massive rowboat, his grappling hooks for salvaging, and his few lobster traps, this seedy island was it.

Even the highest of plus tides never quite covered this sandspit. It was always coated with birds, but they were not the kind of birds a poet would describe as "souls in flight." For the birds on this sandspit were the crippled ones, the loony ones, the ones with too much ship oil stuck to their feathers, the ones with broken wings that skidded along like rudders, the birds that stood with lowered heads, drooping, and apparently wishing they were done with and dead.

But with Johnny's arrival even the sickest of the birds, though darkened by twilight, assumed a revived interest. From his rowboat he began dumping bucketful after bucketful of dead sardines. Where he had obtained these sardines Hardson had not the least idea. Maybe they were the leftovers from the bait tank of a returned tuna clipper. Maybe they were not. It would be a magician's job to determine where on earth Johnny always did obtain the mysterious possessions which so conveniently could surround him. Yet it was enough for the moment just to watch the familiar sight of the birds hovering about him until he resembled some overdone statue of the Spirit of Aviation.

The birds were sea gulls mostly, along with pelicans and some loons, and Johnny as usual was treating them as if they were chickens in a barnyard. Crippled and sick though they were, still they could squawk. Johnny squawked back at them, feeding them more and more sardines the while, and frightening away the well birds that attempted to swoop in upon the feast from the outside.

When it was all over, when the last bucketful had been emptied, Johnny climbed back into the boat and rowed it standing, fisherman fashion, across the narrow channel toward the tiny veranda. He made the boat fast to the railing and came aboard.

"You're late, you bum. I'm hungry. What's been keeping you?"

"So I suppose it's my fault," Johnny

answered, "—so I suppose it's my fault a police car's been parked up over there most the afternoon. When they coming back?"

"There was only one in it, the chief. And I don't know when he's coming back. Maybe not at all."

"Then it can't be so bad. What you like for supper? This?" Johnny displayed a piece of jewfish he had brought with him. A select piece it was too, the piece sliced off the jaw and usually reserved as sacred for restaurants to be served as filet of bass.

"Good going. Good going. Where'd you make the raid?"

"Oh, a kind old lady gave it to me. She chased me for half a mile just to give it to me. Your leg hurting any?"

"No."

"That's too bad." So saying, Johnny disappeared inside the houseboat to start his fire of driftwood in the little sheet-iron stove. After a moment, his voice came through the doorway:

"What the cops going to do to you? You didn't say."

"Yes I did. I said they weren't going to do anything."

"They running you off the mudflats?"

"No."

"What is it then?" Johnny's voice sounded above the hissing of the cooking fish, the sizzling of the coffee, the creaking of the fire. Also for good measure he was knocking around a plate or two. "They after you for what you might owe the hospital?"

"No."

"What is it, then? I bet it is, too, the hospital."

"Well, it isn't."

"What is it then?"

"To be specific, Johnny, it's Minneapolis. I'm supposed to clear out of here. Now do you see?"

"No," said Johnny.

"Very well. Just give it up."

Johnny came through the door with the first of the supper and placed it down alongside Hardson.

"You'll find everything burned to hell," Johnny said. "I did it on purpose."

"I like it burned," Hardson answered, noticing that the fish had been cooked just right and that the coffee was bubbling with blackness.

Johnny looked up from his mug of coffee and said: "Look here, Stiffleg, if it's a case of you not getting enough to live on down here, why I'll take you in with me."

Hardson tried his best to remain serious. He held his eyes fast to his own coffee mug, a giant one which Johnny himself had found on the beach and had presented to Hardson. The mug was sandworn around the edges, part of the handle was gone, but the tides had apparently abandoned the idea of ever trying to break it completely.

"You mean you'll take me in as your partner? Or your hired hand? Which?"

"Either or both," Johnny answered.

"And which job? Your salvaging or your lobstering?"

"Either or both."

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"That's mighty good of you. It really is." Hardson was in earnest. "But I can't. And that seems the end of it."

"Sure you could. Jesus Christ, I'll show you all there is to learn. You'll not take long catching on. You've already caught on."

"I guess I could learn." For it was true. There had been that grand day when Johnny had allowed Hardson to take full command of the yellow rowboat and the grappling hooks. It had been a successful day too, for the hooks had caught on to two articles sure of a sale in any marine junkshop, the articles having been an old iron ladder and a rather new heaving-line. Johnny had insisted that Hardson go through with the sales himself, but had accompanied him to the junkshop with the air of a supervisor. That whole day, the findings and the dealings, had been a tremendous day. Hardson would never forget it. Nor would Hardson forget the discovery that even a harbor salvager has to be a specialist to make a living. He has to be an expert.

"So how about it, Stiffleg? You coming into partnership with me or not?"

"Not," Hardson answered.

"That's a load off my mind, then." Johnny pushed himself away from the rail and began gathering the supper dishes. He started inside with them, but paused in the doorway. "You see, the only thing I wanted you for, anyhow, was that leg-cast of yours, I think I know where I can sell it."

"Where?"

"Oh, some place. Not sure yet. I can tell better tomorrow when I take it uptown."

"Say, listen, this harness stays right on me."

"No argument about that." Johnny dumped the dishes into the bucket and began rinsing them. "No argument about that. I'm used to discounts."

Johnny, after finishing the dishes, came out into the veranda and seated himself a-straddle the railing.

"See here, Stiffleg, if the cops are starting to make it hot for you—why, we can always shove off and go down to a Mexican lobster camp for a time."

"Sure." Hardson grinned. "Sure. But I tell you they're not making it hot for me. It's your cooking I don't like. Champagne. Champagne. Can't you cook anything at all without first having to mix it with champagne?"

"Sometimes," said Johnny, unstraddling himself from the rail, "—sometimes you just drive a guy to going for a boat ride." He climbed over the rail and into the yellow rowboat. He adjusted the oars into the oarlocks. "I got to see a man about buying an ocean liner. But I'll be back in time to help you bed down."

With that, Johnny pulled away toward the opposite reach of the bay. And once more Hardson was left alone here—just he and the houseboat and the thousand colors of evening.

IV

Hardson knew where Johnny had gone, but they had not discussed it. Johnny had gone to his little cove near the point where his lobster crates were hidden in deep water. He usually maintained two of them out there—or down there—and they generally were full. This was not the legal lobster season. This was summer, and the legal lobster season did not open till late fall to continue only until February or March. But Johnny all these years had been rather a lucky fellow in escaping the fish and game warden. Experience had taught Johnny most of the tricks, and experience also had given him a rather safe though limited clientele for these lobsters, over-sized and under-sized and out of legal season though they might be. And he considered his cove with its two sunken crates as an emergency bank from which funds of fifty cents or a dollar could be drawn at night.

Johnny still presumed, no doubt, that Hardson was troubled about paying the doctor and the hospital, and that these few lobsters might help to keep the houseboat in coffee. Hardson had a feeling that this was the case with Johnny, but had not talked about it. One had to be mighty careful around this strange little man. Should he suspect that Hardson did not need him or his finances, why the crazy little egg might pull away and leave in a night, not to be seen again for weeks.

For Johnny, when he so chose, could be the most ornery creature God ever put into a rowboat. Hardson himself had seen some prize examples of this even during the comparatively short time of being here. For instance, there was that long-standing disarrangement between Johnny and Mrs. Beach.

Hardson, from where he sat on the veranda, could just make out through the first of the moon shadows the terraces of Mrs. Beach's lawn now. He could even see more and more of her lights go on there in her big home on the bay. The strange part of it was—though Hardson had not dared tell Johnny—that he had known this Mrs. Beach back in Minneapolis. Or rather his wife had known her. She had not been so much back there, as he remembered, though she had tried to be. But out here it was different. Out here she seemed not only capable of holding her own but also of making it. She surrounded herself with a brand-new crowd of women. Not the socially tops, to be sure. But these women, as Hardson got it, were the kind who generally are described as "active." For one thing her bay—her bee-oo-tee-ful bay—needed improving. And this Lobster Johnny man, to her mind, was the first item which needed improving the most.

The harbor was her front yard; she owned it, and, from what Hardson gathered, the bay should not be occupied by filthy vessels which spilled oil, but by lovely gondolas being pulled, perhaps, by papier-maché dolphins. And she herself, judging from what he had heard, would not be unwilling to occupy the foremost gondola on pageant days. Upon the flowing locks of her richly dyed hair would be a studded tiara, and in her arms would be a trident.

Yet of all this Hardson realized he was more or less merely guessing from the odd bits which had been told him about her. She might really be all right, for all he knew. But he doubted it. He had once questioned Johnny about Mrs. Beach, hoping somehow to learn what specific incident may have caused her first recognition of his existence. But Johnny as usual had been more than evasive. He had answered: "Ah, please don't say anything against that lovely woman. She loves me. She's my sweetheart."

This was as much information as Hardson had been able to obtain from Johnny directly, but from others Hardson had obtained any number of contributions, such as the time Johnny had been accused of stealing wicker chairs right off her own swimming cove. Others might have blamed these disap-

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pearances to a plus-tide, and this was reasonable. But it had not seemed reasonable to Mrs. Beach, for she herself had seen the self-same chairs later in junkshops. Yes, they were salty and stained with the waters of the bay, but Johnny was the one who had sold them. The junkshop dealers informed the police-court judge of this fact. So did Johnny. His English could be as perfect as anyone's. Yet for some perverse reason all his own he had taken it upon himself to speak to the judge in the broken dialect of a Portuguese fisherman so that when he referred to Mrs. Beach she became in his tongue "that hon'ble Mrs. Bitch." The judge, poor man, had been unable to do anything about it. For Johnny, when corrected, apologized, then started all over again, but it was always "Mrs. Bitch," and this accompanied with a courteous bow.

He was known also to sing "those certain kind of songs" from his big yellow rowboat while trawling with his grappling hooks in front of her home. And once when she and her lady guests were sitting at the outdoor tables on her lawn he fell overboard with a most reverberating yell of terror, and to save himself he had first to discard his trousers (he wore no shorts) before climbing aboard again.

She impressed upon the police judge that day how the harbor department should do something more drastic about Lobster Johnny. They should export him—this had been her own word—they should export him. She did not know exactly where or how, but they should. She did not feel capable of carrying the burden of the harbor and of him alone and forever.

But the subsequent sentence brought Johnny good luck apparently, for a few days after he had returned to the waterfront from the jail, he had salvaged from the bottom of the bay one of his year's most splendid finds. It was a toilet which obviously had fallen overboard somehow while being loaded onto a vessel.

Johnny, owning no auto, had strapped the find over his shoulder with a piece of line, then had walked uptown to where the larger secondhand stores are located. Usually he could sell his salvaged stuff to the marine secondhand stores down near the waterfront itself. But for such a grand trophy as this he had wanted to try the larger ones. And this was the day he had met Mrs. Beach emerging from a department store.

He bowed to her and accompanied her down the block and all the while apologizing to her for his past behavior and how her respect meant more to him than any of his possessions, even this one, and how he did wish that from now on the two of them could be friends. He would give up drinking, he had told her. And he would give up singing "those kind of songs" from his boat when in front of her home. All this he promised her as he had accompanied her down the main street, and when she ran he increased his own pace despite his heavy burden. And when she fled into a drugstore he followed her, telling her how sorry he was for having caused her so much trouble in the past and how from now on he was to be a redeemed man, thanks to her. But when she ran into an elevator he had been unable to get through the door because of his bulky merchandise, so had turned about and had continued to the secondhand store alone, seeming to be a very sad man indeed, sad because his efforts for a hands-across-the-bay reconciliation had been so inadequately terminated.

Some say Mrs. Beach fainted inside the elevator, but Hardson rather doubted this because from what little he knew of her she could become exhausted but she was not a fainter.

Yet it was all well and good, Hardson realized, for a comparative outsider like himself to be seated here on the toy veranda grinning at such an affair of others. But that is the way things go. A man on passing through a community might say: "What a happy bunch of people they must be here; the lawns are so pretty." But let such a one stop over a week or maybe just a few hours and he will be reconvinced that all towns are identically the same, wheels within wheels, and those everlasting little battles which make life the jungle thing it is. Mrs. Beach now, for example, must be living hours of terror despite her affluence and her rather perfect lawn, and all because of this little fellow whom she called "the harbor savager"—words always being a bit difficult with her while under the heat of duress. Hardson could laugh, but maybe he could also sympathize a little. He was not sure.

Where, by the way, could Johnny be?

Hardson realized he was an idiot to begin worrying about a chap who all these years had been so capable of caring for himself. Yet Hardson all his life had been obliged to worry about so many people that the custom had been one of the hardest to drop while here. He knew it, and he was disappointed in himself for it. But oh—if he could have only another year.

Yet the parting from his family had been a humdinger. He was still a little proud of the way he had carried it off, really. They were a good bunch and he liked them, he loved them, but he simply all of a sudden had grown too damned tired of arguing with them over what they termed his old-fashioned business theories. Old-fashioned—hell! It was not as if he had inherited his plant. But he had created something out of nothing with his own day-by-day savings. This is what he had done. When a young man he, too, could have spent his Saturday-night wages running around with the rest of the gang, or taking to loud clothes and whiskey in a big way. But he had saved and he had built—he had built something from scratch which would not have been built at all, or would not have given employment to others at all, if he himself had not built it.

And this seemed more than these others were doing, these others who had pounced upon him out of the nowhere. Yes, it was easy enough for pirates to board a ship and demand its captaincy once the ship had been built and was floating. But it was another matter entirely to have earned the money himself, to have built that ship out of the void, and to have set it floating.

Yet for practical reasons he was happy his sons had not been in accord with him. This promised well for the sons. It showed they were able already to catch onto the new turn of things the same as he himself had been able to catch onto the new turn of things during his own generation. And what was still a further bit of luck, his wife for sentimental reasons was in accord with the sons. She had been in accord with them always, and so the three were all right. Maybe they were deadly right. Maybe that was just it. Maybe he was wrong, deadly wrong.

He remembered how his sons during that memorable last supper had reminded him:

"But you see, Dad, times change. We all have to change. You could be mistaken, you see."

"Could I? Then maybe I am mistaken. Maybe I should change. So, by God, I *am* going to change. I'm going to walk out of the whole damn works."

"You're what?"

"Yep. Out of the whole damn works. It's yours and theirs. Everything's yours and theirs. Fight it out if you want to so much. But I'm too much an old-timer to begin again. I've had my day. I'm going on a—a—" (he had wondered what word to use) "on a vacation."

"Where?" The voices had been those of a choir. (*continued on page* 46)

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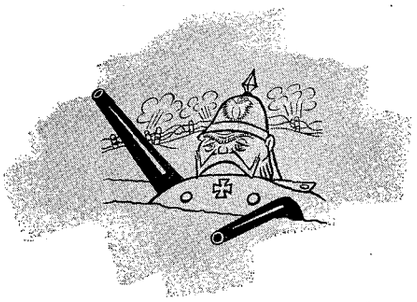
The Most Overrated People in History

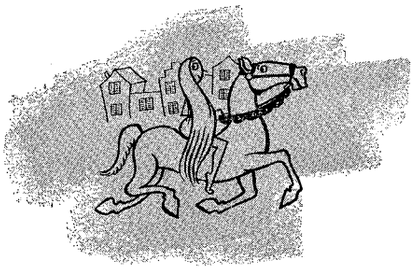
TWENTY GROUPS *of big names . . . drawn up for readers who wish to select the twenty most overrated personalities of all time . . . caricatures by Otto Soglow*

THE success of our September poll on overrated Americans (see page 4) prompts us to provide the makings of a similar feature—on the twenty most overrated people in history. To get the balloting started we here present twenty groups of potential nominees—some overrated, some perhaps not. The reader's task is to select from each group the person most overrated in that particular field—overrated by people who should know better. If the reader is not satisfied with our nominees he may write in names of his own candidates. Once he has compiled his list of twenty, he should

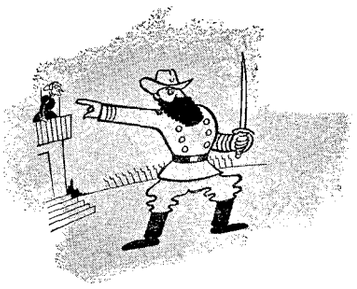


mail it to Room 3502, Scribner's Magazine, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

Readers may type out their lists of twenty and mail them in. Or they may write them out in longhand or make use of the printed blank on page 73. The first returns will be published in our December issue. Readers are advised to



keep a record of their own selections so as to compare with the consensus. Families, or parties, preparing lists may use different symbols (crosses, checks, etc.) or varied colored pencils and inks.



GENERALISSIMOS

Ferdinand Foch ☐ Francisco Franco ☐
Chang-Tso-Lin ☐ Lawrence of Arabia ☐
Pershing ☐ Washington ☐ Caesar ☐
Hannibal ☐ Hindenburg ☐ Joffre ☐
Genghis Khan ☐ Robert E. Lee ☐
Sherman ☐ Pancho Villa ☐ Grant ☐
Erich von Falkenhayn ☐ Jacob Coxey ☐
Aritomo Yamagata ☐ Lord Kitchener ☐
Napoleon ☐ Leonard Wood ☐ Chu-Teh ☐

THEORISTS

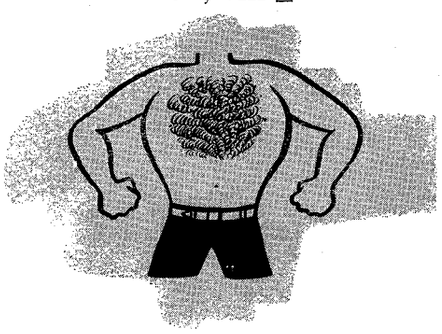
Sigmund Freud ☐ Thorstein Veblen ☐
Mendel ☐ Rexford Guy Tugwell ☐
Einstein ☐ John Stuart Mill ☐
Adam Smith ☐ Karl Marx ☐
Henry George ☐ Malthus ☐
Charles Darwin ☐

INNOVATORS

Alphonse Bertillon ☐ Henry Ford ☐
Horatio Alger ☐ Count von Zeppelin ☐
August Wasserman ☐ Mrs. Dionne ☐
Frank W. Woolworth ☐ Thomas Nast ☐
Margaret Sanger ☐ Amelia Bloomer ☐
Coué ☐ Alfred Krupp ☐
Alfred Bernhard Nobel ☐ Ring Lardner ☐
General Sideburn ☐ Louis Pasteur ☐

LOVERS

Tommy Manville ☐ Casanova ☐
Rudolph Valentino ☐ D'Annunzio ☐
Cleopatra ☐ Madame de Pompadour ☐
Marie Lupescu ☐ John Alden ☐
Barbara Hutton ☐ Mr. Dionne ☐
Brigham Young ☐ Mabel Dodge Luhan ☐
Peggy Hopkins Joyce ☐ John Gilbert ☐
Daddy Browning ☐ Mme. de Staël ☐
John Barrymore ☐ Duke of Windsor ☐
Henry VIII ☐



LITTERATEURS

James Joyce ☐ F. Scott Fitzgerald ☐
Hemingway ☐ Mark Twain ☐
Ben Franklin ☐ King Solomon ☐
Radclyffe Hall ☐ Boccaccio ☐
James Farrell ☐ Elinor Glyn ☐
Calvin Coolidge ☐ Rudy Vallée ☐
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. ☐ Rabelais ☐
J. Edgar Hoover ☐ Lindbergh ☐

EMPIRE BUILDERS

John Jacob Astor ☐ Ivar Kreuger ☐
James J. Hill ☐ Andrew Carnegie ☐
Clive of India ☐ Leland Stanford ☐
John D. Rockefeller ☐ Cecil Rhodes ☐
William Penn ☐ Samuel Insull ☐
Sir Walter Raleigh ☐ Basil Zaharoff ☐
Alfonso de Albuquerque ☐ Noah ☐
Al Smith ☐

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PROPAGANDISTS

George Creel ☐ Joseph Paul Goebbels ☐
Harriet Beecher Stowe ☐ Tom Mooney ☐
Bishop Cannon ☐ Havelock Ellis ☐
Clarence True Wilson ☐ Tom Paine ☐
William Lloyd Garrison ☐ Saint Paul ☐
Susan B. Anthony ☐ Carrie Nation ☐
Margaret Sanger ☐ Mrs. Charles Sabin ☐
Phineas T. Barnum ☐ Martin Luther ☐

PEOPLE CUT OFF IN THEIR PRIME

Stonewall Jackson ☐ J. E. B. Stuart ☐
Achilles ☐ Samson ☐ Lord Byron ☐
Huey Long ☐ Knute Rockne ☐ Shelley ☐
Gen. James Wolfe ☐ Irving Thalberg ☐
King Tut ☐ George Gershwin ☐
Caruso ☐ Houdini ☐ Jean Harlow ☐

CAVE MEN

Richard Halliburton ☐ Jack Dempsey ☐
Mussolini ☐ Babe Ruth ☐ Samson ☐
Robert Taylor ☐ Theodore Roosevelt ☐
Leander ☐ Atlas ☐ Charles Atlas ☐
Bernarr MacFadden ☐
Annette Kellerman ☐ Jim Thorpe ☐

TALKERS

Huey Long ☐ William Jennings Bryan ☐
Billy Sunday ☐ F. D. Roosevelt ☐
Woodrow Wilson ☐ Adolf Hitler
Gladstone ☐ Demosthenes ☐
Patrick Henry ☐ Jimmy Walker ☐
Clarence Darrow ☐ Smedley Butler ☐

SEA LORDS

Admiral George Dewey ☐ David Beatty ☐
Horatio Nelson ☐ Maximilian von Spee ☐
John Paul Jones ☐ William S. Sims ☐
Winfield Scott Schley ☐
George B. Rodney ☐ Popeye ☐
Alfred Thayer Mahan ☐

ADVENTURERS

Toussaint L'Ouverture ☐ Jack London ☐
Lindbergh ☐ Ulysses ☐ Robin Hood ☐
Steve Brody ☐ Gaston B. Means ☐
Richard Whitney ☐ Charles Ponzi ☐
Jesse James ☐ Sir Henry Morgan ☐
Roald Amundsen ☐ Charlotte Corday ☐
Buffalo Bill ☐ Douglas Corrigan ☐

HEROES

Sergeant Alvin York ☐ Edith Cavell ☐
Virginia Dare ☐ Lafayette ☐
Paul Revere ☐ Nathan Hale ☐
Garibaldi ☐ John Smith ☐
Richard Hobson ☐ Colonel Rowan ☐

SIRENS

Theda Bara ☐ Marie Antoinette ☐
Little Egypt ☐ Cleopatra ☐ Circe ☐
Queen of Sheba ☐ Gibson Girls ☐
Mata Hari ☐ Sally Rand ☐
Lillian Russell ☐ Lady Godiva ☐
Anna Held ☐ Hedy Lamarr ☐

PESTS

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln ☐ Salome ☐
Eve ☐ Delilah ☐ Xantippe ☐
Potiphar's Wife ☐ Duchess of Windsor ☐
Joan of Arc ☐ Dorothy Thompson ☐

EXILES

Napoleon ☐ Dreyfus ☐ Judge Crater ☐
Leon Trotsky ☐ Albert Einstein ☐
Duke of Windsor ☐ Lindbergh ☐
Benedict Arnold ☐ Wilhelm II ☐
Mike Romanoff ☐ King Carol ☐
King Alfonso ☐ Haile Selassie ☐

VILLAINS

Captain Kidd ☐ Captain Bligh ☐ Nero ☐
John Dillinger ☐ Sitting Bull ☐ Brutus ☐
Jack the Ripper ☐ Santa Anna ☐
John Wilkes Booth ☐ Jean Lafitte ☐
Aguinaldo ☐ Lucrezia Borgia ☐
Judas Iscariot ☐ Harry Tracy ☐
Boss Tweed ☐ James J. Hines ☐

POWERS BEHIND THE THRONE

Richard Neville Warwick ☐ Rasputin ☐
Louis Howe ☐ Judah P. Benjamin ☐
Colonel House ☐ Ben Franklin ☐
Mark Hanna ☐ Boies Penrose ☐
Henry Cabot Lodge ☐

EXHIBITIONISTS

Aimee Semple McPherson ☐ Mae West ☐
Frank Buchman ☐ Malcolm Campbell ☐
Adolf Hitler ☐ Grover Whalen ☐
Theodore Roosevelt ☐
John Wilkes Booth ☐ Wilhelm II ☐
Mussolini ☐ Leon Trotsky ☐ Goering ☐
Gen. Hugh Johnson ☐ Samuel Pepys ☐
Mary Astor ☐ Napoleon ☐ Max Baer ☐
John Hancock ☐ Rep. Zioncheck ☐
Nicholas Murray Butler ☐ Ty Cobb ☐
Floyd Gibbons ☐ Bill Tilden ☐
Isadora Duncan ☐ Elsa Maxwell ☐

PROPHETS

William Zebina Ripley ☐ John Brown ☐
Jefferson Davis ☐ Roger Babson ☐
Nicolai Lenin ☐ Calvin Coolidge ☐
Herbert Hoover ☐ Samuel Gompers ☐
H. G. Wells ☐ Jules Verne ☐ Henry Ford ☐
Moses ☐ Joseph ☐ Mahatma Gandhi ☐
James A. Farley ☐ Dr. George Gallup ☐

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The 22-Billion-Dollar Touch

CHARLES R. WALKER

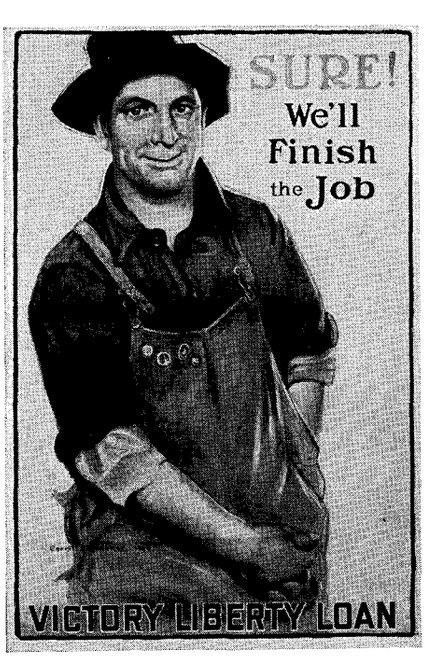
The American Liberty Loan drives constituted the greatest money-raising job in history. As William Gibbs McAdoo put it, "they capitalized that profound emotion called patriotism"—into twenty-two billion dollars of negotiable securities. No other government, corporation or group ever raised as much cash in so short a time or from so many people.

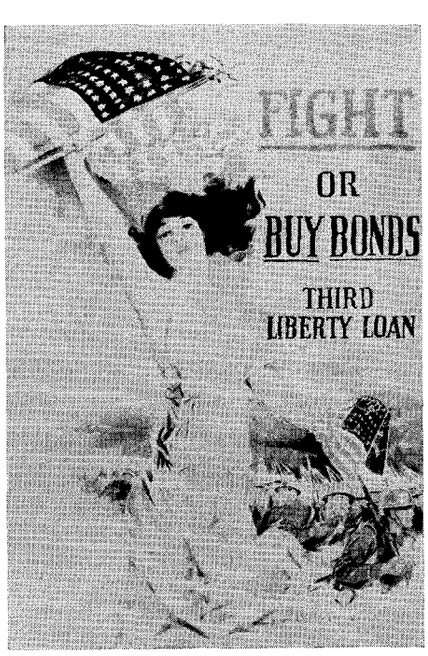
There are possibly 85,000,000 Americans who lived through the great drives and are alive today. How many knew what was happening or have found out since? Hardly anybody. On the "financial front" in the War years, the slogan was, "Come across, or the Kaiser will—Buy a Liberty Bond today!" Any curiosity, scientific or otherwise, about the Treasury's doings was suspect. Even when Warren G. Harding spoke in the Senate of the "unseemly and hysterical" methods employed by the National Loan Committee, he was roared down by his colleagues and by the Secretary of the Treasury himself. Then, after the War, America wanted to forget. There was that long dead spot of amnesia which engulfed both the War's memories and its archives. "America's need is not heroics but healing," Mr. Harding said, "not nostrums but normalcy, not revolution but restoration, . . . not surgery but serenity." Today, looking back across two decades of healing, it is perhaps possible to re-examine this extraordinary phenomenon—and to re-enact the state of mind that made it possible.

An average middle-class representative of our 85,000,000 recalls the telephone ringing in his hotel bedroom in New York: "Good morning—Seven-thirty. Have you bought your Liberty Bond today?" And down in the lobby, a bellboy: "Paging Mr. Liberty Bond buyer . . . Paging the buyer of the *next* Liberty Bond!" Outside the hotel, a man was selling bonds beside dummies of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince which hung from a scaffold by their necks. A small boy made the Hohenzollerns writhe by jerking a rope whenever a bond was sold.

Thousands of New Yorkers bought bonds after listening to Bill Hart address a milling crowd from the steps of the New York Public Library; William Farnum sold more than a million dollars' worth. Downtown New York was "bombarded" by D'Annunzio and a squadron of planes from Mineola. When Charlie Chaplin spoke from the Subtreasury Building steps traffic was halted for seven blocks. But during the third drive the Treasury's favorite was Mitzi Green. According to one reporter "her provocative charms sold $543,000 during a performance of *Head Over Heels* and $700,000 in one evening at the Plaza, where 'she traded chansonettes and kisses for every $20,000 sale.' "

But if carnival and crusade caused billions to pour into the Treasury, other sales techniques were ruthlessly mobilized before the Kaiser was licked. Some of these techniques and their effects the average American has happily forgotten; others he was never told. While Wilson was dedicating the "voluntary sacrifices" of Americans to a world house cleaning, inconspicuously throughout the United States medical clinics were quietly tracing cases of malnutrition to enforced purchase of Liberty Bonds. In the winter of 1918, a New York workman supported his wife and seven children on $17 a week. His employer told him to accept deductions from his wages for the purchase of a $50 Liberty Bond, or lose his job. He bought the bond, denying medicine and milk to his children who were tubercular. The National Loan Committee pointed with pride to the "honor factories" where every employee owned a bond. But social investigators found to their dismay that the





POSTERS COURTESY HOOVER WAR LIBRARY

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bulk of employees in honor factories weren't proud at all. One investigator wrote in her notebook that their temper was one of dogged submission to what they called "forced loans."

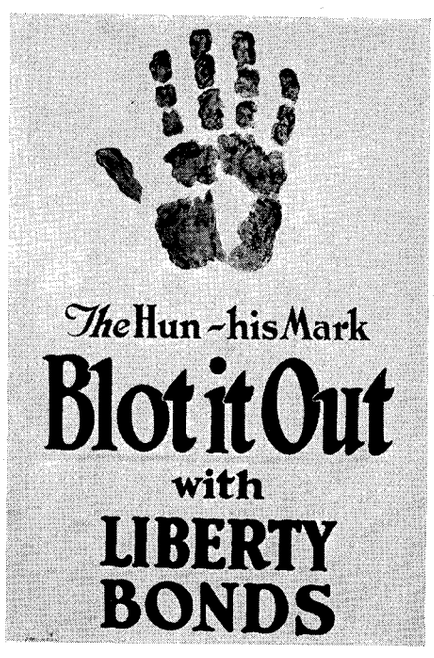
A sensitive Frenchman who visited our shores in 1918, at the height of the loan drives, confessed to returning with a sense of relief to the familiar horrors of the battlefield. His emotions had been compounded of envy and horror, and he reported to his countrymen that "no good deed in America is ever lost in advertising." But if American sales methods seemed a little shocking to foreign visitors, the cash results were an unqualified delight to the Allied General Staff. Within three months of American entrance into the War, the Allies had borrowed over a billion dollars.

The first Liberty Loan, April, 1917, was for two billion dollars at 3½ per cent. The second, four months later, three billion at 4 per cent. It was oversubscribed a billion and a half by nine million subscribers. The third was launched in the spring of 1918 for three billion at 4½ per cent; 18,376,815 persons bought bonds, and the loan was oversubscribed. Finally on September 28, 1918, came the fourth and last Liberty Loan: six billions at 4¼. The total subscription was $6,989,047,000, the number of subscribers 23,000,000. Then in the spring of 1919, four and a half billion short-term notes were subscribed as a Victory Loan. The total on the five loans came to $21,439,394,500. Of this, $9,466,000,000 went to our Allies ($2,170,000,000 of that after the Armistice). Of the twenty-one and a half billion, a quarter only was taken by banks and corporations. Approximately thirty per cent, or seven billion dollars, was subscribed by families with incomes of $2000 a year or less, more than justifying McAdoo's slogan of a "people's loan."

II

Like other war phenomena, the Liberty Loan drives were an amalgam. They were first of all an expression of crusading emotions. They were, secondly, a straight business proposition and, finally, they were on occasion a coerced contribution to the Treasury. In the critical days following our entry into the War, "the greatest financial transaction in human history" seemed to our banking advisers even beyond the borrowing powers of the United States. But if the size of the job gave pause, failure to act was too appalling to contemplate, not only for the crusaders for democracy and the Allied Generals, but for the American businessman as well. When Congress authorized the government to borrow seven billion dollars and McAdoo "conceived the idea of building up among the American People . . . a financial front, which would rest on the same inspiration and morale as the military front of the army," McAdoo's slogan, a "people's loan," was enthusiastically accepted by the financial fraternity. They volunteered their services, received no commissions, and paid their own costs of advertising. But the War-loan machinery by its very nature was to bring their patriotism ample rewards. When the manufacturer subscribed for his whole factory (payments to be later deducted from wages) the banker financed him. The government in turn deposited the huge sums collected in the banker's hands; the manufacturer borrowed from the banker to finance the fulfillment of War orders. The cycle meant an unprecedented expansion of credit, the nerve center of which was the bank. As the American Bankers Association put it —with pardonable pride: "In every great national crisis the banker has seen it through. It is our turn again."

The three martial themes—patriotism, self-interest, and force—all derived their characteristic expression from a state of war-mindedness. And in no campaign can that state be better studied than in the Third Liberty Loan drive. It opened on the anniversary of our entry into the War. The day before, President Wilson had made his Baltimore speech in which were used the famous words: "Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant Force which . . ." During the campaign the first huge casualty lists of the Yankee Division were published and bond sales skyrocketed in New England. On the first day of the drive, a miner in Illinois was lynched for making a socialist speech and in New York thousands of Americans saw Mr. J. P. Morgan for the first—and last —time in their lives. Marching beside Mr. Jacob Schiff and other National Committeemen he led a noisy parade to City Hall Park, where a huge Liberty Bell rang every time a thousand-dollar bond was sold. Mr. Morgan carried a small American flag and waved it. The Archbishop of York blessed the dollars to come—at Carnegie Hall—and Parader Schiff said: "Even though the country impoverish itself, it is not too much to pay for the victory over Prussianism." There were twenty elephants and ten camels on Fifth Avenue with Liberty



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signs on their flanks. And the French "Blue Devils," imported for the occasion, paraded smartly amid huzzas. Somebody in Buffalo started a giant Liberty pushball rolling toward New York—"each subscriber to give it a push."

The ideology behind the drive was irresistible. One popular speaker mentioned in the same breath the "rape of Belgium" and the fact that the bonds were tax-exempt. Sounding another note, while 1200 schoolgirls paraded as goddesses of Liberty, McAdoo exclaimed, "I have been told by some people that the rate of interest is too low. I do not believe that the patriotism of the American people is expressed in the rate of interest of a government bond!" And answering a question—presumably rhetorical—Howard Mot, vice-president of the Irving Trust Company, said, "Why in the name of common sense and your own self-interest, as well as for those abstractions, liberty and justice, shouldn't you subscribe?" For those not in close touch with financial experts, there were slogans such as "It takes the 'mon' to beat the Hun" and "Put the pay in Patriotism."

Liberty Loan officials carefully emphasized that this was not "a rich man's war." The New York *Times* said that the largest income group in America was $1000 or under and suggested that that group subscribe the bulk of the loan. While school children sang *Soldiers of Glorious America,* Governor Whitman spoke on Delancey Street, and the children of the neighborhood (perhaps the poorest in New York) pledged a million dollars' worth of bonds.

The scope of the drive was sensational. New York's Rainbow Division included all of Manhattan's merchants from pencil vendors to Macy's. The Mozart Society had its quota and so did the manicurists. Cardinal Farley "pledged the full support of the Catholic Church" and dispatched a pastoral letter urging Liberty Loan announcements at Mass. The Dead Heroes' Children helped, and so did the household servants, who got themselves into the Patriotic Household League, of which Henry Physich, Morgan's butler, was chairman.

Outside of New York, patriotism produced a comparable effervescence. Declaring "any person in the United States who has enjoyed the privileges of our Government and still has the slightest pro-German feelings should be . . . shot at sunrise," Governor Gardner of Missouri opened the Third Liberty Loan drive in St. Louis. In Sioux City, Iowa, a safari of Ku-Kluxers, cowboys, and soldiers marched to a mass meeting behind a hearse carrying the Kaiser.

Within five days after the drive opened, 700 communities had fulfilled their quotas, with Lynn, Massachusetts, in the lead. The drive had officially opened at midnight, April 8, 1918. But Lynn, by keeping banks, homes, and business houses open the night before, had contrived to telegraph Secretary McAdoo at 12:05 A.M. that her quota was full. She received the National Honor Flag.

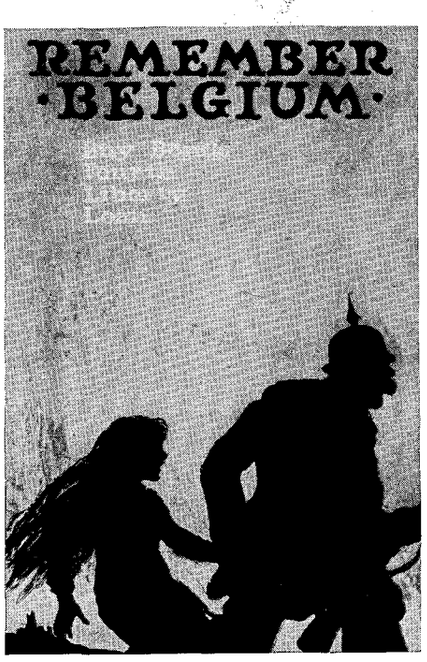
As a footnote, it should be added that no drive quite equaled the splendor or abandon of the Victory Drive in New York. For in that campaign, Times Square became the "Argonne Forest," and Park Avenue changed to "Victory Way," flanked by captured German guns still muddy from the battlefield, and ending in a pyramid of German helmets half as high as the Grand Central.

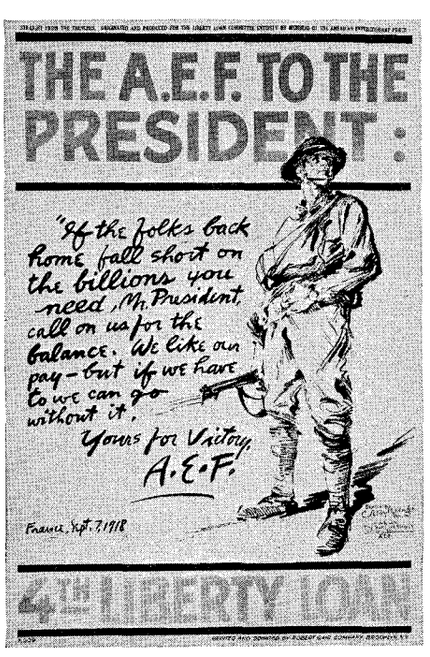
III

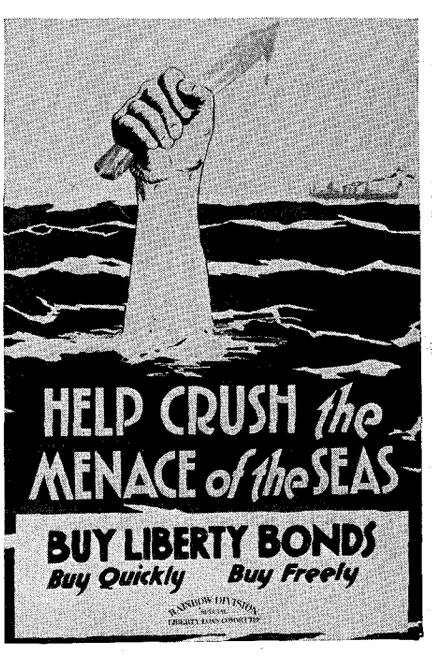
THERE were no Mitzi Greens or elephants on Main Street. The small towns had to get along with wounded Canadian lieutenants rather than generals. But the towns and small cities were the heart of the Liberty Loan drives. The great fish net spread by the Treasury Department for American dollars was tightly resewn by local chairmen—with a crisscross of neighborhood loyalties and prejudices. Usually a huge banner, with gold letters surmounted by an eagle, stretched across Main Street: "Help Your Country and Make Money for Yourself." In Municipal Square was the bond clock with a nine-foot hand and a red pointer. Reports from the Elks, the Epworth League, the D. A. R., the Daughters of the King, and local factories flowed hourly to amateur statisticians in the basement of the First National, "producing," as directives sent out by the American Bankers Association urged, "a highly desirable rivalry."

On Monday, the Main Streeters opened their newspapers and read: "Some will offer their lives, others will loan money." On Tuesday, "For Victory and Peace." On Wednesday, "Loan of the People, by the People, and for the People." But the best appeal was the doughboy with bayonet *en garde,* under the caption, "We're Going Across. Do Your Duty—Come Across. Buy a Bond Today!" Copy had been supplied to all local committees by the A. B. A.

The larger cities competed favorably with Manhattan. Take the hub of New England, for instance, which had been




THE A.E.F. TO THE PRESIDENT:
"If the folks back home fall short on the billions you need, Mr. President, call on us for the balance. We like our pay—but if we have to we can go without it.
Yours for Victory,
A.E.F.
France, Sept. 7, 1918
4th LIBERTY LOAN



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war-conscious for years, and where a clergyman urged oversubscription to "atone" for our not having gone into the War sooner. For the Third Liberty Loan drive Boston staged a seven-and-a-half-hour parade with 83,730 paraders, of whom 41,000 were women. And the Electric Supply Jobbers strapped a huge cast of William II into an electric chair under the slogan: "Help Electrocute the Kaiser." Uncle Sam, John Bull, and a French poilu were at the switch which was pulled whenever a bond was sold. The electric sizzle which passed visibly through the Kaiser's head was, according to the press, "a sensation."

In some places it was unsafe for a young blood to take his girl to the movies without a bond button in his coat. But if the young man's resistance survived on the public highway, it was expected to melt inside the Palace Theater at sight of *Pershing's Crusaders,* or maybe *America's Answer* (films supplied by the Committee on Public Information). As a supreme spur to patriotism, this typical announcement appeared on motion-picture screens:

4 MINUTE MEN 4
(Copyright 1917, Trade Mark)
Sgt. John K. Smith will
speak four minutes on a subject of national importance . . .

George Creel, the government's propagandist-in-chief, had just loaned 50,000 4-Minute Men, popularly called the "Stentorian Guard," to the Treasury. The drive then "took a leap," according to Creel, "which carried it over the top."

In the foreign quarters of most cities half the houses had American flags. And everywhere in America these foreign-language groups — including the German-American societies — were to gratify both the public and the Treasury by oversubscription of their quotas. But on Saturday nights Russian or Greek or Czechoslovakian societies were raided as a matter of course. The fate of the Czechs during the Great War was ironic. They were fanatically pro-Ally, and in America their society had a rule that every member must own a Liberty Bond. But that didn't seem to help. Most cities were actively suspicious of any patriotism that didn't speak English.

On Sunday, a sermon was read in all the churches. It appealed for the financial needs of our allies, and said:

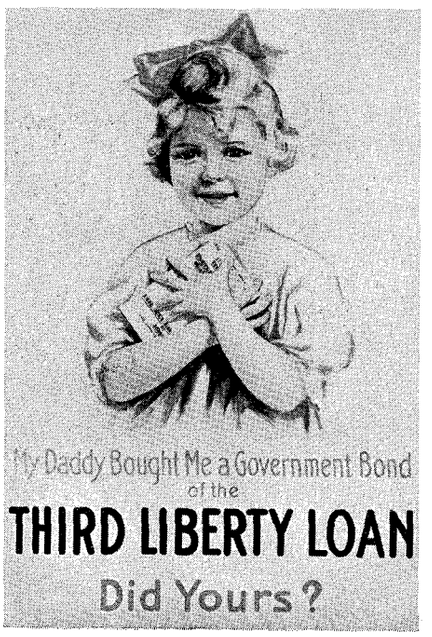
"Brave little Belgium is lying prostrate in her Gethsemane . . . France, chivalric, true as steel, whose forts are not of granite but the bodies of her sons, has now been bled white . . . As for England, in one week 400,000 tons of her shipping have been destroyed . . . More terrible is the breakdown of Russia . . . the republic is threatened with mobocracy . . ." There then followed the direct appeal for Liberty Bond buyers, ending with a peroration: "The Victory of this Liberty Loan and this War, safeguarding democracy, is to be the most glorious Victory that has ever blessed the human race." ("Pastors should agree to deliver the sermon which is sent herewith. This was prepared especially for the American Bankers Association by one of the most celebrated pastors in the United States, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis."—*Directive No. 4, American Bankers Association.*)

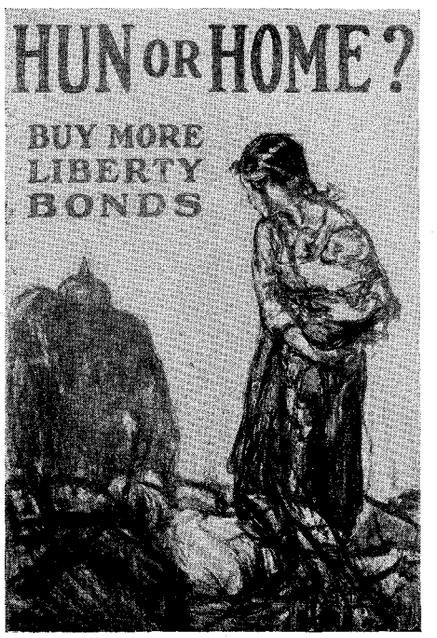
Finally there was the social climax of the campaign, a ball, with nearly a half-column of distinguished sponsors. (Women's Clubs, said Directive No. 6 of the A. B. A., should hold a Liberty Bond Loan Ball, "and make it as desirable a function to attend as the annual Charity Ball in New York.")

But all this, while exhilarating and terribly exhausting, and responsible for perceptible lurches of the clock hand on Municipal Square, didn't represent the serious bombing work of the campaign. In a conference which the chairman of the Local Committee held with merchants and manufacturers at the First National Bank, he handed them a "Message to Employers," which read:

"It is of inestimable importance [no other directive employed the word "inestimable"] that a large portion of the Liberty Loan be raised through interesting the great body of average Americans who are paid on the basis of weekly salaries or daily wages." There followed "comprehensive plans," recommended, but "not official." All save one, which was a voluntary club plan, suggested that the employer borrow from the bank enough to carry bonds for all subscribing employees, and then pay himself by deductions from the pay envelope. This was to prove the most effective device for fulfilling the Treasury's ideals of a "popular loan."

After the drive the local newspaper printed a column of tributes to "American generosity" which ran all the way from Sergeant Guy Empey, who had spoken under the clock, to Mrs. Astor and Marshal Foch. There now remained but one detail—to pay for the bonds. To this humdrum business, soon to be mitigated if not forgotten by the patriotic ecstasies of the next drive, we turn now. For the loans, you remember, fairly tumbled on each other's heels,





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averaging one every five months. Local and National Committees sat in continuous session.

In the process of paying for the bonds pledged, the sacrifices of the American people were acute and profound. Millions bore them cheerfully. It was now *our* war and the "victorious peace" would be *our* peace. A certain middle-class family whose income was $3000 promptly discharged its one maid (who went into War work); withdrew its bank deposits, accumulated for the kids and a rainy day; cut down to two meals a day; and bought eight hundred dollars' worth of bonds. A working girl who had a brother in the trenches went without an overcoat in the freezing winter months of 1918 and bought a bond. An old lady of seventy, living on charity, took the money she had saved up for her funeral expenses and subscribed a hundred dollars. But certain other "average Americans, . . . paid on the basis of weekly salaries or daily wages," found their patriotic emotions mixed when they learned that employers had assumed the power to assess their quota of patriotism.

The girls in one department store earning $7 a week were given a $2-a-week Liberty Bond deduction for twenty-five weeks. The supervisor explained that the employer wanted the store "one hundred per cent patriotic." A few weeks later the girls found their pay envelopes empty. A slip explained that the remaining $5 had been deducted that week for the Red Cross.

Unfortunately, as I suggested earlier, such instances were not exceptional. A report by reliable social investigators, published in the *Survey* after the War, recorded "many instances . . . of employees being told they could consider themselves discharged if they did not buy a bond so that a 100 per cent record could be secured . . . the threat being carried into effect in spite of the shortage of workers."

As a part of the drive Alice Harmon, age eleven, of the West Side Grammar School, wrote the prize-winning essay under the title, "Eight Reasons Why I Want My Dad to Buy a Bond." Local committeemen had discovered early that sales talks, if they could be made to fall from the lips of children, were all but irresistible. Thereafter patriotism reached its zenith in the schools. Do you remember the Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates, without which no child dared look his classmates in the eye? And as a spur to patriotism the atrocity saga was adapted for young emotions. "German soldiers ruined little Belgium," began a widely used talk, "destroyed its towns, maltreated helpless boys and girls, insulted and killed their mothers, big sisters, and men too old to fight. . . . Germany has sunk peaceful American ships carrying helpless babies and their mothers . . ." And then the appeal: "The Government asks you to be sure and talk to your parents about buying a Bond."

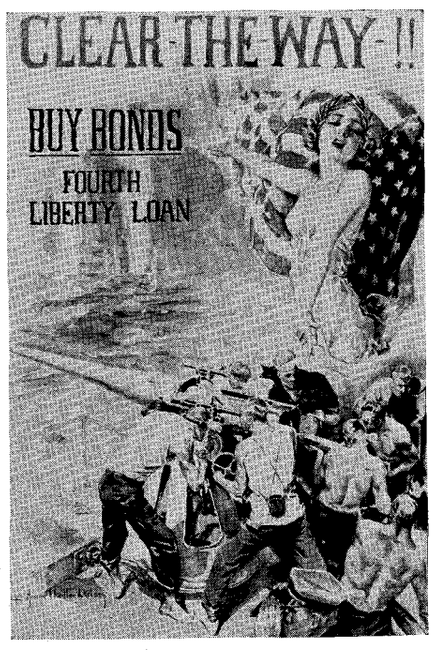
This phase of the campaign brought astonishing results. The parents responded frantically. Unfortunately when poverty made response inadequate, the children themselves paid in self-torture and humiliation. Mrs. Asche and her son, age thirteen, eked out a subsistence living from odd jobs and charity. George Asche's name was read out at school as the only child who hadn't bought a thrift stamp. He bent his head and after school the kids chased him home and called him a slacker. He refused to go back till Mrs. Asche gave up eating and bought two thrift stamps. Unfortunately that wasn't enough—the school wanted a record—and the young patriots continued to suggest George's real name was probably Ash Can or Kaiser Can. Finally a social agency became involved, and when George's nerves snapped he was sent to a charity camp.

IV

The farm-country quotas were many times oversubscribed. But in the states which had large German populations, businessmen undertook to prove their patriotism by bumper quotas, and their sales technique was the "assessment." In Wisconsin a self-appointed committee figured what they wanted from each dairy farmer and wheat grower, and if he was tardy, wrote him a "summons." It read as follows:

> *You Will Therefore* appear at the Court House in West Bond, Wisconsin, on the 19th day of October, 1918, and then and there subscribe your full allotment, or
> *Show Cause* for your apparent delinquency and your apparent obstruction to the war finance requirements of the United States.
>
> (Signed) E. J. Kearney
> Federal Reserve Director of
> Sales for Wisconsin

This imaginative document was of course totally illegal, and it was the farmer's constitutional right to throw it in the waste basket. But the farmer didn't know that. Significantly, this was the technique (*continued on page* 68)



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SUNSHINE, by C. Weston Booth

LIFE IN THE U.S...*Photographic*

In this section, which was initiated last January, we are presenting the work of both amateur and professional photographers. It is our belief that, despite frequent photographic exhibitions, many of the best pictures are never displayed and seen by the public. With this in view, we are trying to develop the finest collection of contemporary photography to be published in any form. So far, we have run sixty-nine pictures by fifty-four contributors, and prints are now coming in at the rate of three hundred a week. Our only editorial requirement is that the pictures portray life in the United States. For technical information about the following photographs, see page 69.

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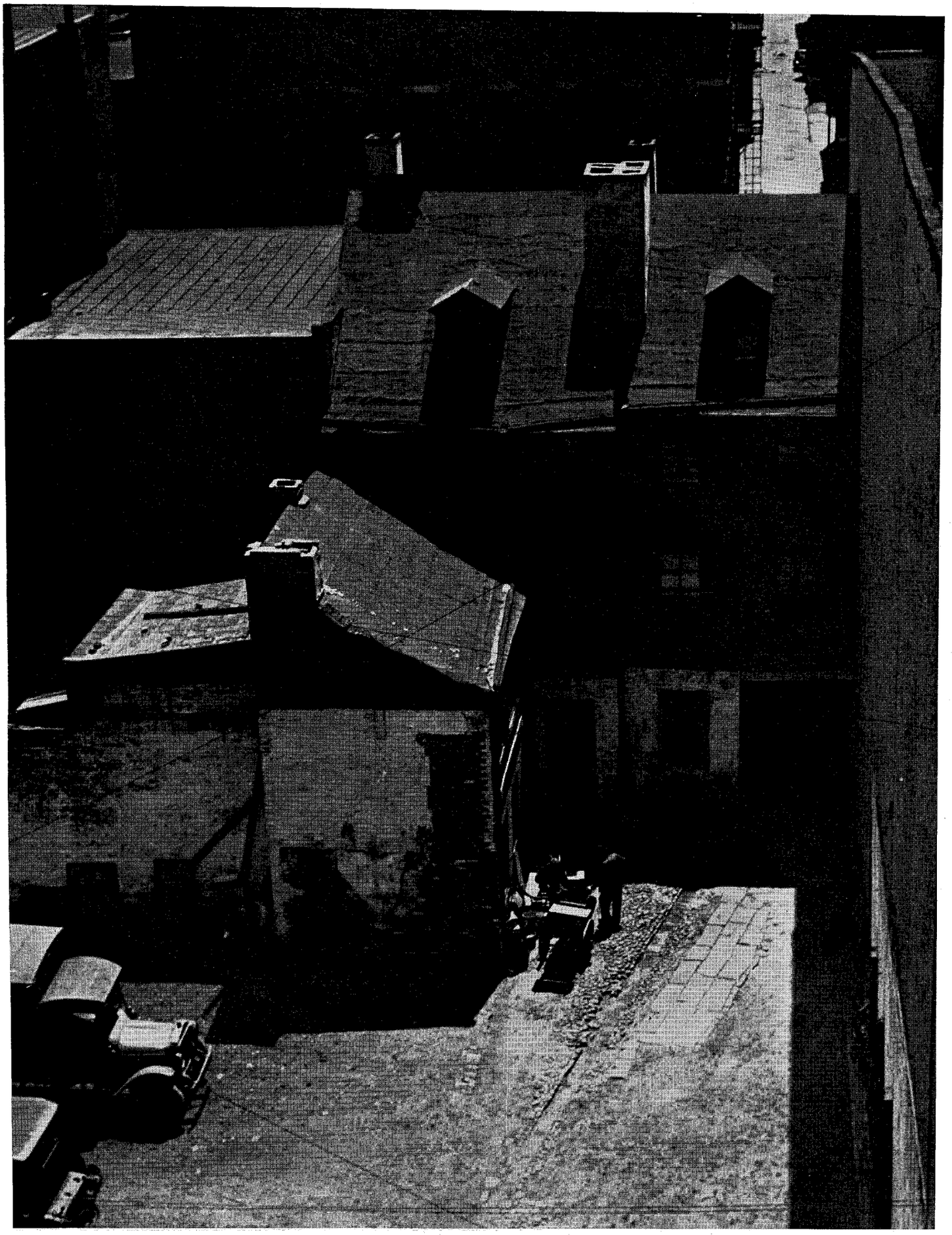

WATERFRONT, by Vincent La Badessa

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FEEDIN' TO THE WINDLASS, by Hans Sauer

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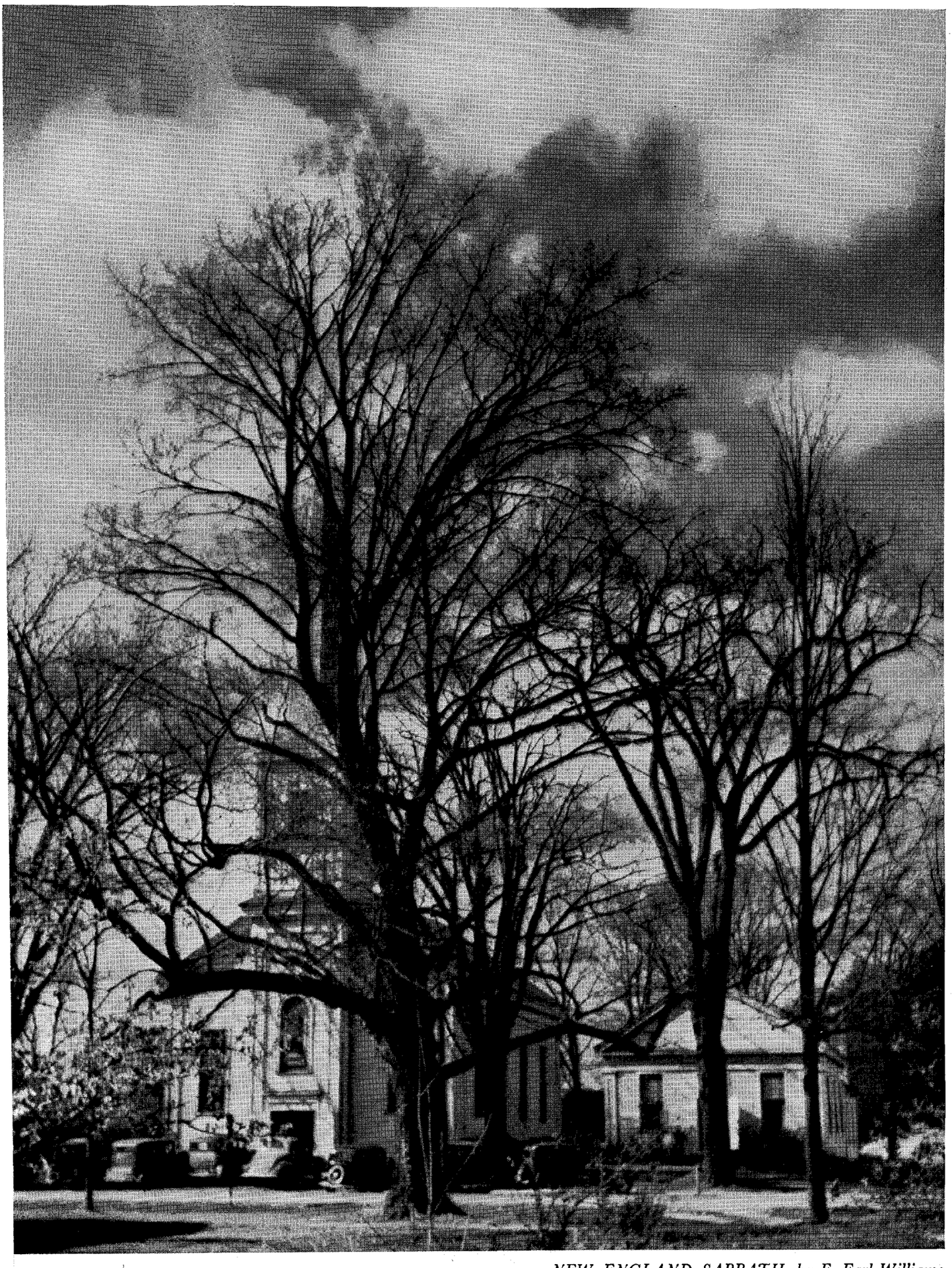

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH, by F. Earl Williams

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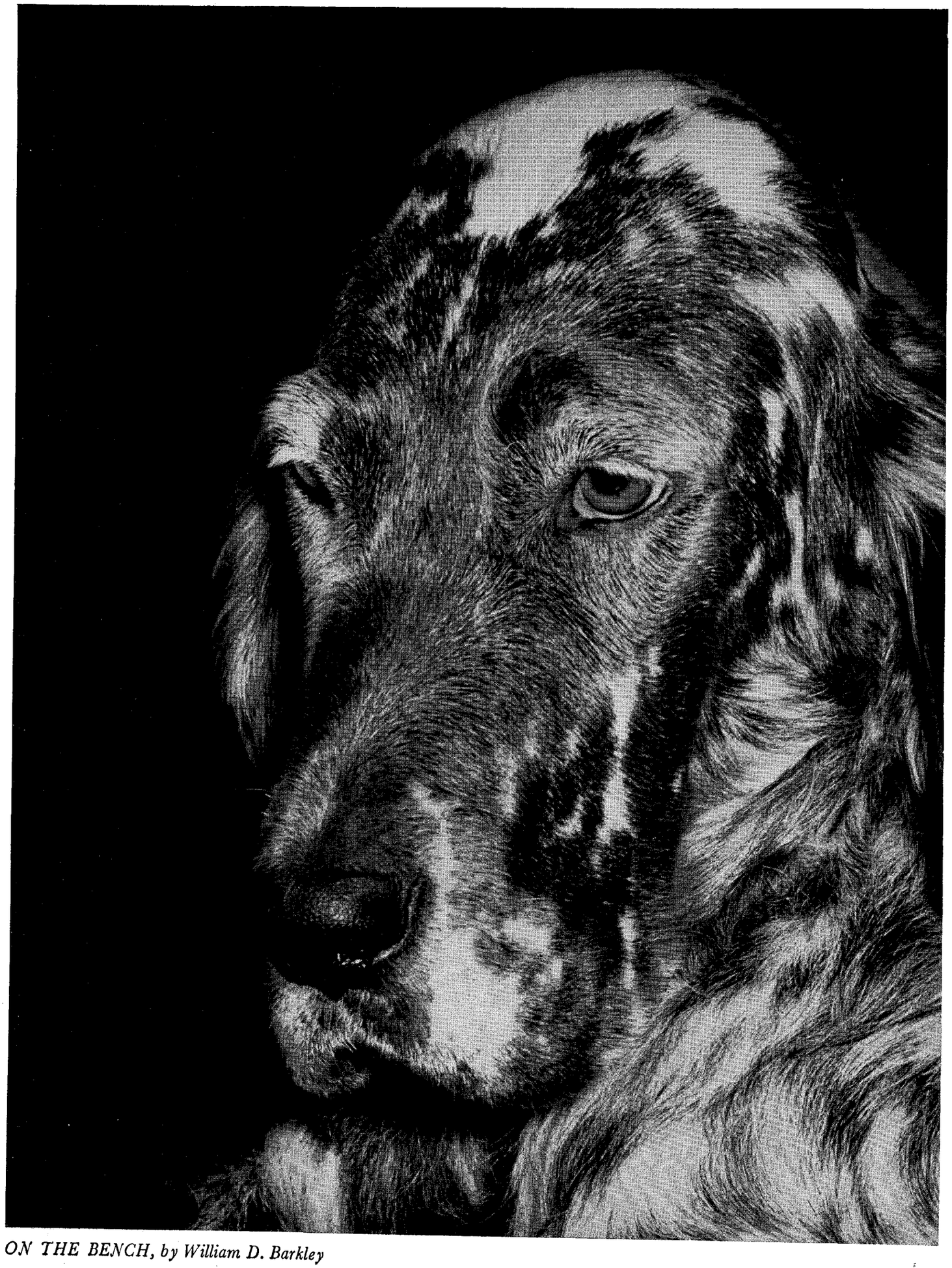

ON THE BENCH, by William D. Barkley

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Tent City, Texas

ELEANOR WEST

A FIRST-HAND *introduction to hand-to-mouth existence in a Southwestern community . . . the children in the tents . . . a Life in the United States article*

It was a flat little Texas town, treeless and hot. Not quite treeless, though, for a few low mesquites grew on the edges of the town, and two of these gnarled little trees furnished the only shade on the school playground. At playtime the hot Texas sun beat down steadily on the unprotected heads of the little ones, and the great "salt water" mosquitoes from the near-by marshes made life an actual misery for the uninitiated. To complete the discomfort, grass burrs tortured the barefooted children, and made games almost impossible for those who wore no shoes.

I was assigned the lowest grade, thirty youngsters just beginning their school careers. A jolly bunch on the whole—sturdy, well-grown, noisy, mischievous, and good-natured children of the town and of the near-by vegetable farms. A few of the children, however, were entirely different. Ragged, serious, with pinched faces and undernourished bodies, they bore the unmistakable stamp of poverty. One little boy in particular wore the face of an old, old man. If it had not been pathetic it would have been quite comical to see the gravity with which he looked out upon the world from his long experience of seven years. Arthur he was called, and Billy was his brother. Arthur had three fingers missing from his right hand. Then there was Lessie, a motherly little girl with sad eyes and mouth, and James, a small boy with a disfiguring skin disease.

It was through these four that I had my first introduction to Tent City, for Tent City was not the town in which I taught. It was a city of tents and trailers, a camp on the outskirts of the little village. Every morning Arthur, Billy, Lessie, and James, with other children in higher grades, walked in from Tent City to attend our school.

One day Arthur was absent. Billy told me that he was sick. Blithely I sent word that I would call that afternoon. "Where do you live, Billy?"

"Tent City," he answered promptly.

"How do you get there?" I inquired.

"Down the highway, if you like. Then you have to go down a bank and cross a patch of weeds. Shortest way is down the railroad track. You wouldn't want to come, I guess, if you saw how it was."

"I'll be there," I promised.

Billy's face beamed.

After school I went to the drugstore and bought a sack of peppermints and a package of chewing gum. Then I set out down the railroad track.

About two miles from where I started Tent City came into view. The weeds were so high and the ground so low that I came near missing it altogether. It was merely a clearing with the tops of tents and trailers barely visible from the railroad track. I pushed my way through yards of tall weeds and was greeted by the frenzied barking of several curs.

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DRAWING BY PETER HELCK

"Billy, Billy," I called, for the curs were showing their teeth.

Billy came running from a tent at the far end of the clearing, but before he got there a man had come out of a nearer tent and had driven the dogs back. They continued to snarl until Billy ran up and took my hand. After that they curled their tails between their legs and disappeared.

Lessie stuck her head out of a trailer and called "hello." There was no sign just then of James.

I followed Billy into his tent. A tired, red-faced woman rose to shake my hand, and Arthur's thin little voice chirped a greeting from a pile of bedding in one corner of the tent.

"You are Arthur and Billy's mother?" I asked.

"No, they ain't got no mother. I'm their brother's wife. I raises them." Then she began to apologize for the looks of the tent—unwashed cooking utensils, food, bed covering, and a naked, sleeping baby formed a conglomerate mass in the middle of the tent.

The children sucked happily on the peppermints while I talked to their foster mother, and little Arthur put out his hot, dry hands for me to hold.

"Go to the well, Billy, and bring your teacher a drink of water, can't you? She must be tired to death and hot too, and look sharp, Billy, you don't mash off your fingers like Arthur did."

So that was the way Arthur had lost his fingers. I heard all about it then. They had become entangled in the well chain, and only the skill of the kindly town doctor who severed them had saved Arthur's hand and perhaps his life.

When I left Arthur's tent the sun was low and a swarm of children was waiting outside. They begged me to come in and see their mamas just a minute.

"Not today. I'll come again," I promised. And I fled.

But I came again and yet again. I visited James' mother in her trailer and she told me the pitiful tales of her efforts to get work. Wouldn't the government help her? No, she hadn't been in this place long enough. A friend had told her there would be work here picking the vegetables. So she had come. But the farmers preferred to use Mexicans. And her health was poor. No one would give her housework. Would I write a letter for her, please? She wanted her brother to know where she was.

I wrote the letter. It was the first of many that I wrote for the inhabitants of the tents and trailers. And through these letters I glimpsed their heartaches and their courage.

One day I learned the secret of Lessie's sad eyes. The little girl had no mother. She kept house in a most dilapidated trailer for her father and older brothers. They sometimes had work, sometimes none. When they had work they went to town and played pool. Lessie was always hungry, always distressed because there was nothing that she might cook for her father and brothers. The poor child's clothes scarcely covered her back. One week end I made her a little dress, a pretty, pink percale. I have never seen a happier child. After that I don't think she missed a day wearing that pink dress to school and it was always neat and clean.

"Do you wash it yourself, Lessie?" I asked.

No, Lessie's back wasn't strong enough to wash. Some of her neighbors did the family washing for her, and in return Lessie minded their babies. Even here in Tent City in its starved, hand-to-mouth existence there was room for pity and neighborly kindness.

Many an afternoon I spent talking to the mothers of Tent City over their wash pots, helping the little folks draw and "tote" water from the well in a corner of the clearing, and watching their eyes sparkle when I produced candy or oranges. Even the youngest babies sucked candy with impunity and their brothers and sisters never forgot to divide with them.

If I stayed until sundown the fathers came straggling in and I listened to tales of toil and discouragement.

I learned at last to know Tent City as I did my own home town. I knew that the people looked down upon certain of their number, Billy and Arthur's folks, for example, because they sent their children to forage the railroad track and the vegetable-packing sheds, to beg for discarded vegetables, and even to steal food from the loaded freight cars when it could be had in no other way.

Whiskey and the town pool room were the bitterest enemies of the Tent City women. Often (*continued on page* 58)

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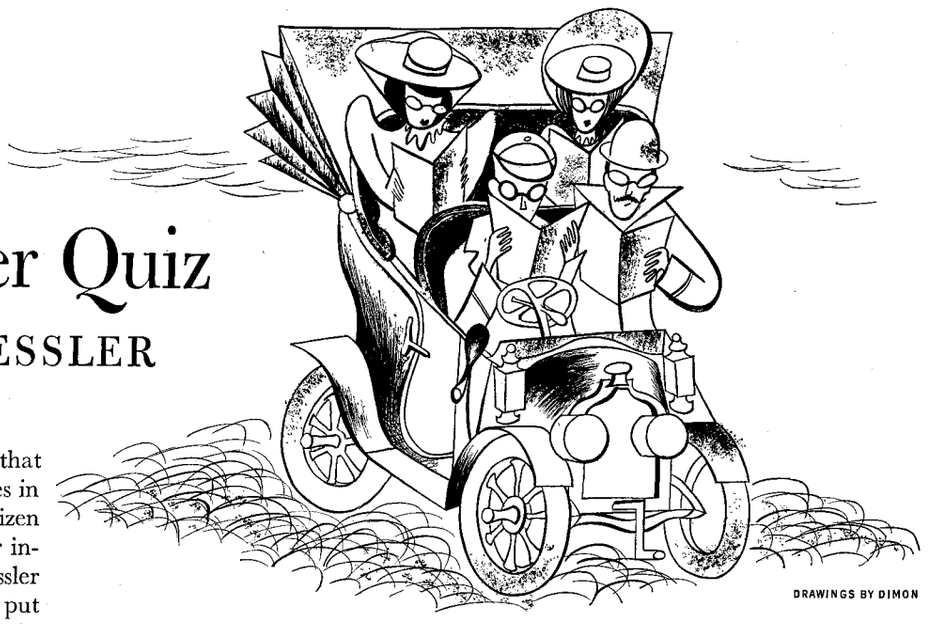
The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER



DRAWINGS BY DIMON

THIS month we face the fact that there are millions of automobiles in America and that the average citizen knows a lot about all of them. After intensive study and leg work, Mr. Tressler brought in fifty questions devised to put that knowledge to a stiff test. We might add, incidentally, that next month we will return to our usual Quiz form, which calls for specialization in everything.

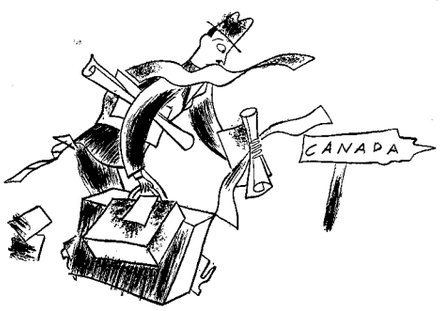
For new readers, we include these directions for determining their S.Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Read each question. Check the answer you trust. When you have completed all the questions, look up the answers and deduct two points for each error. Subtract from 100 for your score. (*Answers on page 75*)

1. New York State's government got a lot of complaints this year because its auto-license plates bore the words:

(1) Vacation In New York In 1939
(2) You're Just My Speed, Kiddo!
(3) New York World's Fair 1939
(4) State Speed Limit 40 m.p.h.

2. When you take your car to Europe, it is customary on most steamship lines to do one of these things:

(1) place a Customs seal on ignition
(2) jack the car up on wooden blocks
(3) drain the gas tank *(4) deflate tires*



3. Americans driving into Canada for a brief visit should have with them their:

(1) birth certificates *(2) passports*
(3) car registrations *(4) lunches*
(5) wedding licenses *(6) calling cards*

4. "That's not an automobile tire, that's a greasing system!" hissed the villain, leering openly and pointing at the word:

(1) Allstate *(2) Lee* *(3) U. S. Royal*
(4) Marfak *(5) Miller* *(6) General*

5. As the big man in U. S. oil, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., started business in:

(1) Cleveland *(2) Chicago*
(3) Los Angeles *(4) Pittsburgh*
(5) New York City *(6) St. Louis*

6. A Packard was the first car to cross our continent under its own power in:

(1) 1895 *(2) 1900* *(3) 1903*
(4) 1907 *(5) 1910* *(6) 1913*

7. For many years the Pierce Arrow motorcar could always be identified by:

(1) the musical tone to its horn
(2) the bluish tint to its windshield
(3) the peculiar sound of its exhaust
(4) the headlights on its fenders

8. Since 1852 one of these present-day manufacturers has been making vehicles:

(1) Oldsmobile *(2) Mack Truck Co.*
(3) Studebaker *(4) Federal Truck Co.*
(5) Dodge *(6) Yellow Truck Co.*

9. What's a Terraplane?

(1) one of the Hudson motorcar line
(2) a new type of radiator grille
(3) the name of the new 1939 Plymouth
(4) a small, cheap, very fast airplane

10. Which one of these cars is still being manufactured?

(1) Winton *(2) Kissel* *(3) Mitchell*
(4) Reo *(5) Maxwell* *(6) Marmon*

11. Floating power was the name given a few years ago to:

(1) a method of engine mounting
(2) a new shock absorber *(3) Joe Louis*
(4) a new piston *(5) Texaco gasoline*

12. Annually, there is a famous automobile race up:

(1) the length of the Mississippi River
(2) Mt. Blanc *(3) Pikes Peak*
(4) from the bottom of the Grand Canyon

13. If Alfred P. Sloan were kidnaped, his ransom would probably be paid by:

(1) McKay Tire Chain Corporation
(2) U. S. Steel *(3) United Air Lines*
(4) General Motors Corporation
(5) Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad
(6) Caterpillar Tractor Company

14. There are still many U. S. citizens who don't know that U. S. Highway No. 1 runs from:

(1) Southern California to Maine
(2) San Diego to Seattle
(3) Maine to Florida
(4) New Orleans to Minneapolis
(5) New York City to San Francisco

15. One of these organizations has the largest fleet of trucks and passenger cars in the U. S.:

(1) Standard Oil of N. J. *(2) Borden's*
(3) Railway Express *(4) Armour & Co.*
(5) U. S. War Dept. *(6) Bell Telephone*

16. To most of us the old Franklin motorcar was unique not only for its appearance, but because it:

(1) used kerosene instead of gasoline
(2) had an air-cooled engine
(3) possessed a one-shot oiling system
(4) was so extraordinarily light and fast

17. Homer L. Martin, president of C.I.O.'s United Automobile Workers union, hasn't been so popular with John L. Lewis this year because:

(1) he isn't so popular with the U.A.W.
(2) A. F. of L.'s union has more members
(3) N.L.R.B. has come out against him
(4) he has swung U.A.W. to Republicanism

18. You've seen the ad slogan "Time To Retire" for many years, but do you know which of these it belongs to?

(1) Dr. Denton's Sleeping Garments
(2) Firestone *(3) Lee* *(4) Goodrich*
(5) Goodyear *(6) Fisk* *(7) U. S. Royal*

19. Several of the new models for 1939 include speedometers which:

(1) groan loudly at speeds over 50 m.p.h.
(2) disconnect gas line after 75 m.p.h.
(3) show different colors at different speeds
(4) record date-time at 60 m.p.h.

20. One of these six words has been deliberately misspelled:

(1) carburetor *(2) efficiency* *(3) distributor*
(4) vaccuum *(5) ventilator* *(6) condenser*

21. It is pretty well established by this

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time that credit for the invention of the gasoline automobile should go to:

(1) Gottlieb Daimler (2) George B. Selden
(3) numerous Europeans (4) Carl Benz
(5) numerous Americans (6) De Laval

22. According to figures.....has the greatest number of auto deaths per 10,000 motor vehicles of any country:

(1) United States (2) Italy (3) Spain
(4) Germany (5) France (6) England

23. One of these is a major reason why U. S. auto manufacturers haven't gone in for Diesel engines in pleasure cars:

(1) they smell so horribly
(2) they make a much louder noise
(3) Diesel oil is so much more expensive
(4) the cost of the engine is so much higher

24. Henry Ford gave up making the Model-T Ford in:

(1) 1930 (2) 1923 (3) 1927 (4) 1925

25. "Yah-h-h!" screamed the small boy, "I'll betcha' a hunnerd million dollars that next to New York State..... has the most autos registered!":

(1) Ohio (2) Illinois (3) Texas
(4) Pennsylvania (5) California

26. The latest trend in the new cars for the location of the storage battery is toward placing it:

(1) in a box on the running board
(2) beneath the floor of the rear seat
(3) underneath the hood by the engine
(4) in the back trunk by the spare tire

27. Those specially built cars delivered to the White House last spring have all but one of these features on them:

(1) two-way sending-receiving radios
(2) compartment for tear-gas bombs
(3) room for President to lie down
(4) windshield handles for bodyguards

28. For troop transport purposes Paris taxicabs played a particularly important part at the Battle of:

(1) Chickamauga Creek (2) Verdun
(3) The Marne (First) (4) The Argonne
(5) Ypres (6) Jutland

29. One of the newest offerings of U. S. tire manufacturers is a tire made with:

(1) metal treading for longer wear
(2) extra-thick walls and no inner tube
(3) cord spun from rayon, not cotton
(4) horsehair and Communist pamphlets

30. "This one isn't famous for his automobile speed records!" said the mechanic indignantly, pointing at the name of:

(1) Ab Jenkins (2) Capt. George Eyston
(3) Gar Wood (4) Sir Malcolm Campbell

31. As a sporting gesture, see if you can select the percentage of U. S. cars which sell under $750 wholesale:

(1) 40% (2) 95% (3) 75% (4) 55%

32. Which of these is a false statement?

(1) It costs more to drive a car fast
(2) You can't drive to South America
(3) Most racing cars have brakes
(4) Firestone invented the pneumatic tire

33. A perfectly good definition of Free Wheeling would be:

(1) use of ball bearings in differential
(2) any engine requiring no gear shift
(3) use of ball bearings on wheel axles
(4) disconnection of engine from rear wheels by use of overrunning clutch

34. In France everyone knows the Maginot Line because it's a:

(1) car made by the Maginot Frères
(2) line of border fortifications facing Germany
(3) name for a typical Hitler speech
(4) group of aviators on 24-hour call to defend Paris

35. The famous annual Indianapolis Race is held upon a race track made of:

(1) boards (2) dirt (3) gravel
(4) cement (5) bricks (6) asphalt

36. This past summer saw Hitler present Henry Ford with a medal in honor of:

(1) his 75th birthday
(2) his 50th wedding anniversary
(3) his 30 millionth Ford car
(4) his 10ooth statement on prosperity

37. Most any good tire chain does one of the following things when being used on an automobile wheel:

(1) stands still on one spot of the tire
(2) creeps slowly around the tire
(3) creates a powerful suction
(4) makes a pleasant musical tinkle

38. If you were betting on which of these numbers is closest to the number of cars in the U. S., which would you take?

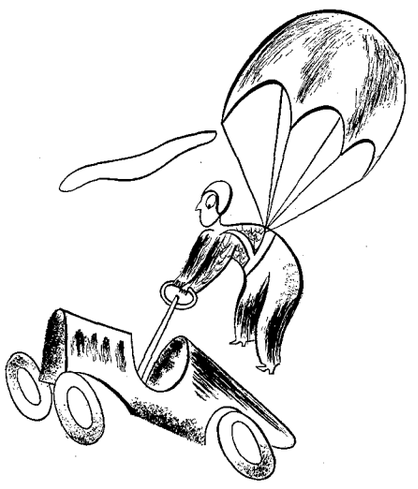
(1) 20,000,000 (2) 30,000,000
(3) 40,000,000 (4) 50,000,000

39. "I'll bet my hat," shouted the lawyer, "that the witness doesn't even know that the first U. S. oil well was drilled in":

(1) California (2) Ohio (3) W. Virginia
(4) Pennsylvania (5) Texas (6) New York

40. If you should happen to climb into a taxi driven by a man named Ralph De Palma, you might sanely ask:

(1) "Not like the old racing days, eh?"
(2) "Invented any more parking meters?"
(3) "What happened to that two-cylinder engine you sold Chevrolet?"
(4) "How's Parachute Jumpers, Inc.?"



41. Eugene Ormandy is conducting a symphony orchestra in a series of weekly radio programs this season sponsored by:

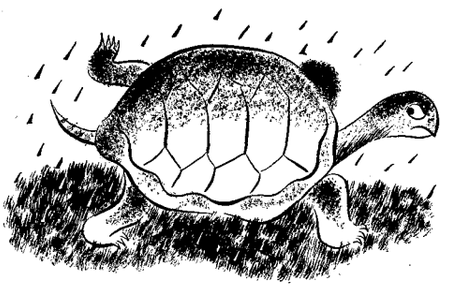
(1) Ford Motor Co. (2) General Motors
(3) Chrysler Motorcar Company
(4) Briggs Auto Body Company

42. Anyone wishing to beat today's world record for the fastest mile covered in an automobile would have to go over:

(1) 350 m.p.h (2) 370 m.p.h.
(3) 390 m.p.h. (4) 400 m.p.h.

43. Which one of these is not a well-known storage battery?

(1) Willard (2) Exide (3) Edison
(4) Prest-O-Lite (5) Delco (6) Bendix



44. "Humph!" snapped the turtle, "at least I know it was the invention of the .....which convinced U. S. auto manufacturers that a woman could own and drive a car as well as a man!":

(1) tonneau ash tray (2) muffler
(3) rubber tire (4) service station
(5) rumble seat (6) self-starter

45. It's generally agreed that the most economical heat range for the average car engine is ..... degrees F.:

(1) 170-180 (2) 100-120 (3) 80-100
(4) 150-170 (5) 130-150 (6) 200-220

46. Some trucks have governors on them for the purpose of:

(1) free circulation of radiator water
(2) vaporizing and thus saving gasoline
(3) preventing speeds over set maximum
(4) providing a shelter when it rains

47. What is your guess as to the value of the average car on U. S. highways?

(1) $500 (2) $600 (3) $142
(4) $700 (5) $238 (6) $400

48. In England gasoline is *petrol* and the engine hood of a car is the:

(1) cover (2) tippet (3) bonnet
(4) overcoat (5) bowler (6) shirt

49. If a service-station attendant should point at your car and say, "Golden Shell?" you might intelligently give him one of these answers:

(1) "Yes, please, one quart of oil today"
(2) "No thanks—no gasoline today!"
(3) "Yes, I painted it myself!"
(4) "Yup, and the best polish wax made!"

50. A survey has shown that tans and reds are the most popular colors for cars west of the Mississippi, and ..... is the most popular color east of the Mississippi:

(1) gray (2) black (3) green
(4) blue (5) tan (6) purple

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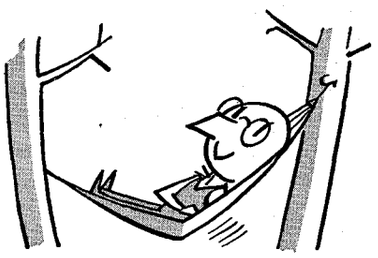
don herold examines:

sittin'

It has been about twenty or thirty years since I have sat down and just sat.

About thirty years ago Theodore Roosevelt or somebody sold me on the strenuous life. Maybe I got the idea later from a college psychologist who told me that, since consciousness is essentially motor, the healthy mental life is one which expresses itself in continuous active expression of its impulses, and



inhibits nothing. This was probably a good creed for a boy inclined to brood.

So I've been going lickety-split like an eight-day clock ever since. If I haven't been painting a screen door I've been writing a new non-best seller or drawing toothpick cartoons or golfing the sod off of our Echo Lake course or wearing the hardwood floor off of Mr. Waldorf's Starlight Roof.

But here about a month ago, after five successive nights at night clubs, I woke up one morning with legs like gingham and a pulse going like Gene Krupa's drums.

I realized that Old Uncle Don had better be his age and go some place and sit down for two weeks.

So I've discovered the joys of just sittin'.

I believe I could make it a passion.

Not that I'm going to, just yet.

But the terrors which just sittin' have held for me have been dissipated by this brief sojourn in rocking-chair land, and I can now look forward fearlessly to an old age of comparative inactivity, if I am forced into it. I'm at least convinced that it won't kill me to sit.

I'll still say I'd prefer to die on a motorcycle or at the Rainbow Room than in a rocking chair, but I thank heaven for this little breakdown which has forced me to an evaluative foretaste of sittin' and not thinkin' . . . much.

Every man ought to have at least three breakdowns (in moderation) before he dies. This is my third, and my favorite, because I have now learned how to make the most out of my breakdowns and not to take them seriously. Fact is, I don't entirely like any man who hasn't had his breakdown. If he hasn't, we don't quite talk the same language.

A breakdown is more educational than college. In fact, following recovery from a breakdown, there ought to be some kind of initials to wear after your name. Maybe "N.B." for Nervous Breakdown.

A great many things will whiz by a man who is just sittin'. A hammock under a tree will still go sixty miles an hour for a man whose senses are open, and whose brain still functions a little. This is just as effective as doing one's own whizzing, I find.

I've found sittin', and I think I'll make it one of my hobbies as the years weaken my legs.

Right now, however, I got to go take another tango lesson, of Miss Moodie.

the queen

England's new Queen is becoming a comic-opera queen. She strides with the theatric and stately stalk of a queen in a Marx Brothers comedy, beaming upon her subjects, bestowing her blessings right and left, waving with that backhand serve that some charm school has taught her, gliding graciously as if

Ernst Lubitsch were in the wings with his megaphone. And we half-expect Groucho and Harpo and Zeppo to rush out and upset her dignity with a football rush as they always ruffle the grandiose pomposity of Margaret Dumont. Leave it to a queen to take her regality seriously. I always thought that King George V took his job with his tongue in his cheek, but Queen Mary seemed dead certain of the divinity of her position.

The new King seems to realize to some extent that he has been pushed around by Fate and that he is where he is partly by accident, but the new Queen is doing her balcony-beaming as if she wanted to go down in history as the beloved Queen Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's self-conscious, overdone graciousness renews my esteem for the unconventional Edward and Wallis. Edward knew the whole king business was a farce, and if Wallis had become Queen she would have put some tang into her rôle instead of an overdose of sugar.

a dare

A young woman in Brooklyn recently wrote and gave me the dickens about some things I once wrote in SCRIBNER'S about husbands and wives. She closed with: "I DARE you to print this."

To the Editor of SCRIBNER'S: There is a young woman in Brooklyn who hates me. Had we better fire me? I'm not sure she is a subscriber; she may read SCRIBNER'S at her dentist's (maybe with a sore tooth). But she thinks I'm crazy, and I'm telling you, so you can score one against me.

Now for that dare. This young Brooklyn woman underestimates a writer's ability to *take it*. We love to get any kind of mail, pro or con, fan or pan. (Of course, about 60 per cent pro and 40 per cent con suits us best.) We think of those who compliment us as fine, kindly, discerning people, but when we get a defamatory letter, we dismiss it with: "Oh, well, nobody but a busybody or crackpot writes letters to editors and writers, anyway."

And, if a scathing letter will make a few paragraphs of copy (like this), we'll take any amount of punishment. We need paragraphs.

I've shown my courage about Miss Brooklyn's letter. I'd print the letter itself except that it is just too dull. Miss Brooklyn will have to do better than a dare to get her stuff into magazines. She'll either have to learn to write better, or she'll have to get some editor out and ply him with Daiquiris. The first way would probably be best for all of us, especially the magazine readers.

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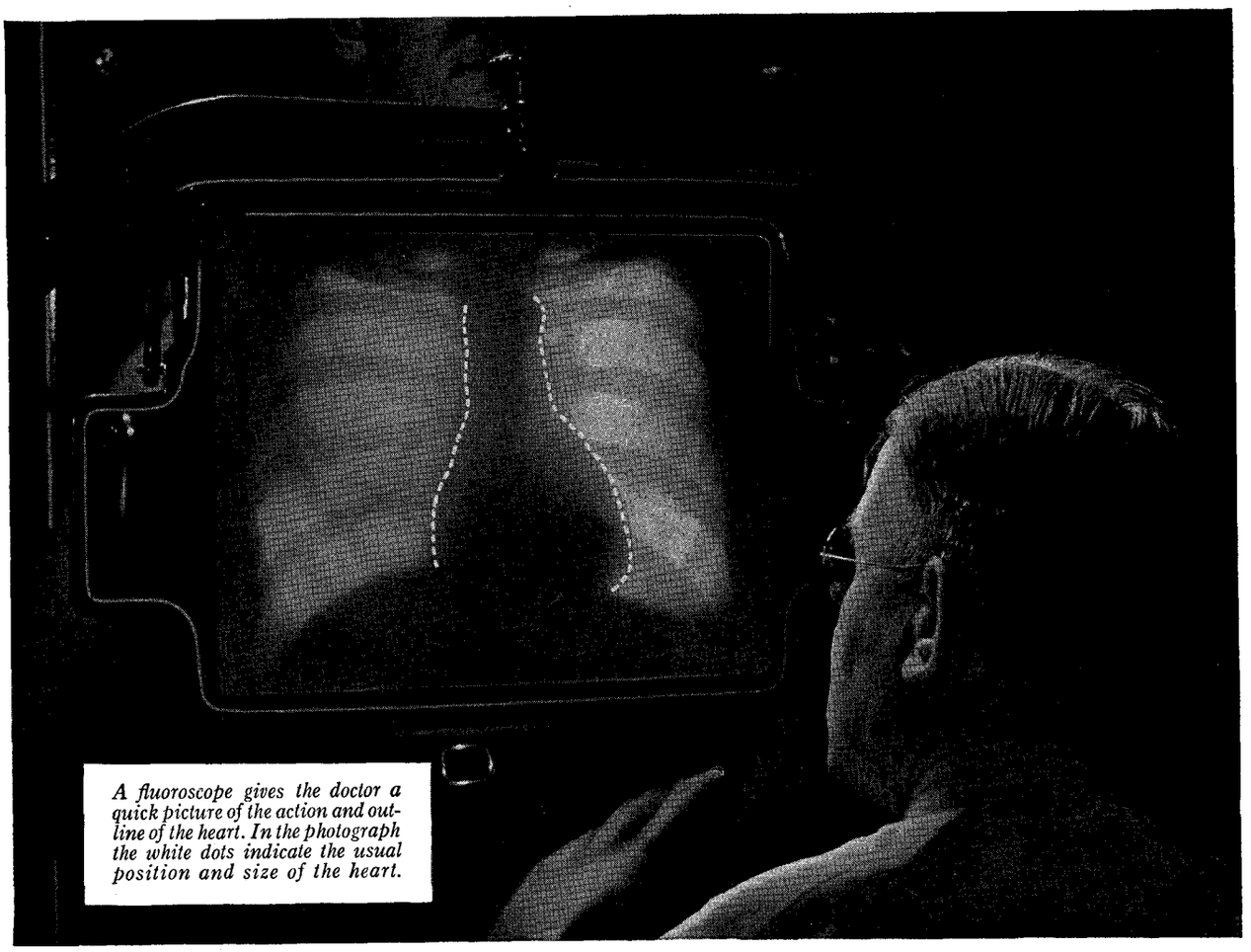

A fluoroscope gives the doctor a quick picture of the action and outline of the heart. In the photograph the white dots indicate the usual position and size of the heart.

Your Heart in Action

YOUR newspaper constantly records sudden deaths from heart attacks. Frequently the victims are in the prime of life, enjoying happy, successful careers — yet they die too soon. Why?

In thousands of cases the victim was unaware that he had heart trouble. Or he may have failed to heed warnings which would have been plain to a doctor. In still other instances, he ignored the doctor's orders to slow down on work and exercise.

The person who knows he has heart trouble is likely to live longer than the one who doesn't suspect it. It is the man who does not know or mistakes the symptoms who is in real danger.

Several common symptoms may indicate heart disease but only a physician can decide whether or not they are serious. "Indigestion" may be a cloak for an impaired heart. Shortness of breath, pounding or fluttering of the heart may be due to nervousness or overwork; or they may be caused by trouble in the heart itself. Irregularities of the heart's beat, pain near the heart, or pains in the arms and armpits may indicate that something is wrong with the heart, or they may be of little importance. Any of these symptoms calls for an early and thorough examination by a physician.

Today physicians know more about diseases of the heart and are better equipped to diagnose and treat them than ever before. When advisable, your doctor may employ the X-ray and the electrocardiograph and other modern devices to determine the condition of your heart. Give him a chance to help you.

Modern medical skill has enabled thousands of men and women with damaged or weakened hearts to lead useful, active lives, because they know what their hearts can and cannot endure.

You can do much to help keep your heart healthy. A postcard will bring you a free copy of the Metropolitan's new booklet "Protecting Your Heart" — or mail this coupon.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., Dept. 1138-S.
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me, without charge or obligation, your new booklet "Protecting Your Heart."

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* — LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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A Stranger Came to Port

(continued from page 27)

"That part of it I don't know myself."

And he had gone. That was the funny angle of it. He had gone quickly that evening without packing and before they could ask more questions and before any of them could attach themselves to him. Yes, he had gone right out to these mudflats on the opposite side of the continent.

He had fled from battle perhaps. He admitted it. But the trouble was that in times gone by not enough people had fled from battles, those battles which are designed and executed for no other apparent reason than merely because somebody with a big mouth wants to be doing something. Hardson was not a wealthy man. Far from it. On returning home he might find that debts and fines and litigations and taxes (state taxes, national taxes, employment taxes, and taxes, taxes, taxes) far outweighed what had been once a healthy enterprise for others as well as himself.

The miniature waves of a passing purse-seiner ever so slightly rocked the houseboat.

But Hardson did not notice.

He was asleep.

V

Some sound on the bay must have awakened him. He listened to hear if Johnny were returning, or had returned, but the yellow rowboat was still absent. This was not at all the way Hardson would have it. He began to worry in earnest now.

Their first meeting had been indeed an odd one. Yet, come to think of it, the meeting had been exactly in keeping with everything else those days—those days so soon after fleeing the Great Blur.

On reaching the harbor Hardson had tried too hard to play all at once. He could see his mistake now. He was doing what an athlete no doubt would call forcing his shots, or stretching too hard for it too quickly. He had wanted to learn everything overnight, it seemed. This new world out here had too much of mystery, and Hardson in his panic of suddenly being on his own at last was still driving himself under the old momentum of routine and work. He still felt he must accomplish something. He must learn the names of all the sea birds within a week.

He had obtained a descriptive list of the local sea birds, he remembered. He had obtained the list from the local museum of natural history, and had walked to where these birds appeared the thickest. It all seemed silly now, of course. But it had not seemed silly then. And he must admit he had chosen the right place. The men in the museum had tipped him off where to go, but they could not be blamed for having failed to mention the necessity of a boat. A boat had been taken for granted—but not by Hardson.

With the list in his hand for immediate reference he had walked out upon the Big Jetty. The low tide had given the jetty a temporary beach, and Hardson had walked and walked, disturbing tons of birds as he walked. He could have been a magician lifting massive poundage into the air, causing it to float aloft, and yet doing it all without muscular effort. Being accustomed all his life to lakes he had paid no attention to the tide, but his eyes were ever on the birds and upon the identifying list in his hand. A sea gull had always been merely a sea gull to him. A sea gull was a sea gull the same as a crow was a crow. But his list showed ring-billed gulls, Glaucous-winged gulls, herring gulls, Western gulls, Heermann gulls—it was all a bit confusing, since all of them appeared to fly quite the same and to squawk quite the same.

It was then he had given up, he remembered. That is, for the time being. He might try it again, but for the moment he would rest. He had seated himself upon one of the giant boulders of the jetty. (What a fool he had been in those days. What a fool. As much a fool as these summer visitors to the beach who all in one day try to become as tanned as the lifeguard.) A handful of surf had plopped up and hit him. He looked back toward the harbor to discover that the jetty was nothing but rocks now, all the sand having been covered over. His tip of the jetty was nothing now but a little island of rocks. The tide had cut several channels across between him and the head. The situation had not been serious. Even he knew that. But the situation could become rather uncomfortable, and he was sure to become wet on his way back.

And then it was that he had seen a rowboat coming toward him, a yellow rowboat. The man in the boat was standing, rowing fisherman fashion, and finally had come to a careless-like halt next Hardson's rocks. The bow had touched nothing, though, although the man in it had seemed quite indifferent.

He had held the boat off and was the first to speak. His words had been quite noncommittal: "If it's lobsters you're after, I got some here."

"It's not," Hardson had admitted, and then he had decided to come clean. "The truth is, sir, I've been one of God's worst idiots. And now I'm caught."

This confession, he believed, had been the beginning of their understanding. For Johnny, no doubt, had been accustomed to the other kind of strangers—the kind who will admit anything except their own damn-foolery. And he had given Hardson a similar chance for wiggling out of it likewise.

So Johnny, at this answer, merely had pushed his boat up to where Hardson could step aboard with the next surf—the surfs this day not being heavy.

"Thanks," Hardson had said, after gaining his balance in the boat. Johnny had grinned and begun the pull toward shore.

VI

From far across the bay Hardson heard the whistle of an incoming clipper—the *Lady of Lisbon's* whistle. He would recognize that whistle, he believed, anywhere at any time. Even among the factory whistles back home in Minneapolis he would still be able to recognize the whistle of the *Lady of Lisbon*. He was sure of it.

He wished he could go down and greet the clipper. This was the clipper which had done so much for him. He not only had gone to sea on her but he also damned near had been killed on her. The present condition of his leg was the testimony, and had it not been for such items as a radio aboard at that end and a Coast Guard plane base at this end he might even now be returning aboard the *Lady of Lisbon* herself. That is, if he had survived to return at all.

Well, he had asked for it.

If his conscious mind had not been asking for it, certainly his subconscious mind had been doing so. And when the dose came it was overdone—far overdone. It would seem as if the piled-up requests of the many years had been an-

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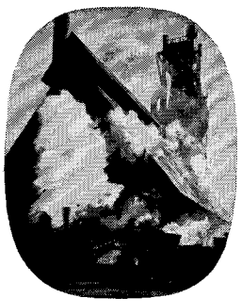

The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Bethlehem Steel Company again presents a quiz with which to confound your friends and family by your knowledge of steel and steel-making.

You need never have been near an open-hearth in order to make a high score, since the majority of the alternatives offered are taken from general information. A score of 50 is good, 80 is excellent and 100 gives you the palm.

Answers are given on page 56. *Score 10 for each correct answer.*

1. Your home probably contains much more steel than you realize. Not including the steel in your car or that used in the construction of your house or apartment building, the American Iron and Steel Institute estimates that the average American household contains:

(*a*) *120 lbs.* (*c*) *600 lbs.*
(*b*) *350 lbs.* (*d*) *1250 lbs.*

2. While a kitchen oven, even on Thanksgiving, seldom gets hotter than about 500 deg. Fahrenheit, the temperature at the base of a blast furnace, in which iron ore is refined into pig iron, is:

(*a*) *600 deg. F.* (*c*) *1550 deg. F.*
(*b*) *800 deg. F.* (*d*) *3000 deg. F.*

3. Even though steel is almost eight times as heavy as water, what shape of a solid piece of steel will float on water:

(*a*) *I-beam* (*c*) *ingot*
(*b*) *needle* (*d*) *H-pile*

4. Which of the following materials was used in making the sides of the famous frigate, "Old Ironsides":

(*a*) *wood* (*c*) *iron*
(*b*) *steel* (*d*) *canvas*

5. One of the following men introduced the 3-high rolling mill to America:

(*a*) *Benjamin Butler* (*c*) *John Fritz*
(*b*) *William Tecumseh Sherman* (*d*) *Eli Whitney*
(*e*) *Ambrose Bierce*

6. The present-day pace of industry calls for "High Speed Steel" because it is one of the following:

(*a*) *An alloy steel with a uniform marking on the end of the billet to designate the kind.*
(*b*) *A carbon steel used for the rims of the wheels on streamline trains.*
(*c*) *Tool steel that holds its cutting edge even when hot.*
(*d*) *Raw steel that can be forged quickly.*

7. It takes a lot of steel to make the billions of tin cans used each year, because each can is .... per cent steel:

(*a*) *59 per cent* (*c*) *99 per cent*
(*b*) *83 per cent* (*d*) *10 per cent*

8. There is an ever-increasing demand by modern industry for high tensile steel because it is:

(*a*) *Soft and can be molded into streamline shapes.*
(*b*) *Rough-textured so that its surface takes the new enamels better.*
(*c*) *Rust-proof and need not be painted.*
(*d*) *Stronger yet lighter in weight.*

9. Of the six names listed below, one is that of a steel plant which has been famous for fifty years for the quality of its steel bar production:

(*a*) *Camelot* (*c*) *Cambria* (*e*) *Beirut*
(*b*) *Thebes* (*d*) *Lübeck* (*f*) *Clifton Forge*

10. All except one of the following bodies of water have been spanned by a bridge built by Bethlehem Steel Company:

(*a*) *Hudson River* (*c*) *Long Island Sound*
(*b*) *Ohio River* (*d*) *Golden Gate*

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swered all at once, even as if the secretary of men's fates had suddenly come across Hardson's stack of unanswered requisitions and had dismissed them quickly with one grand flourish of generosity.

For the preposterous accident which had deluged him, the novitiate, was of a type which had passed by the veteran fishermen during their years and years of working the banks. A few of the fishermen had had close shaves with the same type of thing, and some had been injured by much the same type of performance, but none of them had ever been nailed to the hull—actually nailed to it—by the sword of a two-hundred-pound marlin.

Of course, if Hardson had been less awkward around tuna clippers and had had that second sight of intuition which comes with experience, the sword would have perhaps escaped him. There would not have been such an important accident, and there would have been only a minor dent in the hull of the *Lady of Lisbon,* a dent which would have been patched easily and forgotten.

Certainly the bewildered marlin had not deliberately gone after Hardson, nor had it deliberately gone after the boat, for that matter. The marlin merely had tried to thrash itself free from the short wire line of three tuna fishermen working in unison with their three poles in a bridle.

These three bridled fishermen working the rack had not wanted the marlin either. It was no good to them. It had no commercial value. It merely was making an expensive nuisance of itself inside the tuna school. The fishermen were as anxious to be free of the marlin as the marlin was anxious to be free of the fishermen.

The short wire line would not break, nor were the three bridled fishermen especially anxious to have the line break. This would have caused a lot more work, a lot more delay, during those valuable but heated moments of working a tuna school.

The three fishermen had cried for a gaff. They would kill the wild-eyed thing and get it out of the way before it did real damage. This is what they always did anyway when their busy lines became entangled with such riff-raff as marlins or sharks. Sea lions were a blooming bother, too, around a hot tuna school, but sea lions rarely gobbled the squidded hooks themselves, and could be shot.

Hardson, the only one aboard who did not know the tremendous art of catching tuna as these professionals knew it, was also the only one aboard whose hands for the moment were free of work. He brought the gaff while the infuriated marlin continued spinning on its tail there next the hull.

To reach the marlin with the gaff, Hardson threw one leg over the gunwale to step upon the guardrail. He could swing out from there the better to drive the gaff into the marlin's head. This was not an especially smart thing to do under the circumstances, yet it did seem about the only thing to do.

The effort may have worked, too, had not a sardine, heaved out of the live-bait tank for coaxing the tuna, become lodged somehow upon this exact spot of the guardrail where Hardson stepped. His foot slipped upon the sardine, and not only did his foot slip but also his entire body.

He clung there with one arm over the gunwale and one leg touching water, and the timing was in perfect keeping with the marlin's next lunge, blinding and aimless though it may have been. Hardson was spiked fast.

The sword snapped from the whipping contact against flesh, bone, and hull—but mostly hull—the marlin, without its sword now, vanished with a skip and a dive, the fishermen letting it go along with their three bridled poles.

The three poles along with their bridle gear bobbed upon the sea, sank and rebobbed at a crazy pace, and along with them went the entire tuna school, tuna being that curious about everything, even bobbing poles. The school followed the poles and was seen no more.

But Hardson had seen little if any of that. All he was aware of, actually, was the amazement of being hurt, and the wonderment of how badly he was hurt, and the quick crushing flame of helplessness. Somebody's arms had sprung from somewhere to hold him from dropping. The sword there in his leg could have made even more of a mess of him had he dropped. Everybody said so afterwards. Everybody said a lot afterwards while waiting for the Coast Guard amphibian to intercept the clipper.

The clipper had not been without a medical chest of sorts. The law requires such a chest on these vessels. But the fishermen had been wary of just how to use the various bottles. The captain alone had the legal right to administer the morphine, and the captain had done so as best he could. Everyone aboard had done something as best he could. And the experiments must have worked to some extent at least, as Hardson even now could not remember a great deal about those hours of being stretched out on deck while men in the crow's nest kept eyes on the northern sky. But so wisely frightened were these fishermen of fish poisoning, or from any wounds or cuts caused by a fish, that the engineer had rigged a hose from the live-bait pump to maintain a steady wash through Hardson's leg at all times. This is why he had been kept out on deck.

Such a treatment, coupled with their old standby iodine, may not have been the proper one. They themselves would not have sworn to it, but at least they had tried it. And look, he still had his leg.

The clipper's wireless operator, a splendid young fellow, had hardly waited for the captain's orders before sending out the well known N. C. U.—N. C. U.—N. C. U.—sufficient to contact the nearest Coast Guard station. And the new Douglass-Dolphin, with its cruising radius of six hundred miles at ninety knots, had responded so accurately that its appearance over the northern horizon was almost within a half-hour of the estimate by the clipper's navigator.

A king or a dictator could not have received quicker service. A pharmacist's mate had accompanied the plane along with the pilot and mechanic, and Johnny had insisted on being with Hardson in the plane, too, going back.

One contact, prearranged by radio, had been made for refueling during the return. But Hardson did not remember that. Somebody told him about it later. But poor Johnny. He had not wanted, in the first place, to make the cruise on the clipper. He had said, as Hardson remembered, that tuna fishing was no fun. It was work.

VII

The quick taps of high heels sounded upon the gangplank.

Hardson bit down upon his lip and held it tight.

But the woman's voice, when he heard it, was one he did not recognize. He released his lip and breathed more easily.

The voice asked: "The door's open. May I come right in?"

"Certainly. Walk right through. Sorry there's no light."

"I can find my way, I think."

"Watch out for the table," Hardson said. "It's in the middle of the floor."

"Thanks. I've found it. Is Johnny home?"

"No."

"Oh."

She came through the houseboat and out upon the little veranda. She stood there studying Hardson as well as she could through the yellow shadows of

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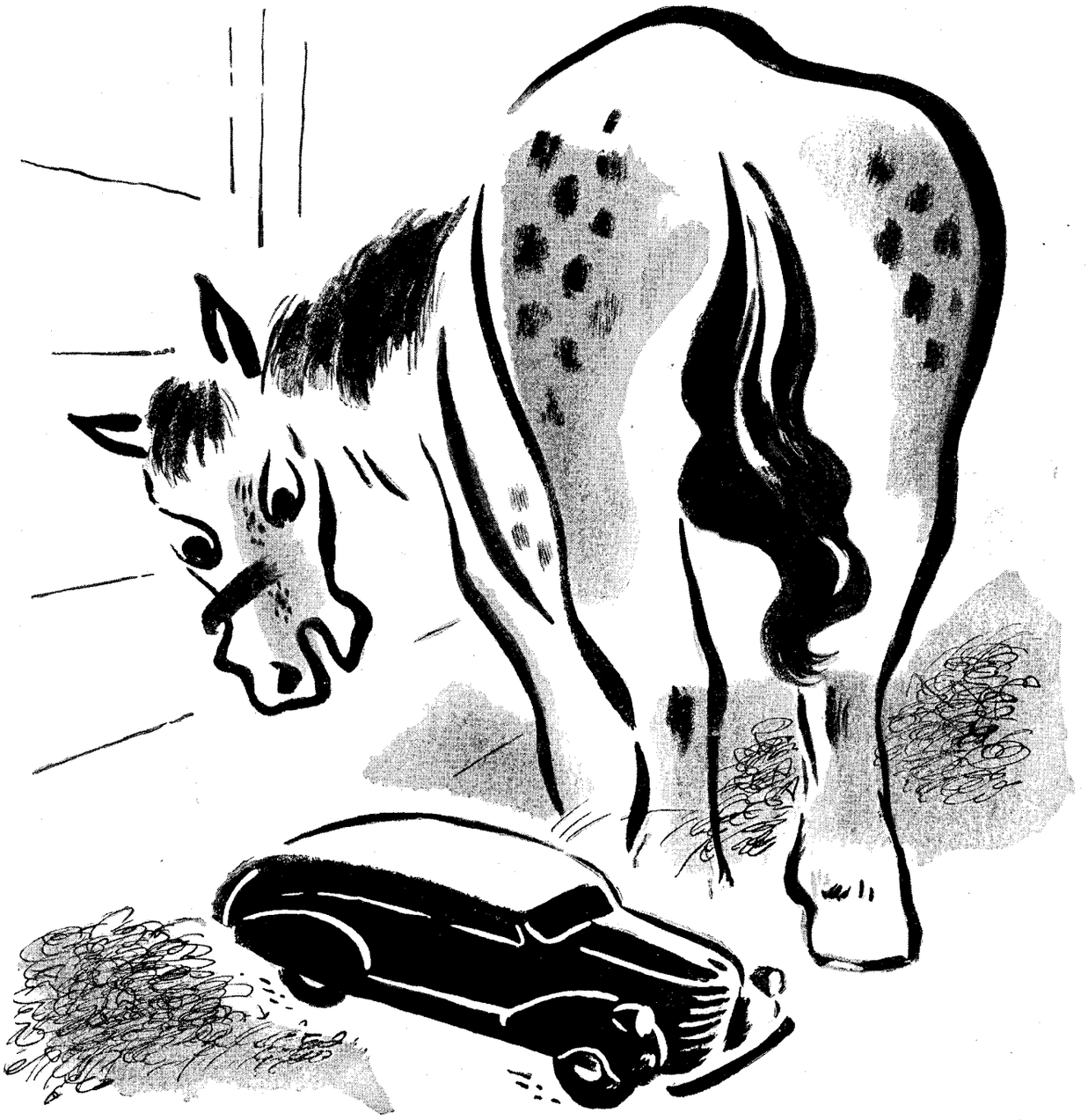

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the moon. He studied her too. She seemed to be nicely enough dressed, and with a fashionable tilt to her hat. But he could not determine her age nor even approximate it.

"You'll have to excuse me." She nodded. "I had hoped to find Johnny and surprise him—like I used to do."

"It's quite all right. Sit down. There's only that box to offer."

She had been looking at the contraption around his leg, so now she mentioned it. "Quite serious?"

"It was—once."

"I'm sorry. When will Johnny be back?"

"I wish to heaven I knew. He's been gone too long. I'm worried."

"You mean hours? Or days?"

"Hours."

"Oh. Then he should be back soon. Mind if I wait a little while?"

"Wait as long as you like. If you want a drink you'll find some brandy on a shelf inside there."

"Would you mind? I think I would like a drink. It would remind me of our old times down here. May I get you one?"

"Just a little one, please. If I take too much it makes my leg itch. The glasses—I mean the cups are by the bottle."

"I'll find them." She disappeared inside the houseboat.

"I've found the glass—and, good, here's a cup." She returned with them to the veranda and set them upon the railing. "We'll take it straight, I suppose."

"Yes. That is, unless you'd like water."

"No. Not with cognac." She poured the two drinks.

She brought the cup over to him, then made a slight gesture of a toast with her own glass. "Well, here's to—dare I say it?"

"Sure. Go right ahead. I'm toasting right along with you." He held his cup outright.

"Here's to any number of years ago —more or less." She drank. "And so with that confession I feel better."

"Fine," Hardson answered, tasting his own. "Maybe now we both feel better."

The moon was reaching the acme of its night's career, and soon would have no more future in store for it except to descend. This might be his last moon on these waters, his last moon from this houseboat.

"You're a very considerate host," she said, "not to ask me a million questions. Most persons would have asked me how I came to know Johnny might be found here in this houseboat of yours—if he could be found at all. Yes, there are a lot of questions you could be asking."

"It's really none of my concern," Hardson answered.

"May I help myself to another drink?"

"Sure."

"The trouble with me is when I drink I *might* start talking. All the more on account of you not asking me questions. If you demanded answers from me I probably wouldn't give'm. But—oh well." She downed her second brandy with a quickness which impressed Hardson as being a more skilled quickness than she had shown with the first.

"That one was to Johnny," she said.

"I take it you like him."

"Like him? I could hold him under water till he drowned." She poured herself another, this time without asking.

Hardson knew he should feel a bit guilty sitting here so sober, listening and noticing too how her grammar already was starting to become slightly chipped around the edges. But strangely enough he was feeling no guilt whatsoever.

After her fifth drink she apologized: "I'm not drunk. Don't get scared. I can take it. But I've been laying off so long now—not good for my business—that this tonight makes me feel good. Very good. Very, very, very, very, *very* good. Who are you, please?"

"I didn't ask who you are."

"That's right. You didn't. So we'll just check the question. But if you want to know who I am, really want to know—"

"Be careful. Nobody's asking."

"Thanks. You're kind. Very, very, very, *very* kind. May I just sit here?"

"Sure."

"Don't let me get drunk. I don't want Johnny to see me drunk."

"Give me the bottle, then."

She passed the bottle to him, and he put it behind his chair out of sight.

"If I ask for it throw it away," she said.

"Be quiet for a while and maybe you'll feel better. This bay air will fix you up in no time."

"Do you know what Johnny and I used to do?"

"No. Johnny never tells me anything."

"Then he never told you about—ME-eeeee?"

"Afraid not."

"Oh."

For a long time she remained silent. Hardson admitted to himself he could not make her out, and her language varied so. Sometimes it had the studied correctness of a platform speaker, while again—well, while again.

"I wish he'd hurry and come back,"

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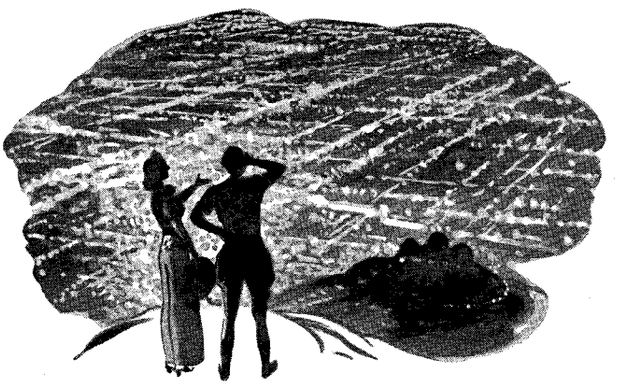
"YOU *Southern Californians* ARE TOO MODEST"



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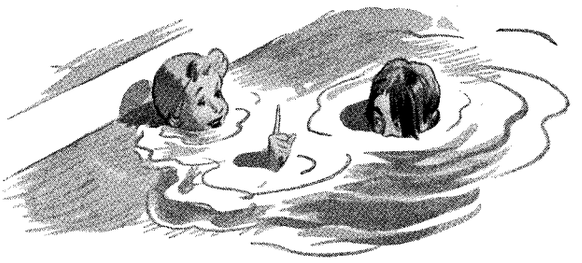

"Where do many of our newest fashions come from—copied by New York and Paris? And our tennis stars? And our movies? And our popular songs?...People here are ***doing things.*** The place is alive and exciting. You have your depressions and unemployment problems like the rest of us, but you meet them with a smile. I've never known a place so gay. If I were you, I'd tell people that Southern California is as good a tonic for the mind as for the body – that it's *twice* as stimulating as other vacation lands."

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"You've sprained your adjectives describing the scenery... the snow-capped peaks and warm green valleys, purple deserts and smiling seacoast, glaciers and 'ghost towns', pine woods and orange groves...thrilling contrasts right here in your front yard...it's all true, but ***I still say you're too modest...***

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she said. "Then maybe almost I wish he wouldn't. I shouldn't be here except—except I wanted him to see me maybe. I don't think he ever thought I could dress and be rich the way I am. Please, I need another drink. Just another little one like this." She indicated with her fingers.

Hardson hesitated. Her spirits were dropping too low too fast. It might be better to play safe. "All right. But let me regulate the pouring. Hand me your glass." He gave her only a three-quarter portion this time.

She drank what was given her. "That's the first I've touched for two months, or did I tell you that?"

"I think maybe you did."

"Yes, I guess maybe I did. Have you ever hunted abalones?"

"Sure," Hardson answered.

"I mean have you ever gone right out up to your neck in water hunting them? Right up to your neck?"

"That's the only way you can hunt them," Hardson said. "Unless you dive for them from a boat."

"Johnny and I used to hunt them all the time. We'd go out rowing to some beach where there was some reef and nobody around, and we'd pry 'em off, pound 'em on rocks, slice 'em, fry 'em, eat 'em right there. Sometimes I'd come back all sunburned and that wouldn't help me in my work either."

Hardson was curious to know exactly what her work was, but he refrained from asking. He felt that perhaps the answer would come of its own accord in time. It did.

"That's when I was working in the Canary Cottage," she said. "It's not here now. But you remember it, I suppose."

"No. I'm a comparative newcomer. But I've heard of it."

"Everybody's heard of it, I guess. It used to be right across from the Old Stingray. But we had no use for the girls over there. They were four-bit and dollar girls. You're sure Johnny's never mentioned you to me?"

"You mean you to me?" Hardson corrected.

"That's what I said—Oh I get it. Funny, isn't it: I'm getting all tangled up. But the lady who ran the Cottage—I think she's dead now—used to say to me: 'See here, Dixie, I don't mind you going out for boat rides with your companion on the side so long's you don't bring him around here. For I'm telling you, Dixie, the two don't mix in this business. You've got to be impartial or you'll ruin your career.' That's what she used to say, and there's a lot in it."

Hardson now felt obliged to take another sip of his own cognac.

"I've never talked so much to anybody," she said. "But you knowing Johnny and me knowing Johnny makes it different, I guess. You're sure he's coming back tonight?"

"God, I hope so."

"He's a great one." Her words were more of a sigh than a statement. "He'd make me so mad. How mad he used to make me nobody'll know. Do you know what he used to do? He used to insist on paying me the regular price whether—well, you know—whether on some beach or at sea in his boat or wherever it was. It'd make me so mad I'd throw the money back at him and he'd throw it back at me again and laugh: 'Don't forget. You're a professional.' That's the funny way he had of reminding me all the time. If I'd wanted to toss over my career, then was my chance. But he'd never say so outright. Johnny never tries to tell anybody else what they should do, you know."

"Yes, I know." Hardson had to take another sip.

"It's not that he had the money to give away. He didn't. But he'd then turn right around and charge me for the lobsters or the abalones or fish he'd give me to take back to the Cottage. 'I'm a professional too,' he'd say. And it'd make me so mad, but that same two dollars changed hands back and forth between us I don't know how many times one summer. It might sound funny to you, but I could've killed him."

She put her glass to her lips, but the glass was empty. She carried it over to Hardson.

"Please, just another little one again—or I might start to bawl—cry, I mean. I keep forgetting. Damn him, anyhow. I think he proposed to me once, if you could call it a proposal. He said when I'd stop being a professional he'd stop paying me. Would you call that a proposal or wouldn't you? I don't know. What do you think?"

"I don't know either," Hardson answered.

"Neither do I. But I had a future, I did. You know, a future. That's what I had, a future. I had a—"

"I heard," Hardson interrupted.

"You heard. That's good. You heard. Besides I liked my work too much. Not that I'd a-wanted to marry him or him me. He thinks marriage should be against the law. But we might've been together yet, I bet. He said I'd have to learn how to haul up lobster traps. That's the way he put it. And would you call that a proposal?"

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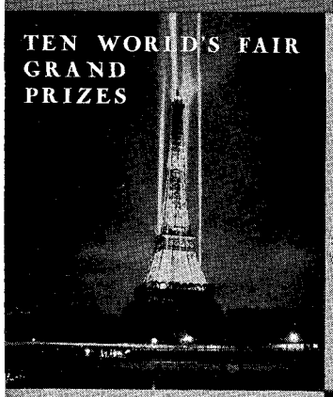

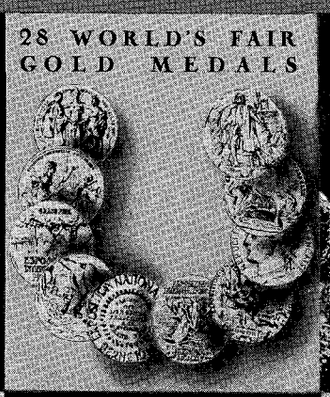

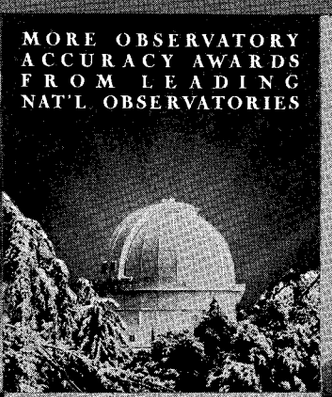

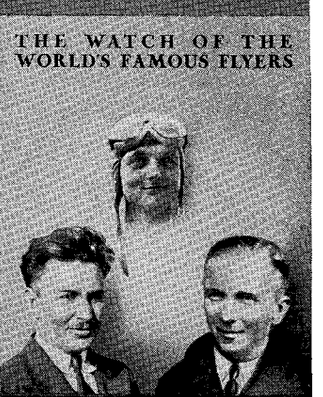

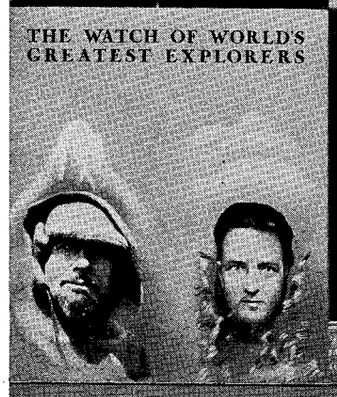

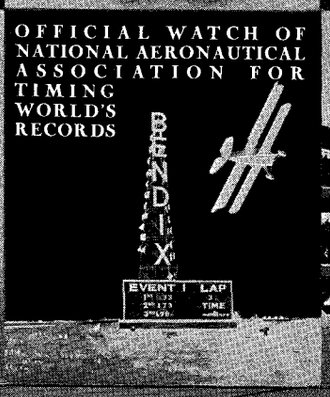

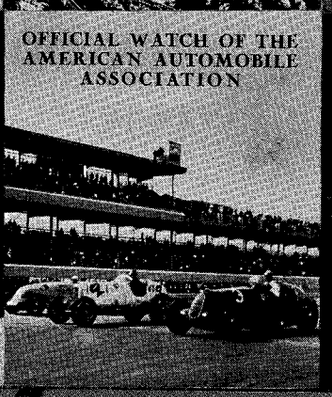

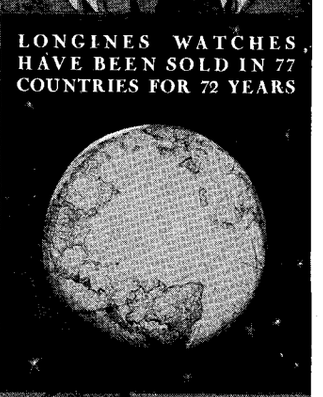

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8S8B. 17 Jewels, 14-K Solid Gold, Diamond Set, $100.00
8S2. 17 Jewels, Finest Iridium Platinum Diamond Set, $240.00
8S28—Gold Medal. 17 Jls., Gold Filled, $50.00
8S29—Gold Medal. 17 Jls., Gold Filled, $50.00
8S10—Presentation. 17 Jewels, 14-K Natural Solid Gold, $85.00
8S13—Frank Bacon. 17 Jls., Gold Filled, $37.50
ME. Inclinet. 17 Jls., Gold Filled, $37.50
8S2
8S25
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"Here, hand me your glass," Hardson suggested quickly. "We don't allow crying around here."

"Just a little, if you don't mind. Just a very, very little." She handed him her glass, then touched next her cheekbone with the sleeve of her tailored coat.

"Here," he said. "Take this. But try to hold onto it. Don't gulp it all at once."

"Thank you so much." But she gulped it. The glass was as empty as before.

"All right," he warned her. "That's the last you get. I'm going to throw the bottle overboard." Only a couple of swallows at most were left in it anyway. He held it up ready for the toss.

But she did not seem to mind nor even notice.

"See it," he threatened again. "You broke your promise. It's going overboard. One, two—here it goes—"

Still she paid no attention.

He had to go on through with it. "Three," he said, and tossed the bottle. It hit the water with a hollow plump.

"Was that a fish?" she asked.

He shook his head hopelessly. "No."

"If Johnny doesn't come back soon," she said, "I'll have to go. I don't feel good. But I wanted him to see me first. He never saw me nor me him after I got married."

"Married?"

"Oh sure—to one of my regular customers in the Cottage. A nice enough guy but a son of a—pardon me, I forgot where I was. I mean he used to work the old Tiajuana track, the old one. You know, the old one. It's the one they don't use now, the old one, the very old one. The one—"

"Sure, the old one." Hardson nodded.

"But he got run off. He took me to Chicago with him and worked me in some places he opened there. Nice houses. I own them now. That's why I got money now and can dress like this. I learned how. I wanted to show Johnny I made—well, you know—that I've made out better'n he expected. I suppose you'd put it that way."

"Yes, I suppose so. And your husband?"

"Still in Chicago." She paused for a moment. "Yes, so far's I know he's still there—in Evergreen Cemetery."

"Oh, I'm sorry. That's too bad."

"Is it?"

"Of course—" Hardson was fumbling now "—of course you'd know more about that than I would."

"I do. His death was easy."

"Accident, then I take it?"

She hesitated, then hunched one shoulder. "A jury tried for two months to find out." She rose from the railing. She attempted to shake her clothes back to their former immaculateness.

"I'm tired of waiting," she said. With a sudden return of dignity, she stood up and marched across the gangplank into the darkness.

VIII

He heard Johnny's voice coming across the water long before seeing the rowboat. But Hardson heard more than one voice. He heard at least three voices, the Portuguese predominating.

Hardson's arms dropped limply to his sides from relief. He blew a long breath up into his face. Yes, fears are funny things.

The men were in mighty high spirits. No doubt about that. But as for himself he was glad he had held down on his drinking tonight. For here by the shore in this setting no anæsthesia was necessary. Even the mudflats were not mudflats as such. It was a field of platinum and gold and silver filigree. If he should become stupefied with drink, he might miss something, some minute vibration, something which in this new game of his he would be at liberty to say: "Ah, that is good. That is one more item for storage in my suitcase." In this way no pleasure seemed transitory. In this way he could not begrudge this offshoot he had made from the mechanical requirements of living, nor accuse himself of wasting the moment or the hour or the day. This suitcase game took charge of all that, for, look—he still had the property. He could reach into his memory and all these moments would still be there. No, he did not have to become stupefied with drink this night before obtaining the aura of splendor.

"Stiffleg, wake up! Company's coming!"

"I'm awake," Hardson called back over the water.

A Portuguese broke in: "You well had better be! Two hun'red ton she caught! Walla-walla-whoop! Think of that. Two hun'red ton—on shares!"

"Who caught?"

"We did!" The Portugese were yelling it now. "We did! The *Lady of Lisbon!*"

"In that case," Hardson laughed,—"in that case I'll let you aboard."

"Awful damn nice of you," said Johnny. "We brought some bread."

The rowboat drew alongside the rail. Hardson recognized the two fishermen with Johnny. One was Curley. One was Sam. Curley was the largest, and also he was the first over the railing and onto the veranda. He came over to Hardson

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but stopped on seeing the leg stretched out there.

Curley grinned: "What in name of God you wearing? It looks like part of the *Lisbon's* engine."

"Maybe it is," Hardson grinned back. "I swiped it. But that sure is fine about your catch. Very glad to hear it. Sure is fine."

"You bet. You bet. It means now I get me a suit for Sunday. We brought something for you. Want to see it?"

"Sure."

Sam began unwrapping a spongy newspaper off a package, but it was the wrong package. It was another bottle of wine. "Not that. Not that. Where is it, I say?"

"Oh, she is here," Curley said. "She is here inside my shirt. I keep her here. I forget." He reached down inside himself and slowly drew out another package also wound within a sheet of newspaper. "Here you are. Here you are. How do you like her?"

"Thanks." Hardson unwound the wrapping. Inside was what was left of the broken-off sword which had torn through his leg.

"I pick her up off the deck. But Sam here—he's the one who scraped her and put her in brine. She won't ever go bad. You can put a ribbon on her, keep her, and she won't ever go bad."

Hardson, holding the stubby gift, wondered just what he should do or say.

But Johnny interrupted: "Give it to me. I'll sell the damned thing. Won't get more'n a quarter for it, though. It's nicked."

"You'll not sell this." Hardson tried his best to show enthusiasm. He even added a lie. "I want it."

Curley broke out into a song all his own. Sam and Johnny tried to catch up with him, but the timing had too much of an impromptu pace to it. They gave up and took swigs from the wine bottle instead. Then Johnny broke open a bundle of long stick-bread, a leftover from the *Lisbon's* cruise no doubt.

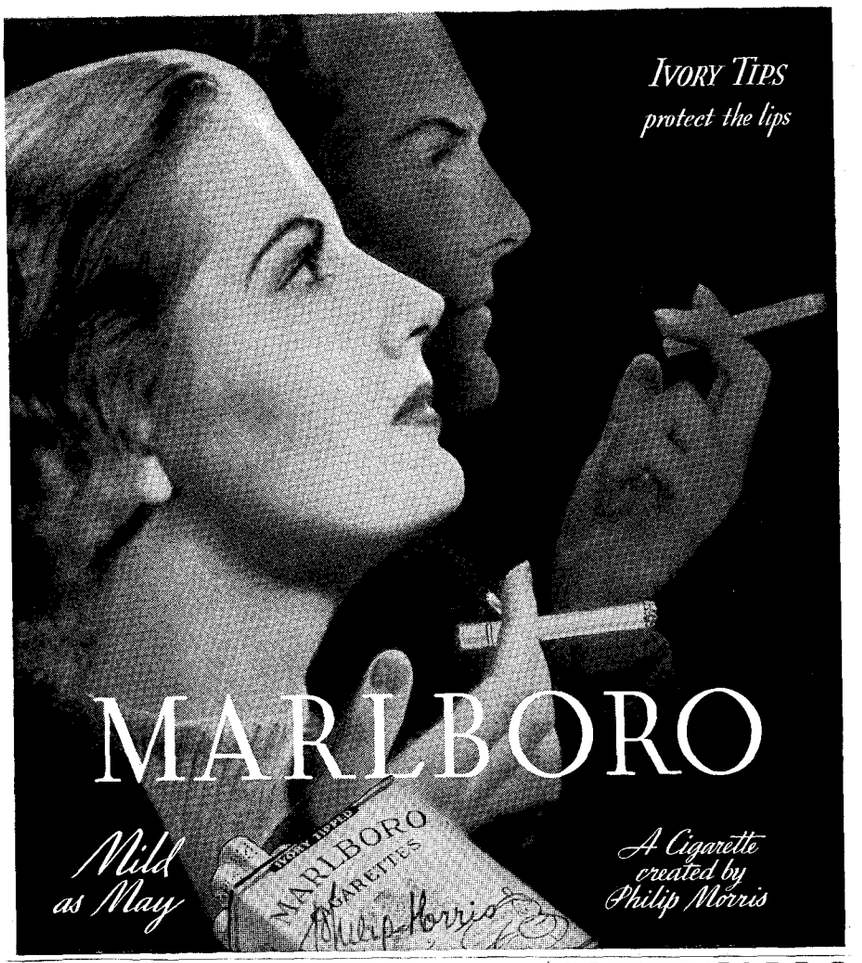
"How about it, Stiffleg? Want a bite?"

"Sure thing."

"Here you are then. Catch." Johnny tossed a broken-off lump into Hardson's lap. Johnny then went inside the houseboat and returned with a blanket off the bunk there. He dropped the blanket over Hardson. "Just to cover you up so my friends won't have to look at you. Boy, you're a beauty."

"I haven't seen you winning any prizes, either," Hardson answered, helping Johnny arrange the blanket over both legs.

"Here, and put one corner over your



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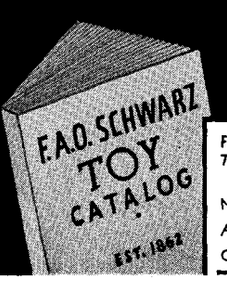

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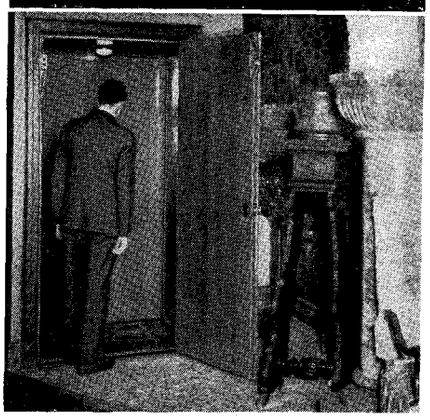

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Answers to "Bethlehem Quiz"

(See page 47)

1. (c) 600 lbs. in such diverse forms as ash trays and bed springs. If you have mechanical refrigeration, about 934 lbs.

2. (d) 3000 deg. F.

3. (b) Needle. Because of the light weight of the needle and its elongated shape, the surface tension of the water acts as a sort of skin and supports it.

4. (a) Wood. Iron and steel were not generally used in building naval vessels until after the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" of Civil War fame.

5. (c) John Fritz. Against considerable opposition, John Fritz had the first 3-high-mill in America erected at Cambria plant. It was used for rolling rails and marked a long forward stride in the improvement of rolling mill practice.

6. (c) Tool steel that holds its cutting edge when hot. The first high-speed tool steels made in this country were developed by Frederick W. Taylor and Maunsel White in the Bethlehem laboratories. Their findings were made public in 1900.

7. (c) 99 per cent steel. The tin on a tin can is about 1/10,000 of an inch thick. The steel is approximately 1/100 of an inch thick.

8. (d) High tensile steels, like Bethlehem's Mayari R, permit great savings in dead weight without sacrifice of strength.

9. (c) Cambria. Located at Johnstown, Pa., the Cambria plant of Bethlehem Steel Company has long been noted for the high quality of its products. It has been called "the cradle in which the great improvements in rolling mill practice were rocked."

10. (c) Long Island Sound. Bethlehem Steel Company, the largest steel construction company in the world built among others the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson, the Sciotoville Bridge over the Ohio, and the Golden Gate Bridge.

face too," Johnny said. "And try not to talk so much. All you do is talk, talk, talk." While flipping the blanket Johnny whispered into Hardson's ear: "Sixty-five cents we got tonight. Sixty-five cents. See." He showed the coins. "I found them floating in on high tide."

"That's fine," Hardson whispered back. "That's fine."

"So now you can start paying the hospital." Johnny paused, then added: "You see, I don't like too many cops coming around. It's not smart."

"I agree with you," Hardson answered. "I'll try to be more careful. But do you know something?"

"Yes."

"Do you know you've got your bloody hand pressing down on my harness."

"Sure," said Johnny, removing the hand. "Sure. It's what the doctor told me to keep doing." Johnny turned to Curley. "Listen, Curley, who's going to help you pick out your suit?"

"Nobody, I pick out my own. Why?"

"Just wondering. There's a suit inside the house here that hasn't been worn much."

"Say—" said Hardson.

"It'll just fit you, Curley. Ten dollars."

But Curley objected. "Don't make me laugh. I pay sixteen for mine."

"You'll like it. The suspenders go with it."

"I use a belt."

"It's got a place for a belt too," Johnny insisted.

"Blaaa. What's her color?"

"Gray."

"Blaaa. Has she a vest?"

"Yes."

"Blaaa. I'll take a look at her."

"Now you've done it," said Hardson to Johnny.

"What the hell do you care? You never use it." With that Johnny started inside the houseboat, but Hardson stopped him.

"No. Wait, Johnny. I don't want to take Curley's money."

"But it's too late. He wants it. He asked for it. You're saving him—" Johnny paused to do some mental arithmetic. "You're saving him six dollars."

"No, Johnny. I may tell you why afterwards. But I can't tell you right now. But if Curley wants the suit let him have it. Let him have it—say—in exchange for that sword."

"I give up," Johnny said, returning from the doorway to the railing. "I give up. No deal, Curley. No deal. All off."

"No, it's not either all off," Hardson interrupted. "You go get that suit. And if it fits Curley he can have it. And if it doesn't fit Curley it might fit Sam. And Sam can have it."

"It'll not fit either of them," Johnny said. "I knew it all the time. Let's sing."

" 'Pretty Maimie.' " The suggestion was Curley's. "Let 'er go." He was off to a winning headstart. It would be up to the others to overtake him, this being Curley's idea of choir-leading.

But just as they were finishing as best they could, Hardson, who had been silent the while, saw overhead the green and red lights of the night passenger plane. The plane was making its customary crossing of the mudflats preparatory to circling for the landing field. This would be the regular plane from the East.

"Let me sing too," Hardson said quickly between lulls. "Let me sing too. What'll we sing?"

" 'Pretty Maimie.' " The suggestion again was Curley's.

They sang, and this time they all finished together.

The plane would be landing by now.

Hardson turned to Johnny: "Where else around here we got any wine? Look on the second shelf. I think I remember a bottle there."

"Sure," said Johnny. "There's a bottle there. And we got three more in the rowboat."

"Get the one on the shelf first. No, wait a minute." Hardson caught Johnny by the trouser leg and drew him back. Hardson lowered his voice. "I'd better tell you now. You had a visitor."

"Me? A visitor? Who?"

"She said you'd remember her as Dixie."

"Dixie? Dixie?" Johnny turned the name over. "Oh, you mean Dixie."

"That's what I said."

"In trouble?" Johnny asked.

"Not that I know of. She said she wanted to go boat riding, but couldn't wait."

"I see." But whatever else Johnny saw, Hardson for the present was not destined to know—if he ever would know. For Johnny, without another word, continued on into the houseboat.

IX

THE promise of another day was reaching its first experimental feelers over the eastern ridge and over the harbor itself. But daylight proper would not be for an hour or so. The bay wore a different costume now, a gown of transparent mauve. All night long she had been doing that, always changing from one colored frock to another, proud of her inexhaustible wardrobe.

Johnny, Curley, and Sam (his real

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name was Sampson) were asleep on the deck of the veranda. They were sleeping sitting up, their backs against the railing. Curley was wearing Hardson's suit, the suit he had worn in the train coming here.

Hardson alone was awake, the blanket about his legs. He could be sleeping too, he knew, if he cared to do so. It was quiet enough. But he still did not care to do so. He still did not wish to miss a minute of this—for storage in his suitcase.

Johnny's eyes opened. He shook his head and stood up, stretching as he did so.

"Howdy, Stiffleg. How goes the battle? Guess I'll go inside and make some coffee."

"Some coffee would be good," Hardson said. And Johnny, after clearing his throat over the rail with one grand spit, went into the houseboat.

When he returned with a pot of coffee, he poured as much as he could into the larger of the two cups. He handed the cup to Hardson: "Here, sailor, take this. How do you feel?"

"Fine."

"That's lucky for you," Johnny said, "because there's a car up there just stopped."

Hardson neither drank his coffee nor answered.

The muscles of his neck, he noticed, had suddenly tightened, and now he did his best to unloosen them to become himself again. If all night he had been expecting such an announcement to come sooner or later, then now was no time to be surprised by it.

"The lights look like a cop's car," Johnny said.

Hardson for the first time sipped his coffee. "Listen, Johnny." He sipped again, then made a new start. "Listen, Johnny, I've been one great big liar to you. Do you want to hear about it—while there's still time?"

"Say, listen yourself. When it comes to telling lies—" Johnny ended the sentence by pointing to himself.

"No. This is a real serious lie. It's the kind of a lie you don't like."

"I like 'em all." Johnny hunched his shoulders. "So whatever it is, don't say it."

"Very well." Hardson drank his coffee in earnest now, then glanced over his cup as he spoke. "During the next five minutes or so you'll likely catch quite an earful. All I ask is that you stick around till it's over."

"I'll stick," Johnny nodded, "unless it starts putting me to sleep—"

Taps—the taps to which Hardson had become so accustomed—sounded upon the gangplank. But this time the taps were much softer, as if the visitor were trying deliberately to be quiet.

Hardson called: "Who is it?"

"Me. The chief. I didn't know you were up."

"Come on back. We're on the veranda."

The chief walked through the houseboat. He reached the veranda and stood there grinning. In one hand was a flashlight. It was not lit. The dawn had overtaken him and in the last few minutes had made the flashlight unnecessary. In his other hand was a telegram, already opened.

"I thought I'd just leave you a present by the front door. Thought you'd be asleep long before now."

"But how about yourself?" Hardson asked.

"Me?" The chief shook his head. "I never sleep nights. I like nights best. Got in the habit years ago when on a beat."

"Oh," said Hardson, his eyes on the telegram.

"It came to me," the chief explained. "Not to you. So I opened it, of course. But it's really for you, I take it."

"From my family, I suppose?" Hardson took the telegram.

"No. Just from Mrs. Hardson. Here, I'll hold the flashlight if you need it."

"Don't need it."

"I think your wife's very clever," the chief added.

". . . so please convey to my husband that under no circumstances do I wish to appear to be interfering with his plans, whatever they may be. I am overjoyed he is well and that he is located, but also let him know I understand as well as he does that I would appear silly rushing there to drag him back . . ."

Hardson finished the telegram, but continued holding it, fumbling it.

The chief was the first to speak: "I thought you'd be happy about it. What do you make of it?"

Hardson had to smile. He could recognize defeat. "The same thing you do, Chief. My wife *is* very clever."

"Sure. Sure thing."

"Sure," Hardson admitted.

"Sure," the chief interrupted. "Sure, for I suppose there's not much fun in a kid playing hooky the day a holiday's been declared. Or don't I put it quite right?"

"Maybe something or other like that. I don't just quite know." Hardson turned to Johnny. "Please bring out another cup, eh? If you can find one. The chief may want some coffee too."

"Yes, I would." The chief nodded.

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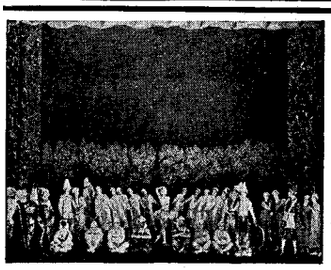

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"Yes, I would very much. I always like a little this time in the morning before ringing off. An old habit, too, I suppose. How's your leg, Mr. Hardson?"

"Fine, I guess."

"That's good." The chief swung about and faced Johnny, catching his eye just as he was entering the doorway for the cup. "By the way, Johnny, we picked up a woman last night. A bit tight. She kept mumbling your name, and then went to sleep."

"So," said Johnny.

"Yep. She's up there now sleeping it off." The chief did not move his eye off Johnny, and Johnny did not move his eye off the chief. "Yep. We identified her. Dressed pretty good too. But she's just been closed out of Chicago. Said something about coming here to go into business with you. A good joke, huh?"

"Not very. Depends on what you intend doing to her."

"Oh, the customary," the chief yawned. "The customary. There's enough to hold her on. Vagrancy. Disorderly conduct. All that sort of thing."

"Nope," said Johnny. "You're all wrong. She is going into the lobster business with me. She's to help haul the traps." He then added quickly: "When the season opens this winter—legal. We talked it over when she was down here tonight."

The chief turned to Hardson: "Is that true? Was she down here tonight?"

"Yes, that's true."

The chief laughed. "The joke's on me then. But while we're on the subject, Mr. Hardson, what do you think of this Johnny fellow anyway?"

"Him? That guy over there, you mean? Say, do you know what's going to happen the moment I clear out of here? He's going to take the whole houseboat over. That's what he's going to do. I know it as sure as I know you."

"I can stop it," the chief suggested.

"No, I wouldn't do that," Hardson smiled. "No, I wouldn't do that. He'll get it, anyhow."

"Oh say, there for a minute I thought —" He stopped, and extended his hand: "Mr. Hardson, you're all right. I'll send this woman down. Maybe tomorrow."

Johnny, the little harbor salvager, would never be released from salvaging, then. The thing would go on forever. Hardson knew it. Dixie would be next. She would follow him.

The chief said to Johnny: "You forgot my coffee."

"Here, you can finish the rest of mine." Johnny handed over his cup, then kicked Curley and Sam on the feet.

"Up you get! The both of you! It's sunrise."

"It's—it's—wha—"

"Sunrise, I said. God damn it. Sunrise."

Tent City, Texas

(continued from page 41)

they walked into town, weary after a hard day over the cook fire and the wash pot, to look for their men and try to persuade them to return home before all their day's wages were gone.

As the weeks went on and happy days passed in the schoolroom, I learned to love Arthur and Billy more than any of the other children. They came earlier and stayed later than any of the others. They had to be almost driven home. School was the pleasantest part of their lives and they would willingly have spent their whole time there.

Lessie and James, too, spent many an afternoon at the schoolhouse helping me wash the blackboards or print seatwork on the hectograph. I bought a few tools and some plywood. Before and after school I let the children saw out wooden toys. Even the town children enjoyed this. The Tent City children were radiant. Never will I forget the look in Lessie's eyes as she painted the doll bed I had helped her make, or the way Arthur carried his wooden monkey about with him, refusing to let it out of his sight.

To the children of Tent City books were a valuable possession. They studied joyfully. They begged hard to be allowed to carry home their State-owned readers. One day I let Billy do this. Next morning he had no reader at school. He looked pained when I questioned him about it.

"Bring it tomorrow," I said, "without fail."

But tomorrow there was still no book. I went to Tent City that afternoon.

"Billy, I've come for that book," I said.

Billy hung his head. His sister-in-law blushed. She walked over to the pile

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of covers that was Billy's bed and pulled the book from beneath them.

"He's ruint it," she said. "He kept it outside because he didn't want no bugs on it and the dew made it swell up and bust. So I brought it in and now it's covered with bugs."

The book was ruined indeed. But when I saw Billy's face I wouldn't have cared if fifty books had been ruined. I cared only to wipe away that look of distress. That look far older than his years, so hopeless, strained, unchildlike.

After that, books were bought for Billy, for Arthur, and the others. Weary, overworked, tormented by flies and vicious hordes of mosquitoes, the children of Tent City lost themselves in the magic world of picture and story.

The school year was half over before I went to Tent City at night. Time and again the people invited me to come. Nearly every Saturday night there was a party. At last I agreed to go. One of Lessie's brothers came for me.

I could not dance so I sat on the ground with the children and listened to the music of fiddle and guitar, and watched the people dance in the clear moonlight—on a floor of packed dirt. That night I learned another lesson. Even Tent City, hungry, unwashed, almost shelterless, could be a merry place.

It was in the spring that the rain came. I say *the rain* because it was the first hard rain of the year. The roads about town grew heavy with mud. Roadside ditches were changed into swift, muddy rivers. For two days there was no school. On the third day we had school again. Even the farm children got there somehow. In muddy cars, over slippery roads they came. But the children of Tent City were absent. In all the grades not one was present.

Anxious, I went to the City that afternoon. At least I went as far as the City but no farther. Tent City was entirely cut off from the world by deep, wide ditches filled to the brim with swirling, muddy water. I stood on the railroad track and Arthur, Billy, and the other children stood in the City and we shouted back and forth to each other.

"We missed you at school today."

"We couldn't come. There ain't no way to get across."

"Does the water always come up like this when it rains?"

"Always, if it rains hard enough."

"Are your tents dry?"

"Naw, we've moved into the trailers. We're so packed in we ain't got room to breathe hardly."

"Good-by, Lessie. Good-by, Arthur. Good-by, everybody."

"Good-by, teacher. We'll be there as soon as the water goes down."

For two more days the Tent City children were kept away from school. My friends told me it was the hardest rain the Winter Garden section had had in years.

Perhaps the rain had something to do with the tragedy that followed. Several cases of fever broke out in Tent City. The little town was alarmed. The town council held a meeting and outlawed Tent City, banished it forever from the neighborhood of their town. Tent City was a menace to their people, hygienically, socially, and morally. Tent City must go.

A week was given for the place to be evacuated. I watched the exodus, and I noticed tears in the eyes of the Tent City children when they said good-by to their playmates.

"Where will you go?" That question was always on my lips.

And almost always the answer was the same. "We don't know. Any place we can find a well and a clearing, any place folks will let us stay. This always happens in the end. We just get settled and then we have to move."

Each Year's Song

After a generation the graves gape lean and
hungry in the Argonne, Flanders, Masurian Lakes . . .
tunneled under, collapsed, undernourished.

Lone graves of the never found, plow leveled,
displayed the residue of bones and buttons.
The fatted loam under lavish weeds (distillate

of agony) in overtime healing. An aged crow, a bequeathed maggot mind perhaps may
still somewhere dream of the good old times.

Some men, too. The Pyrenees are hoarse with the cannon echo. The ceiling sky returns the piston's drum. The Cathay

dead couple and spawn more dead and more.
Hey, there! Hear that anthem? Hear us come
to replenish you no longer filling the grave?

Our fathers, our fathers . . . move over.

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MAX EASTMAN says that American thinkers are entering a period of intellectual stock-taking; no longer are they bemused into silent impotence by the rival totalitarian philosophies of Fascism and Communism. And to judge by the recent books, Max Eastman is right.

This month the stock-taking involves a more or less complete exploration of the concept of democracy. For we have George S. Counts of Teachers College, Columbia University, represented with a fine, challenging work called *The Prospects of American Democracy* (John Day, $3), and we have Herbert Agar's *Pursuit of Happiness: The Story of American Democracy* (Houghton Mifflin, $3). Professor Counts' book is historical, analytical, and programmatic; Mr. Agar's consists of a clear and dramatic running story of the Democratic Party from the days of Jefferson to the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, plus a good many wise parenthetical passages on the prerequisites for twentieth-century democracy. Mr. Agar is particularly concerned with the relationship of the American South to Jeffersonian Democracy. And as if to prove to the hilt Max Eastman's observation about a general intellectual stock-taking, we have Allen Tate's Civil War novel, *The Fathers* (Putnam, $2.50), which underscores in terms of drama a good many of Mr. Agar's points about the heresies of John C. Calhoun and the orthodoxies of Mr. Jefferson.

To both Professor Counts and Mr. Agar, democracy means civil liberties, the right to vote freely for candidates of one's choice, and the right of access to means and materials of production. Neither Professor Counts nor Mr. Agar is particularly clear about the precise economic measures necessary to maintain political democracy in the face of a system that tends to concentrate productive property in the hands of the few. But the main recommendations of each man are presumably clear enough. Being against dictatorship and the one-party State, Professor Counts must necessarily be for some decentralized syndical arrangement of society, with the responsibility for most economic decisions resting in the hands of workers' syndicates, consumers' syndicates, and owners' syndicates. (Professor Counts never quite comes to the point of saying this, but it is the only logical economic corollary of his non-totalitarian political philosophy.) As for Mr. Agar, he speaks frequently of the Swedish economy, which in point of fact is a mixture of government ownership of natural monopolies (power plants, transportation), consumer co-operation, labor unions with strong bargaining power, and private ownership of farms and industry that is non-monopolistic in type. Thus the two men may be said to be in substantial working agreement so far as practical considerations go, although Professor Counts never comes to grips with the question of the ultimate title to productive equipment.

What are the prerequisites for political democracy? As both Professor Counts and Mr. Agar see it, the individual must be so situated in society that he cannot be coerced in his expression of himself as a political being. He must be able to vote, speak, and write without fear of reprisal touching his person. Reprisal visited upon independent men and women can be of two kinds—political (as in Russia, Italy and Germany), or economic (as in any country where the masses have nothing to sell but their labor power). In order to be free from threats of political reprisal, the individual must have the right to private ownership and control of the means of sustaining his life—in brief, he must have the right to own a certain amount of productive property. In no other way can he be free from arbitrary economic decision on the part of the State. But here a paradox enters in: if all the available productive property is concentrated in the hands of the few, then the abstract "right" of ownership, with its implied freedom from political coercion, is meaningless to John Jones, the mechanic, or Bill Swift, the engineer. Lacking practical access to the means and materials of production, the individual can be coerced by plutocrats. It follows, therefore, that democracy is only compatible with a wide diffusion of ownership, plus an easy means of ascension to

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the owning class. If it proves impossible to diffuse and decentralize ownership in the power age, then we can say good-by to democracy in spite of all Professor Counts' hopeful words. For no matter what the nominal form of government, the average individual will in such an event be at the mercy of either political or economic tyrants. The man who lacks the alternative of serving himself (whether on a small farm, in a small shop, or as a small shareholder in large enterprises) will have to sell himself irrevocably to a political organization or an economic overlord. That is the one certainty in political science.

I have been ad-libbing here for both Professor Counts and Mr. Agar. But it is the only way to give substance to certain of their theoretical propositions. When it comes to non-economic theory and to past history, neither author requires the services of an ad-libbing intermediary. Professor Counts's quotations from historical sources, often curious and highly original ones, are a joy to read. And he retains a healthy and refreshing skepticism toward the great "musts" of history, which are reiterated time and again by the pundits of Right and Left.

Mr. Agar has high hopes that the Democratic Party can be made the instrument of a reviving Jeffersonianism that will not only work to preserve political democracy but also to re-diffuse ownership among the many. Since the so-called "purge" has gone against Mr. Roosevelt, he may seem oversanguine. But he has historical warrant for his hopes. For the Democratic Party was originally formed to represent the independent small farmers of the South and West, and it soon attracted to its banner the mechanics and the laborers of the cities. It was, thus, the original farmer-labor party. Where it went astray was on the slavery issue, but, as Mr. Agar says, this was none of Mr. Jefferson's doing. Jefferson hated the institution of slavery, and hoped to see it abolished. It was John C. Calhoun who in Mr. Agar's estimation perverted the party from the Jeffersonian end of "equal rights for all, special privileges for none." Calhoun did this by concentrating on the Jeffersonian means of States' Rights in the un-Jeffersonian interests of maintaining slavery. By referring to "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina and Walter George of Georgia as Calhoun-cuckoos occupying Mr. Jefferson's nest, Franklin D. Roosevelt might have gained historical warrant for his "purge." But no such warrant would be gracefully received below the Mason-Dixon Line;

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the truth is that the Democratic Party is both the party of Jefferson and the party of Calhoun, and Democratic skippers must reckon with contrarious winds for another generation at least.

Mr. Agar is himself a Jeffersonian equalitarian. But as a borderline Southerner (he lives and works in Louisville) he is not too hard on Calhoun. For if Calhoun was wrong on the slavery issue, he was right, so Mr. Agar says, on the subject of Southern freedom from exploitation by Northern finance. Calhoun proposed a regional "concurrent veto" on legislation designed to benefit one section at the expense of another. Mr. Agar thinks such a veto might be a good thing today.

Allen Tate's novel, *The Fathers*, is a fine sensitive story of Virginia in 1861, when local families were torn between devotion to the idea of union and the psychological compulsion to go with their "own people" of the deeper South into war. The action of *The Fathers* is all refracted through the mind of an adolescent, Lacy Gore Buchan; and the book gains awareness and an idealistic youthful fairness thereby. Mr. Tate seems animated as a novelist by dislike for the commercial civilization of the North; the moral of his book is that the "unplaced" commercial man must lack both manners and honor, since he can have no fixed code. As a New Englander, I can assure Mr. Tate that he is wrong; the Yankee was a trader, but the Yankee generally believed in living up to his side of a bargain. If some Yankee sold wooden nutmegs, why, then, some Southerners beat their slaves. The *tu quoque* approach to these matters naturally cuts each way. But regardless of his basic assumptions, Mr. Tate has written an excellent novel.

In Short

Fiction

ENGLISH RUE, by Martin Hare. English countryside and enchanted childhood contribute to the lifelong nostalgia of Nan Naseby, who marries her only love too late. Primarily a novel of a woman's emotional life, it is full of people, action, life in exile, and atonement. Macmillan, $2.50.

LITTLE STEEL, by Upton Sinclair. Story of an independent steel company during early attempts at organization by the C.I.O. The benevolent mill owner learns the error of the ways of money and lands coincidentally in the same jail with his daughter, who is organizing textile workers. Mr. Sinclair carries his novels of labor into another industry, but with no more effect. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

THE JOYFUL DELANEYS, by Hugh Walpole. The lusty, well-bred Delaneys center their devotion on the preservation of their ancestral house in the changing world. Money troubles and the lighter loves of old and young take them through a year of London life. But there's a happy solution of their problem. Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THE LONG VALLEY, by John Steinbeck. Sixteen stories—mostly about the ranch hands, farmers, and loafers of Salinas Valley—told in simple, moving prose by the man who wrote *Of Mice and Men*. Viking, $2.50.

REBECCA, by Daphne du Maurier. A novel of people—through the experience of a timid second wife, the whole sinister being of the first wife and her gay domination of the country come back to life. A novel of action—often slowly detailed, but always building through intensity to the climax of the story. Doubleday, Doran, $2.75.

Nonfiction

PATCHES OF SUNLIGHT, by Lord Dunsany. The autobiography of the Irish writer. Youth in England and Ireland, cricket, shooting, hunting, writing, soldiering. Informal, elusive, sometimes sad, often gay, with many imaginative illuminations of a man and the life he led. Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.

THIS IS MY COUNTRY, by Stoyan Christowe. The usual autobiography of an immigrant (from Bulgaria) coming to America from a small village, working in machine shops, on railroads, and finally turning into a writer. But written with charm, humor, and understanding. Carrick & Evans, $2.75.

KING OF THE BEGGARS—A LIFE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE IRISH LIBERATOR, by Sean O'Faolain. An interesting Irish biography of the patriot who "defined himself and his people became him." The book is about the first feeling for democracy in Ireland, of which Mr. O'Connell found he must give the meaning in order to create. Viking, $2.50.

MAINE BALLADS, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in poetry sets down ballads of Maine people, who, in his opinion, still "act literature." Spoken folk drama, the pieces have story and place feeling. Macmillan, $1.75.

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Mysteries

The debonair characters in *The Fashion in Shrouds,* by Margery Allingham (Doubleday, Doran, $2), meet up in a swank dress shop. From there they go to places less fashionable, and some meet sticky ends. The puzzle is a deep one, and the writing is miles higher than average detective-story quality.

In *Blunt Instrument,* by Georgette Heyer (Crime Club, $2), Inspector Hannasyde endures a lot of alibis that don't gee, time schedules that don't fit, and people who are eternally in the way. In spite of all this, the Inspector comes through with an amazing solution.

Much of *Terror by Night,* by Lee Crosby (Dutton, $2), has an H. G. Wellsian-Conan Doyleish atmosphere, what with its prehistoric monsters on the loose and all. But there's a modern and logical explanation of all these strange goings-on that makes this one of the shiveriest horror-mystery yarns of the year.

In *The Listening House* (Crime Club, $2), Mabel Seeley describes the murderous events which transpire in a sinister boardinghouse. Guaranteed to keep readers hair-on-end and feet-on-toes.

A Philadelphia heiress drops dead from cyanide as she disembarks from her honeymoon cruise and provides an unusually involved plot for Detective Tommy Rankin in *The Case of the Cheating Bride,* by Milton Propper (Harper, $2).

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He roars, and the world trembles,
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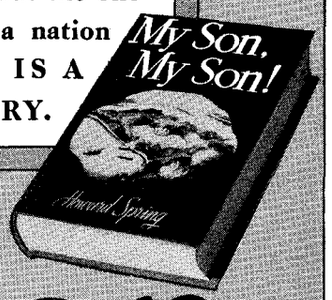

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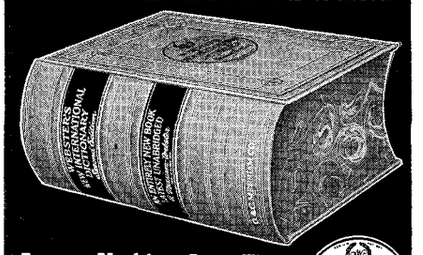

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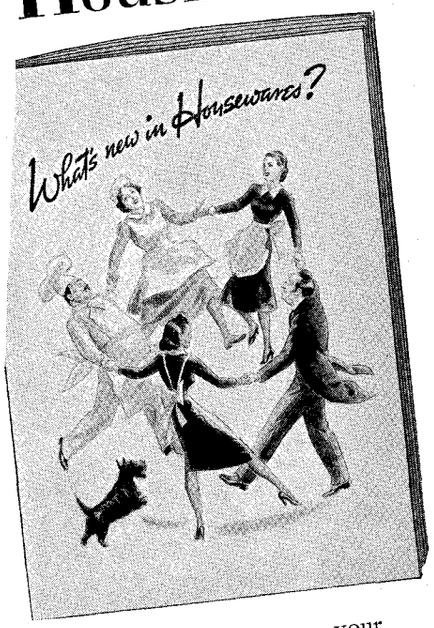

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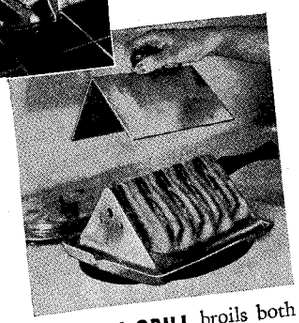

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Joseph V. Connolly

(continued from page 13)

given charge of the business affairs of the Hearst companies and liquidations, and in July, 1938, announced the appointment of Joseph Vincent Connolly as general manager of Newspaper Operations.

And what changes will this bring? Politically, none. Because there is still Mr. Hearst. And Joe Connolly will lift from his desk each morning the usual sheaf of ideas, suggestions, and orders telegraphed from San Simeon. Mr. Hearst, Joe Connolly insists, is still the hardest-working man in the organization. And when Connolly says his political ideas are those of William Randolph Hearst, he's probably just stating the facts. He has been too busy collecting jobs to do much heavy thinking on the outside.

What with the Hearst economy drive, the promotion has brought no increase in Connolly's various Hearst incomes, which now total $65,000 a year. He and Mrs. Connolly will probably continue to live in the unpalatial Spanish stucco house in Pelham, where Joe enjoys being a leading citizen. His son attends public high school, his daughter a fashionable convent. Connolly has few outside interests. He is a good Catholic, attends Mass regularly, and was a member of the late Cardinal Hayes' Committee of the Laity, an inner group which raises money from big executives. Last year the Connollys bought an eighty-five-acre farm near New Milford, Connecticut, which included a farmhouse built, Joe insists, "by Irish colonials." Next year he plans to buy a jaunting car in Ireland to use as a station wagon.

His real hobby is reading newspapers —and tearing them up. He saves scraps, headlines, or little paragraphs which contain the germ of a Connolly idea for a story, a picture, or a bit of comic continuity. Arriving at work at nine o'clock with crammed pockets, he distributes them to his subordinates with a brief explanation.

He has developed many techniques for soothing Hearst's ruffled prima donnas, and all the men who work for Connolly are nuts about him as a boss—both on and off the record. Walter Winchell, an independent journalist and no sycophant, joins the chorus because he finds Connolly "so fair, so human, and so

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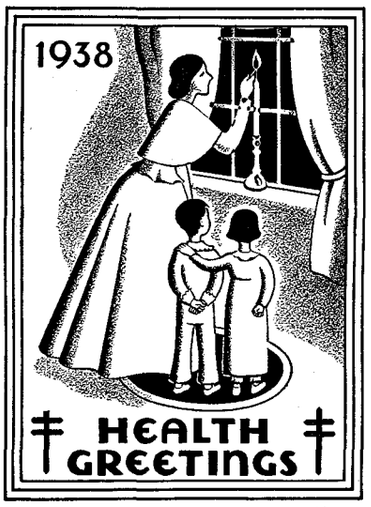

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A REMINDER
for December

Some time ago we asked readers to send us, at the end of the year, their nominations for the best article, photograph, short novel, and feature published in SCRIBNER'S during 1938. No prizes; we simply want to know the consensus.

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New York

pleasant to work for. If he hadn't become boss, I intended not doing any more columns for the *Mirror*." The American Newspaper Guild tasted its first defeat (the vote being 293 to 250) when it tried to organize King Features, largely because its New York office was heavily for Connolly and outvoted the inland branches. Connolly is no stuffed shirt. Anyone with a grievance can tackle him about it. And King, in the Hearst organization, has been a little dream island where everyone is sure of his job.

Connolly's friends predict that he will bring this job security to the entire Hearst chain and that there will be few important cannings; Connolly would rather co-ordinate. Some outsiders predict that "Joe's gang will get in," which is no reflection on that grinning Judæo-Hibernian group who think of themselves as "Connolly men" and as Hearst men only as an afterthought. So far Connolly has made only two major shifts. He has appointed Harold G. Kern publisher of Hearst's three Boston papers, and has installed Merrill C. Meigs as publisher of the Chicago *American*, succeeding Emanuel Levi. But several of Hearst's editors postponed their vacations after the Connolly appointment was announced this summer, preferring to stay home and look to their jobs until they knew where they stood.

Of course, Joe Connolly could not be where he is today had he not in self-defense learned the tricks and ramifications of inner Hearst politics. For this was one organization in which no man could advance simply by "standing still on the escalator." Yet even hostile outsiders concede that "Joe never cut a good man's throat," although when an incompetent stood in his path, "Joe would tear into him like a barracuda going after a rhino."

At all events, now that death and resignations have decimated the old San Simeon Swimming Pool Cabinet, Joe Connolly is the first of the second-generation Hearst executives—Hearst-trained and Hearst-branded—to come to power, holding newspapers, radio stations, feature and wire services in his administrative grip. He is forty-three, and from his high vantage point he is looking around. Even severe critics who view the sprawling Hearst empire as a brontosaurus surviving beyond its era, admit that if it is possible to do a job with the Pulmotor, Joe Connolly can do it. Certainly that much can be expected from the man who plucked Popeye from the inkpot and flung him against the stars.

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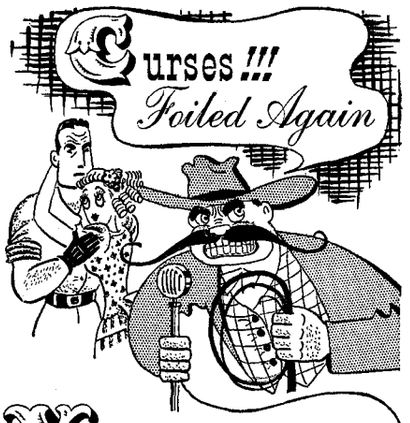

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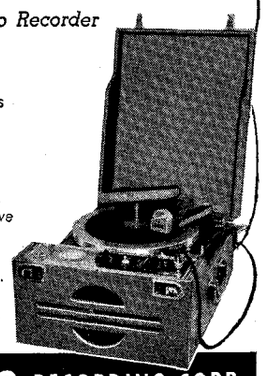

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

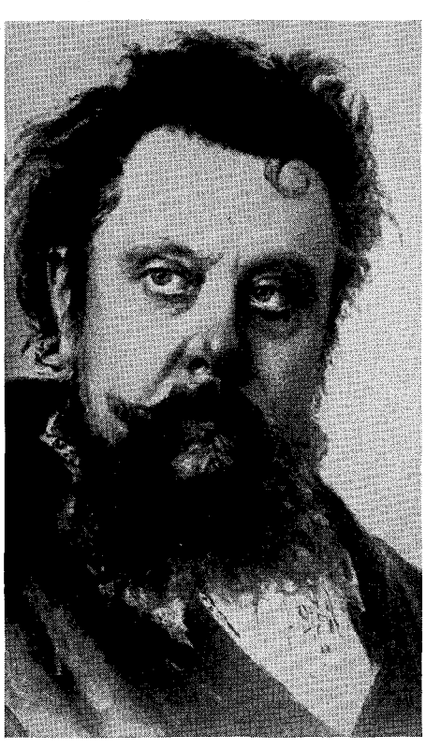
Song recitalists have been criticized for ignoring the work which constitutes the bulk and mainstay of Moussorgsky's artistic output. Pianists should be no less exempt from censure for avoiding his fine keyboard suite *Pictures at an Exhibition*. These captivating and delightfully witty pieces are hardly ever heard in the concert hall in the medium for which they were originally written. Amateurs find their technical requirements prodigious. Hence, but for the happy thought of an orchestra conductor, the *Pictures* might have remained undeservedly in oblivion. They were rescued in 1923 when Maurice Ravel orchestrated them at the instigation of Serge Koussevitzky. For this service, and in consideration of five years' exclusive performing rights, Koussevitzky paid the late French composer 10,000 francs, much more, probably, than anything Moussorgsky himself realized from *Boris Godounov, Khovanstchina,* the "Songs and Dances of Death" or "Sunless" song cycles—not to mention the piano music under consideration.

Now, either because Ravel's score still remains the exclusive property of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's conductor, or on account of high royalty fees, the Philadelphia Orchestra recently commissioned its own official arranger to transcribe the *Pictures*. A remarkably vivid reproduction of this orchestra's playing of Lucien Cailliet's transcription is at hand, and technically minded listeners may find its comparison with the Boston Symphony Orchestra's recording of Ravel's version an interesting pastime (Victor sets Nos. M442 and M102, the latter, of course, being the older set).

For an arranger who seems to have more artistic success with tunes like *Pop Goes the Weasel* (recorded by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Victor No. 4397) than with those of Bach's chorale and violin sonata movement mentioned here last month, Cailliet would appear to have been placed in a difficult spot when confronted with no less a virtuosic precedent than a score by one of the cleverest orchestrators of all time.

Well, to relieve your suspense, whatever Cailliet's faults as an orchestrator of Bach, a single hearing of the Philadelphia *Pictures* is enough to convince this listener that he has turned in a first-rate job. His main problem, obviously, was to avoid exactly those touches so expertly applied to the tonal canvas by the composer of *Daphnis et Chloë, Rhapsody Espagnole, Ma Mère l'Oye,* and the *Bolero*. This was like assigning a journalist to rewrite some of the most memorable pages of Thomas Mann. Cailliet's scoring, generally, is excellent; in only one place where it was necessary to choose an instrument not considered by Ravel does his work suffer by comparison, and then only because of Ravel's proprietary rights to the saxophone, an unalterable color for the sentimental, wistful melancholy of the troubadour's song in *The Old Castle*. Cailliet's *cor anglais* might do if you hadn't heard the saxophone first. His broad splashes of color in the finale do not paint *The Great Gate at Kiev* with the transparence and iridescence of Ravel's. As in the climaxes of his Bach transcriptions, Cailliet has difficulty in erecting great masses of tone unobfuscated by a heavy impasto.

At any rate, each of the ten *Pictures* is



Moussorgsky (1835?–1881)

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a succulent miniature that will please anyone's palate—all the more if it is taken as a bold venture in program music. The particularly Russian "Promenade" theme, variations of which appear between the movements, depicts the composer strolling from one painting to another – sometimes loitering, sometimes hastening—and reveals something of his own reactions to the objects observed. The titles, besides the second and last already mentioned, are: *The Gnome* (a bandy-legged, waddling dwarf); *Tuleries* (children quarreling at play); *Bydlo* (high rumbling wheels of a Polish dray drawn by a team of oxen); *Ballet of the Unhatched Chicks* (costumes designed for a Trilby ballet); *Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle* (two Jews about whom more later); *The Market at Limoges* (wrangling women); *The Catacombs* (a place of skulls); and *The Hut of Baba-Yaga* (the witch of Russian folklore).

I should have said before that the exhibition of water colors and drawings by Victor Hartmann of which Moussorgsky gives his impressions was held in St. Petersburg shortly after the artist's death in 1874.

In at least one picture the composer conveys a wealth of character such as the painter's medium can only suggest. *Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle* is a piece of musical humor unparalleled in the art. Goldenberg, successful, close-fisted, and laconic, is buttonholed by Schmuyle, poor, ill-clad, fussily obsequious, and fidgety. The rich Jew finds his low compatriot obnoxious and, at last, escapes his solicitations. In this unique musical joke the composer actually reproduced the intonations of human speech. Always effective on the piano, the broad caricature of the piece is enhanced greatly by its orchestral investiture. The lush scoring of the pompous theme representing Goldenberg, and the thin querulous chattering of woodwinds as Schmuyle intercepts and importunes him, make the scene, it is easy to imagine, more ludicrous than Hartmann ever limned it.

Eugene Ormandy's devotion to every nuance of this highly original score, and the recorders' uncanny reproduction of it, make Cailliet's version of *Pictures at an Exhibition* a set of records no one should miss.

*

Among recent Columbia records worth your investigation are Beethoven's *Serenade-Trio in D, op. 8,* for violin, viola, and 'cello, played by the Pasquier Trio (set No. 341); Tartini's *Concerto in D minor,* played by Joseph Szigeti, violin,

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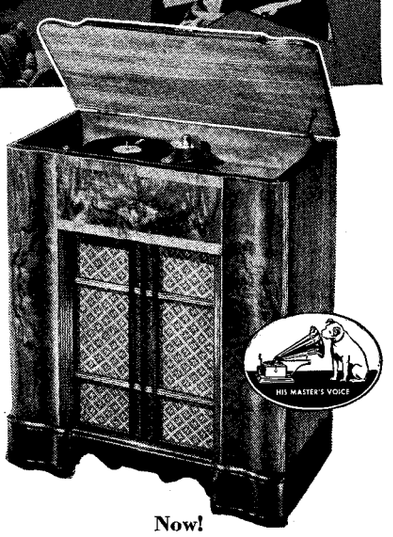

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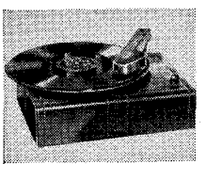

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with string orchestra and harpsichord (set No. X103); and two works by César Franck: *Quintet in F minor,* played by E. Robert Schmitz, piano, and the Roth String Quartet (set No. 334); and *Choral No. 1 in E,* played by Dr. Albert Schweitzer on the organ at Ste. Aurelie, Strasbourg (set No. X100). All of these performances are of a high quality.

With *Vocal Music of the Renaissance,* Musicraft renders a real service by breaking ground in the field of the Flemish and Italian madrigal. The phonograph has supplied a number of recordings of Elizabethan madrigals, but until now the form as it flourished outside of England has been inadequately represented. The Madrigalists, a group of seven American singers directed by Arthur Lief, voice thirteen motets, chansons, and madrigals by Sweelinck, Des Prés, Tessier, Claude le Jeune, Arcadelt, Vecchi, Jannequin, Di Lasso, Gesualdo, and Marenzio with fine sincerity and regard for style, and an obvious enthusiasm for this beautiful music. The set of five ten-inch discs is unreservedly recommended.

Playing on the organ of the Westminster Choir School at Princeton, N. J., Karl Weinrich provides finely wrought readings of nine chorale preludes by Bach: *Wachet auf; Wo Soll ich fliehen hin; Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst Walten; Meine Seele erhebt den Herren; Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ; Kommst du nun, Jesu, vom himmel herunter; An Wasserflüssen Babylon; Valet will ich dir geben; Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.* (Musicraft set No. 22.)

The 22-Billion-Dollar Touch

(continued from page 34)

used not only against pro-Germans or suspects, but against loyal farmers. Take John Deml of Outagamie County who was notified by mail that his share of the Loan drive was five hundred dollars. He informed the solicitor that he would gladly take a hundred dollars' worth, but that he couldn't afford five. So an informal "Council of National Defense" broke in his back door, pinioned his arms, put a pledge under his nose and a noose around his neck.

In Milwaukee County the Collection Committee consisted of twenty-five automobiles, sixty men, and a "color guard" (two home guardsmen and a flag). With them went two deputy sheriffs, an "official" photographer, an "official" stenographer, and a banker to "arrange the loan." The countryside began to blossom with yellow placards on houses and barns which read, "The occupant of these premises has refused to take his just share of Liberty Bonds. Do Not Remove."

Such techniques were sternly rebuked by the President, who had a sensitive aversion to crude expressions of patriotism, but they flourished widely during the drives. The Rev. Charles Eaton of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church expressed his approval of Seattle's Liberty Rail Committee as a patriotic device. He told how the patriots of that city gave slackers a ride on a huge iron pipe called Liberty Rail after they had heated it up at a blacksmith forge.

V

THAT stormy — and efficient — petrel, George Creel, read one morning the newspaper report of a War speech he had made the day before. The report was an accurate one, and he knew it. He rocked his head in his hands and exclaimed: "My God, could I have said those things?" What had happened to Creel was continually happening to millions of Americans. Colonel House recalls that he and President Wilson had hoped that America would avoid the inundation of atrocity stories which had flooded Europe. Significantly the Belgian atrocity saga had been exploded, three years before our entry into the War, by official investigations, as well as by representatives of the Associated Press who accompanied the German armies through Belgium. But thousands of deflowered virgins, crucified old men, and armless children reappeared, ghost-like and with bloody embellishments, after the announcement of the first Liberty Loan drive. "As soon as our people," writes Col. House, "were asked to purchase Liberty Bonds . . . as many lurid stories were told by our patriotic orators, as many ghastly cartoons printed, as were to be found in Europe." Typical were the horrors told by an American sergeant speaking in St. Louis for the National Liberty Loan Com-

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mittee. The Germans, he said, gave boys and girls in occupied territory poisoned candy and hand grenades; they laughed with glee as the children writhed in agony or were blown to bits. He had "seen" a doughboy whose ears had been cut off by his German captors. And the Huns, he insisted, were feeding American troops tuberculosis germs. A repudiation and denial of the falsehoods was issued by General Pershing, but the wave of Munchausen horrors swept on.

The Liberty Loan drives roused the American people to unparalleled heights of intolerance—and generosity; but it is important to remember that they also left permanent marks on our financial mores. One partner in a nationally known investment house confesses he learned to sell bonds in the Liberty drives; and attributes to the War loans a popular revolution in security ownership. This revolution reached its peak, of course, in the bull market of 1929, but in 1937—before the "recession"—there were 10,000,000 owners of securities in the United States, as against 200,000 in 1917.

[The eighth of a series in which SCRIBNER'S is reconstructing memorable fragments from our past in the light of their contemporary meaning. The ninth will appear in an early issue.]

Life in the U. S... Photographic

(*see page 35*)

1. SUNSHINE, by C. Weston Booth, Asbury Apt., 2505 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, California. This striking photograph was taken on a very sunny afternoon at a Los Angeles playground. Mr. Booth used a Graflex 4 x 5, Turner-Reich 8½" lens. Exposure 1/10 sec. at f32. DuPont Superior film.

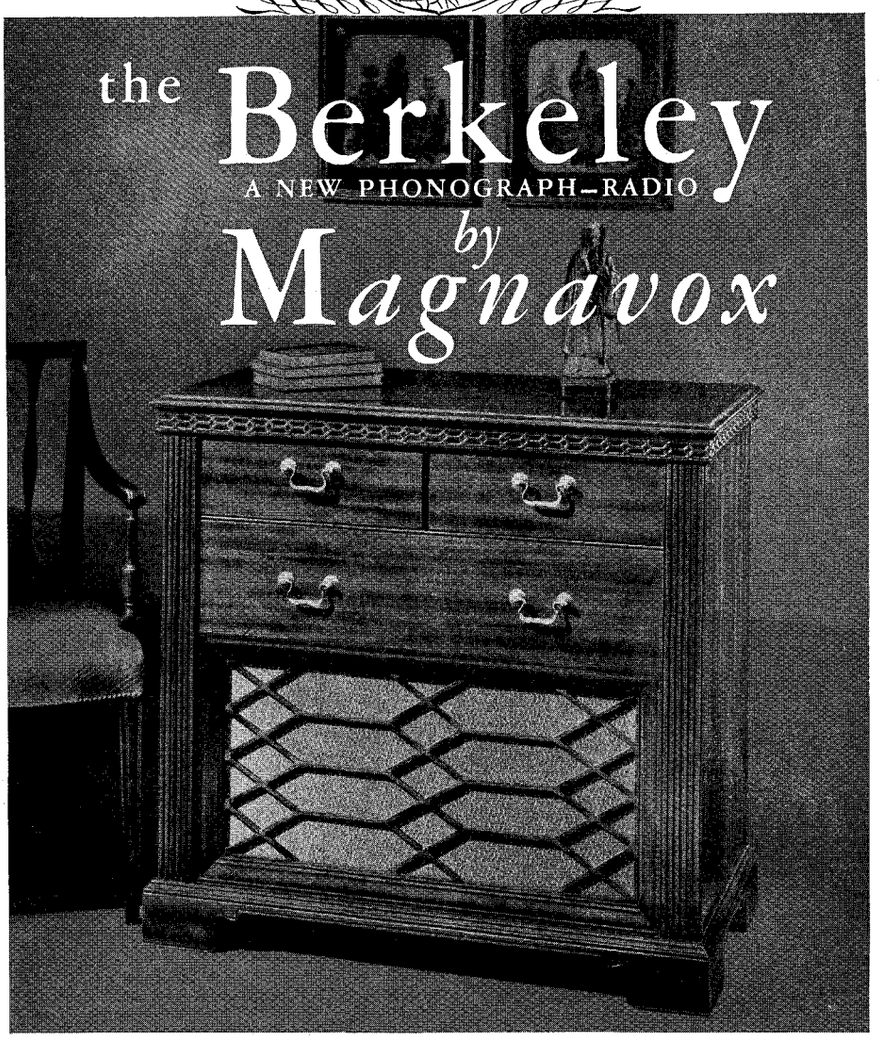
2. WATERFRONT, by Vincent La Badessa, 5960 Trinity Place, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A portion of the Philadelphia waterfront shot from the Delaware River Bridge in early afternoon. A Zeiss Super Ikomat B, Zeiss Tessar f2 lens was used. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f11. Zeiss G-3 filter.

3. FEEDIN' TO THE WINDLASS, by Hans Sauer, St. Andrews Lane, Glen Cove, Long Island, New York. From an upper deck of the *Queen of Bermuda*, just as she was leaving the dock, Mr. Sauer's Leica caught the sailors pulling in the hawser. F2 Summar lens; exposure 1/100 sec. at f6.3. Panchromatic film; no filter.

4. NEW ENGLAND SABBATH, by F. Earl Williams, 19 Cherry Street, Gardner, Massachusetts. Photographed on a bright day at Sunderland, Mass., with a Duo 620, Anastigmat f3.5 lens. Exposure 1/50 sec. at f7. Yellow filter.

5. ON THE BENCH, by William D. Barkley, 520 Wyanoke Street, Baltimore, Maryland. Made with a Model D Graflex 3¼ x 4½, Zeiss Tessar lens, and a No. 10 flash bulb. Aperture f22.

To please your Ear, your Eye, your Pride



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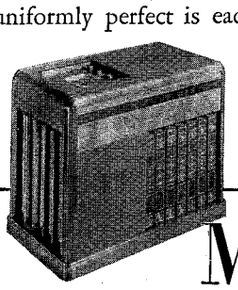
Nothing will provide as much entertainment and musical culture for your family and friends and at so small an investment, as a Magnavox electrically amplified phonograph or phonograph-radio. A model for every purpose, for every home, a choice of traditional or modern styling, from $39.95 to $550. Sold only through leading music and selected department stores. Send today for illustrated folder and name of your nearest dealer. The Magnavox Company, Inc., Dept. 11-S, Fort Wayne, Indiana.



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Old Fashioned

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OLD BUSHMILLS

IRISH WHISKEY

There's something about "Old Bush"—its rich, full body; its maltier, "peat-free" flavor—that makes it the ideal whiskey for an Old Fashioned. But that's not all! You will find this great whiskey the perfect ingredient in *any* whiskey drink you care to serve. Send for free Bushmills Recipe Booklet. Address National Distillers, 120 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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Robust as Old Rye
Mellow as Old Bourbon
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Famous since 1784

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Delicious

STRAIGHT—IN HIGHBALLS
—IN COCKTAILS

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DRAWING BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Yacht Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

THE festive and groaning Thanksgiving board is the topic of the day, but in this November number the gigantic turkey will have to surrender its traditional place, for readers in widely separated sections of the country have asked me to recommend "something different."

Thanksgiving without the great American bird may seem at first thought a disaster. But I know of one excellent substitute. It was served in my own home several years ago and will be repeated there this month on the same occasion. I refer to saddle of venison. Cooked in wine in accordance with a simple but unsurpassed recipe, it makes a thoroughly delicious and satisfying feast.

The saddle—from a buck deer—reached us tied and lying on its bed of marinated vegetables (minced onions, one carrot, a bit of garlic, celery, shallot, parsley, thyme, a bay leaf, salt, and one whole pepper, moistened with two cups of water and one glass of red wine). We reserved this marinade and sent the saddle to our trusty butcher to be properly larded.

Two hours before dinner we began preparing our sauce. The vegetables of the marinade we browned lightly in butter in a heavy iron skillet, adding a small quantity of flour and the liquid of the marinade. When these were thoroughly combined, we added a large glass of Burgundy, and the skillet was then covered tightly and placed over a very low flame to simmer.

An hour later the venison was placed in a narrow roasting pan, with a scant half-pound of butter, and then into a hot oven where it was basted and turned until the savory fumes and the prick of a knife assured us it was done.

Now to the thick brown juices in the roasting pan we strained our sauce from the skillet, added a liqueur glass of Madeira, reduced it to about two-thirds of the original quantity, and poured it into the heated sauce boat.

The great moment had arrived and the huge platter was presented. The venison had been carefully sliced, and put back into its original shape, brown and glossy without, but rosy within. It was surrounded by a garnishing of tiny peas, the smallest of new potatoes sautéed to a golden brown in butter, and a thick, creamy purée of chestnuts.

To accompany this, there is nothing better than a bottle of red Burgundy.

Whatever your *pièce de résistance* on this day, the liquor question is important.

A California reader wrote that he had in mind a dinner for twelve people at which he would like to serve cocktails,

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★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF ★ QUALITY ★ BOUQUET ★ CLEAN TASTE

The new fashion is to make an Old-Fashioned with Three-Star Hennessy. What a difference! The flavour and bouquet of Hennessy give this old favorite a delicious mellowness.

HENNESSY OLD-FASHIONED: 1 lump sugar; 2 dashes bitters; 1 jigger Three-Star Hennessy. Crush sugar and bitters together, add lump of ice, decorate with twist of lemon peel and slice of orange using medium size glass, and stir well.

INSIST ON HENNESSY in a Brandy-and-Soda • Brandy Cocktail • Mint Julep • Side Car • Stinger Cocktail • Brandy Sour

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & Cº . . . . . Established 1765

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

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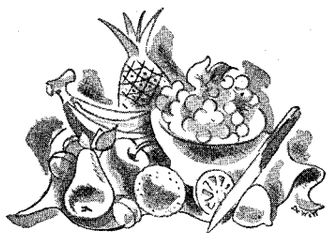
SAVE while you SERVE
THESE FINE LIQUEURS

NUYENS after dinner liqueurs are now made in the United States with the same distillation process and formula as have been employed in Bordeaux for 130 years. Be wise. Say NUYENS for fine liqueurs at "duty free" prices!

NUYENS
(Pronounced NOO-YENS)
FAMOUS LIQUEURS
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.,
New York, N. Y.; Sole Distributor

RECIPES



For All Occasions

We will be glad to send you, free of charge, recipe booklets published by the following companies:

Austin, Nichols & Co.
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
National Distillers Products Corp.
Nuyens Liqueurs,
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
Schieffelin & Co.
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Please address your request to
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
570 Lexington Ave., New York

wine and after-dinner liqueurs. Assuming that the request is for the average American family's traditional Thanksgiving dinner, of soup, roast turkey with all the trimmings—sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, and mince pie—my suggestion is as follows:

Before dinner serve one—just one—very dry cocktail, preferably a plain Martini, made of two-thirds dry gin and one-third French vermouth, with a green olive dropped in each glass. Pour the cocktails in the kitchen and bring them in on a tray, with no shaker which will require "finishing." If this rule is strictly followed I will guarantee that no appetite will be marred, either for the food or the wine to follow.

With the main dish, a Burgundy will be found most delightful; two bottles may suffice and three will afford an ample supply. Few wines go as well with turkey as good Burgundy, although I am inclined to favor champagne for this particular event. If the latter wine is served, two bottles will be enough.

Following the mince pie, coffee will be served in small cups, together with a choice of after-dinner liqueurs. The custom of presenting a trayful of liqueur bottles from which to choose appears to be gaining favor, but a selection of two is quite sufficient; one good brandy and one bottle of a sweet liqueur such as Cointreau, Benedictine, Chartreuse, Vieille Curé, or Grand Marnier.

And for later in the evening, a bottle of good whiskey—Scotch, rye, bourbon, or Irish, according to taste.

THE DRINK OF THE MONTH

The drink of the month is the flip. The best, of course, is the one made with sherry, and here is the recipe:

Mix one well-beaten egg with one jigger of sherry and one teaspoonful of sugar. Ice, shake well and strain, adding grated nutmeg on top.

The rum flip is more of a late fall or winter drink. To make a quart of rum flip, heat 1½ pints of ale; beat thoroughly three or four eggs with four ounces of moist sugar; mix separately some grated nutmeg with dried lemon peel and a small quantity of ginger. When the ale is near the boiling point add the other ingredients, plus a glassful of old rum; mix and pour from one pitcher to another until the liquid is smooth.

Ask Mr. Fougner

QUESTION: Does color indicate the quality or age of Scotch whiskey?

ANSWER: Color proves nothing regarding the age or potency of the liquor. Scotch whiskey, if matured in plain oak casks for a period of years, shows little or no change in its color. But it does improve to a greater extent if it is matured in sherry wood, which imparts the golden color to the liquor as it matures. It does not follow, however, that a dark-colored whiskey is more mature than a light-colored one. Often it is the reverse.

Electing a Republican President

(continued from page 21)

vertising, radio will probably be your most important medium. As all-talking programs are the least popular on the air, and rarely used by advertisers, consideration should be given to the question, "Is a never-ceasing flow of speeches the best possible use of radio?" The advisability of using the conventional entertainment-with-commercial-announcements should be gone into. We have had recent examples, in the victories of O'Daniels in Texas and Cooper in Tennessee, of the efficacy of entertainment in modern political campaigning. Our Radio Department will work out specific suggestions for programs when the time comes.

Magazine and newspaper advertising should employ the sequence-picture, comic-strip, balloon, and other attention-getting devices that modern advertising has found so productive. We have prepared a few samples of advertisements and posters which we are attaching to this presentation. The tone of this advertising may surprise you. But it should be kept in mind that the customers we must win have already indicated that they like your competitor's product. It would seem doubtful strategy, therefore, to keep insisting that your competitor and all his works are 100 per cent wrong. To do so would be to question the good sense of the very people we want to win over, and this is not sound advertising psychology.

You seem particularly interested in slogans. The truth is that slogans are no

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longer in very high favor with advertising men, as studies have proven them of doubtful value. In regard to the slogan you're now considering,

"Let's *GO* Places"

we urge against its use. Whatever value it may have is largely *visual*. Therefore, it would lose most of its effectiveness on the radio, your most important medium. We submit the following slogans for your consideration, feeling they would be more useful than your present one:

"Do we want Dewey? We do!"
"Dewey will do for US!"
"Vote for a Dewey instead of a Donkey"

We trust this plan meets with your approval. Naturally it represents only a preliminary study. We'll be glad to amplify our findings and suggestions whenever you care to arrange a meeting.

The Most Overrated People in History—Ballot

(*see page* 28)

GENERALISSIMOS.....

THEORISTS.....

INNOVATORS.....

LOVERS.....

LITTERATEURS.....

EMPIRE BUILDERS.....

PROPAGANDISTS.....

PEOPLE CUT OFF IN THEIR PRIME.....

CAVE MEN.....

TALKERS.....

SEA LORDS.....

ADVENTURERS.....

HEROES.....

SIRENS.....

PESTS.....

EXILES.....

VILLAINS.....

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MAGAZINE

COGNAC
MONNET
IT'S SMART TO SAY:
"MAKE MINE MONNET"
Shipped by a house now a century old, Monnet Cognac has always been recognized as a brandy of incomparable goodness—reserved for those who insist on the finest.
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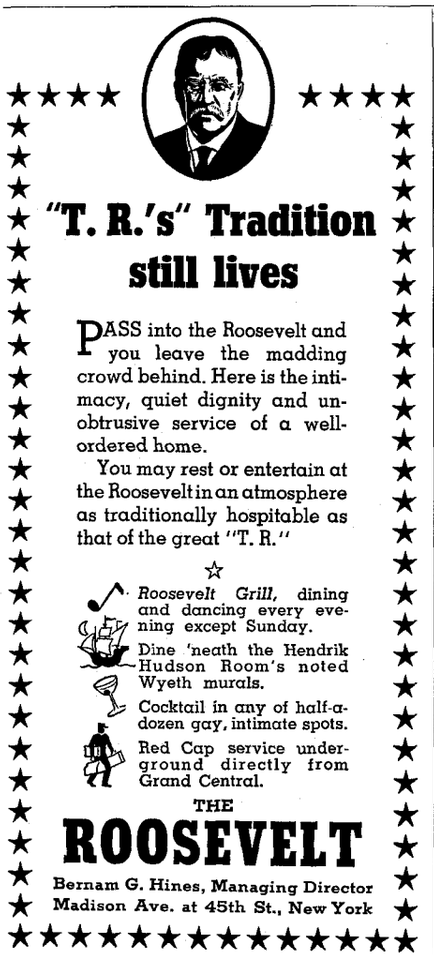
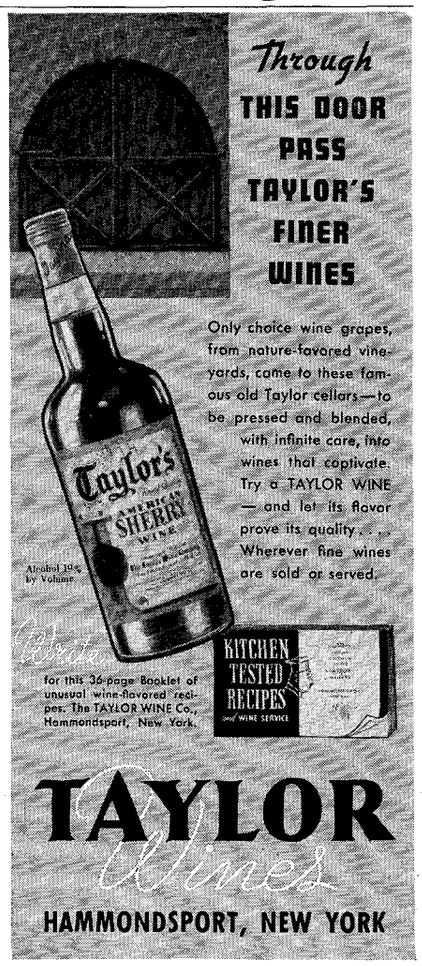
MONNET
J.G. MONNET & Cie
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
SHAW
SOLE U.S. AGENTS
ALEX. D. SHAW & Co. INC. NEW YORK
IMPORT DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS
For the Select Few

86 Proof -- Copyright 1938, National Distillers Products Corp., Import Division, N. Y. C. *Your Guide to* Good Liquors


"T. R.'s" Tradition still lives
PASS into the Roosevelt and you leave the madding crowd behind. Here is the intimacy, quiet dignity and unobtrusive service of a well-ordered home.
You may rest or entertain at the Roosevelt in an atmosphere as traditionally hospitable as that of the great "T. R."
Roosevelt Grill, dining and dancing every evening except Sunday.
Dine 'neath the Hendrik Hudson Room's noted Wyeth murals.
Cocktail in any of half-a-dozen gay, intimate spots.
Red Cap service underground directly from Grand Central.
THE ROOSEVELT
Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York


Through THIS DOOR PASS TAYLOR'S FINER WINES
Only choice wine grapes, from nature-favored vineyards, came to these famous old Taylor cellars—to be pressed and blended, with infinite care, into wines that captivate. Try a TAYLOR WINE—and let its flavor prove its quality. . . Wherever fine wines are sold or served.
Taylor's
AMERICAN SHERRY WINE
Alcohol 19% by Volume
for this 36-page Booklet of unusual wine-flavored recipes. The TAYLOR WINE Co., Hammondsport, New York.
KITCHEN TESTED RECIPES and WINE SERVICE
TAYLOR Wines
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

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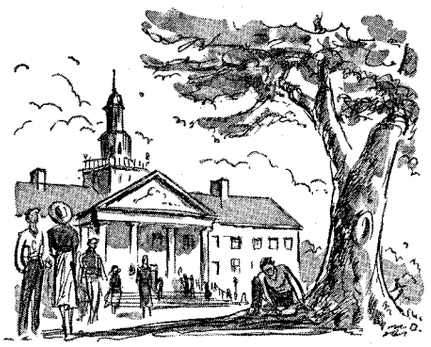

Jurist and Prelate

In the past year two extremely influential figures have passed from the American scene—Justice Benjamin Cardozo and Patrick Cardinal Hayes. In their respective fields they were successful and admired, and since these are goals which education is supposed to bring within reach, we might see what it amounted to for these men.

Cardozo was born in New York City in 1870. Nineteen years later he graduated with high honors from Columbia College and the next year got his M.A. from the University. In 1891 he read himself into the law with a library his father had left him. But there is another less routine aspect of Cardozo's education which must be mentioned. His father had been a New York Supreme Court Justice until 1872, when he resigned under charges of corruption. This affair bred in his son a hatred of law as a practice and a cog in political machinery. It is not strange, then, that Benjamin Cardozo became interested less in the individual law case than in the broad interpretation of law. He called himself a "judicial evolutionist" and devoted his career to liberalizing and humanizing our immense body of law. He was educated by book and by first-hand observation. From the one he learned what law was; from the other, what it should not be.

Cardinal Hayes, brought up on New York's lower East Side, was called "the little Pope" when he attended De La Salle Institute. Later, at Manhattan College, he was leader of all the student organizations; by 1894 he had received both his A.B. and M.A. degrees and was finally ordained to the priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy, N. Y. The next two years he spent at the Catholic University in Washington. With this extensive educational background, plus his qualities of leadership, Patrick Hayes went on to become distinguished in the American Catholic Church and in civic affairs in New York City.

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Looking back, we see educations that were not extraordinary, achievements that were. Many people have had similar schooling; very few have made such use of it.

A Word to Posterity

There is an appealing humility in the letters written by Einstein, Mann, and Millikan to those men of the future who will presumably unearth the 5000-year Time Capsule. Miracles of condensation, the letters may be read as a broad confession of ignorance in the man of 1938. Conceived and buried during one of the darkest months the modern world has known, they reflect an almost universal feeling of shame for the present, and sober hope for the future. They acknowledge our failures and tread lightly on our accomplishments; they indicate our major problems and bespeak our longing for enlightenment.

It is pleasant, even rather exciting, to imagine that these letters will be read 5000 years from now by a wondering world of supermen. And it is disturbing to think that they may be stumbled upon by unparalleled barbarians, or dug up fifty years hence by a disillusioned generation that will laugh at them. But when and how they are brought to light is not important. They are pregnant with dreams and concepts that dwarf even the men who composed them; they provide the perspective we need and will still need when they are forgotten.

Whatever their value to the future, they are of particular, and perhaps obvious, significance today. There grows on Flushing Flats a slick and glistening "World of Tomorrow," and in Central Europe there grows its sharp denial. With man and his culture so proud and so imperiled, it has been discreet to prepare a sort of epitaph.

Quotation of the Month

"A man who is sensible and knows the world can't expect to change it in a lifetime. The way to be happy is to get a cause that is worthwhile and identify your life with it. Then, no matter what happens to you—if you are hit by a streetcar and crippled, or if you lose your sight—your life is still worthwhile. But first you must have a brain to determine what your cause will be."—Upton Sinclair, interviewed in the New York *Times*. —R. B.

The Scribner Quiz — Answers

(see page 42)

1. N. Y. World's Fair 1939 (3)
2. Drain the gas tank (3)
3. Car registrations (3)
4. Marfak (4)
5. Cleveland (1)
6. 1903 (3)
7. The headlights on its fenders (4)
8. Studebaker (3)
9. One of the Hudson motor-car line (1)
10. Reo (4)
11. A method of engine mounting (1)
12. Pikes Peak (3)
13. General Motors Corp. (4)
14. Maine to Florida (3)
15. Bell Telephone (6)
16. Had an air-cooled engine (2)
17. He isn't so popular with the U. A. W. (1)
18. Fisk (6)
19. Show different colors at different speeds (3)
20. Vaccuum [vacuum] (4)
21. Numerous Europeans (3)
22. Italy (2)
23. The cost of the engine is so much higher (4)
24. 1927 (3)
25. California (5)
26. Underneath the hood by the engine (3)
27. Two-way sending-receiving radios (1)
28. The Marne (First) (3)
29. Cord spun from rayon, not cotton (3)
30. Gar Wood (3)
31. 95% (2)
32. Firestone invented the pneumatic tire (4)
33. Disconnection of engine from rear wheels by use of overrunning clutch (4)
34. Line of border fortifications facing Germany (2)
35. Bricks (5)
36. His 75th birthday (1)
37. Creeps slowly around the tire (2)
38. 30,000,000 (2)
39. Pennsylvania (4)
40. "Not like the old racing days, eh?" (1)
41. Ford Motor Company (1)
42. 350 m.p.h. (1)
43. Bendix (6)
44. Self-starter (6)
45. 170-180 degrees Fahrenheit (1)
46. Preventing speeds over set maximum (3)
47. $238 (5)
48. Bonnet (3)
49. "Yes, please, one quart of oil today." (1)
50. Black (2)

DRAMA

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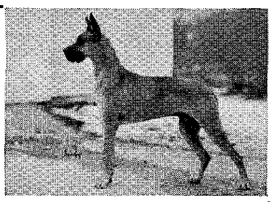

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One stormy evening two and one-half years ago, an excitable kitchen maid in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coward, Wyrksop, England, was annoyed by a scratching at the back door. When she opened it, in slipped a drenched, mud-covered, smooth fox terrier carrying what appeared to be a dead rat.

At this writing that same "dead rat," the greatest show dog of 1938, is campaigning toward the record number of thirty-two best-in-show awards won several years ago by Blue Dan of Happy Valley. The dog-show cognoscenti, of course, know the terrier—James M. Austin's famous Ch. Nornay Saddler.

Son of Ch. Travelling Fox *ex* Wyrksop Surprise, a bitch which gave no promise of whelping champions, Saddler's early career was checkered. At Nottingham, I believe, J. B. Hudson, English authority, wrote of him: "Without doubt one of the best of his age of any era."

And yet Saddler was excused without judgment at a later show, once offered for sale at fifty pounds, and finally brought out of England for the ridiculously low price of $750.

Here, Saddler's success was almost instantaneous. George S. Thomas, dean of terrier judges, must be given credit for his "discovery." After seeing him put down at one show, Thomas telephoned Austin and assured him that he had one of the great terriers of his time. And sixty of the country's experts have proved that the astute Thomas knew whereof he spoke. Today, on Mr. Austin's estate, Saddler-won trophies cover the four walls of a room 14 x 14, his ribbons and rosettes fill two desk drawers, his press notices form volumes.

F. H. Farwell, the sage of Saybine Kennels, Orange, Texas, who started Saddler on his way with the best-of-breed award at the 1937 Morris and Essex, calls him "the perfect fox terrier."

And the English, mourning their loss, join in American adulation. Says the Rev. Rosslyn Bruce: "Already Saddler has earned a niche in the 'Pancannon,' which enshrines such names as Bellgrave Joe, Result, Oxonian, Selecta Ideal, and Myartus."

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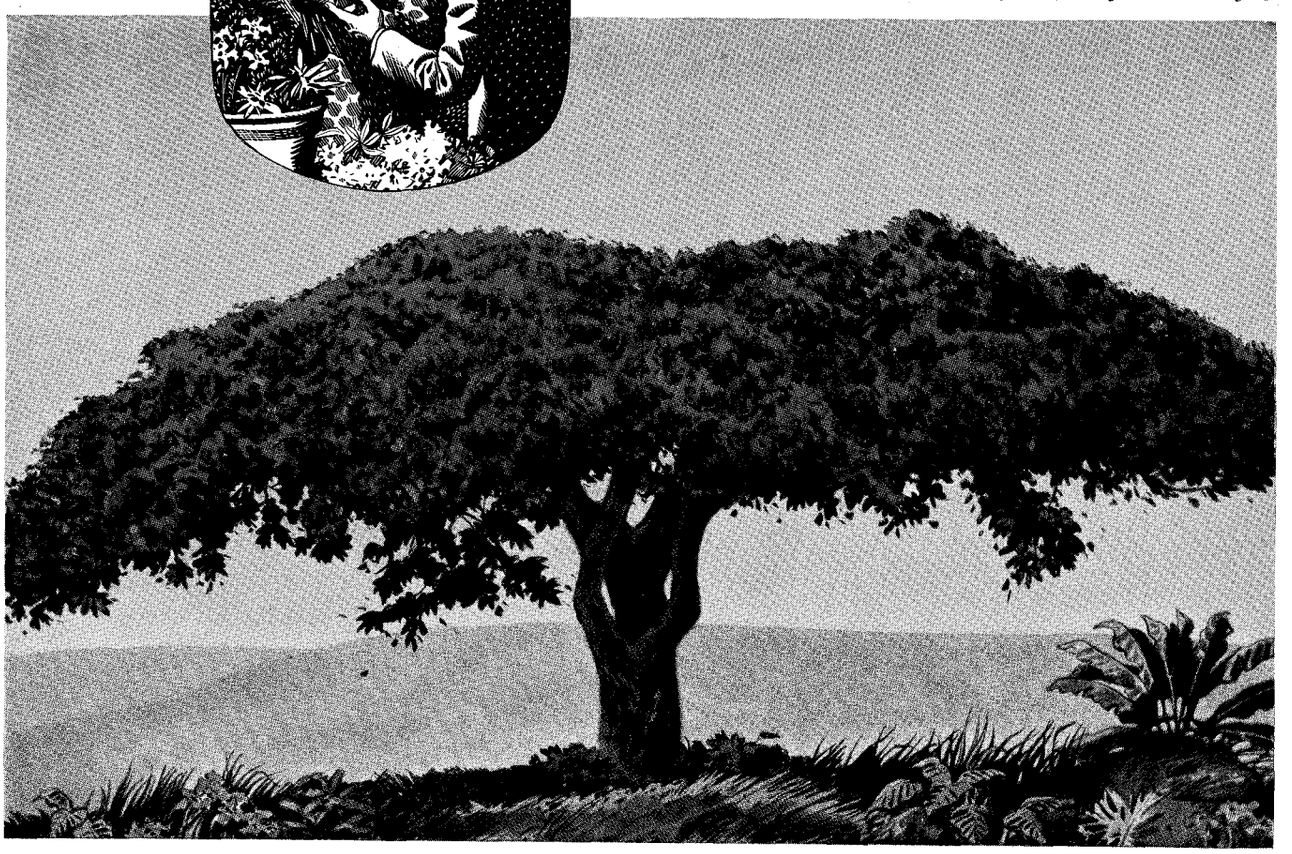
• The colored flower sellers of Capetown transform the curbs into gardens with their wealth of dewy blooms. An area at the Cape smaller than the Isle of Wight, says one authority, boasts 200 more species of flowers than the whole of England. The variety and vivid beauty of the wild orchids astound visitors. Home gardens are rich with Buginvillæa, azaleas and roses. Flowering jacaranda and flamboyant trees line the roads of some South African towns. Even the drab desert responds to rain with a carpet of colorful blossoms.

• And attracting flower lovers and horticulturists from the world over are the famous Kirstenbosch National Botanic Gardens at the Cape, the National Herbarium at Pretoria, and the fascinating Zwartkops Valley Nature Reserve at Port Elizabeth.

A flower seller at Capetown.

Below: One of the brilliant flamboyant trees of Durban.



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